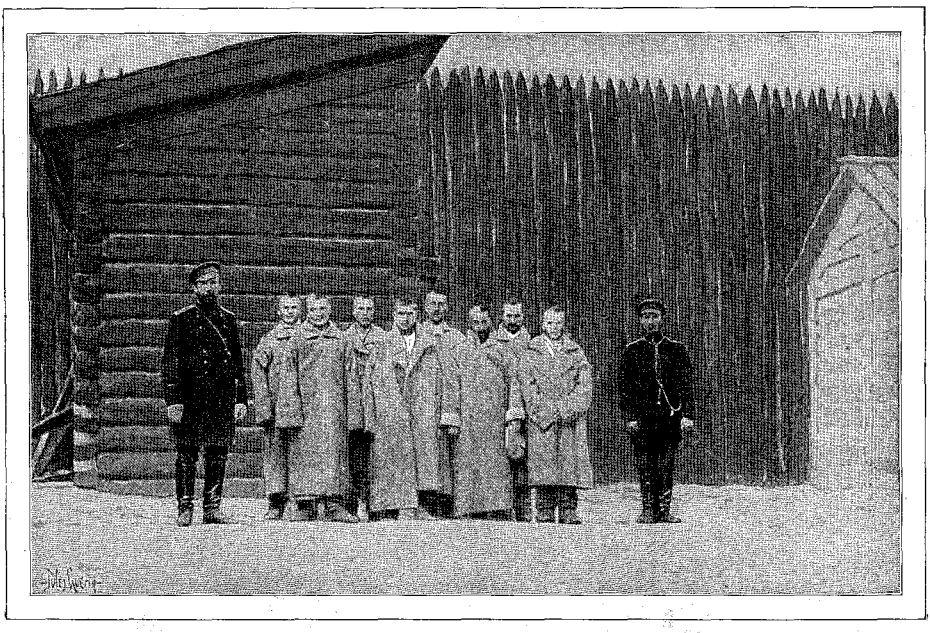
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII NOVEMBER, 1900 NO. 5



Inside the Great Prison, Irkutsk.
A group of convicts to be "distributed."

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN

II

THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY

ANY account of Siberia should begin with the words, "Once upon a time," for it must sound like a fairy-tale. The little beginnings, when the first Tsars of Moscow authorized the first expedition across the Urals; the private family that financed it; the Volga boatman, become pirate, his life forfeited for his crimes, who led it; the vast distances, the awful climate, the strange peoples, the unsurpassed heroism of these pioneers; later on, the magnificent diplomacy, the fine strategy, the perfect insight which outwitted Tatar, Tungus, Manchu, and Jesuit alike; the military tenacity which stuck to what diplomacy won, even when England and France allied tried to take it away; after the conquest, the development, first furs, then gold, then wheat, then coal, and now at last the greatest railway in the world and possibly the eventual mastery of the Far East behind the snort of the locomotive —there is not in history, so far as I know, a chapter which, being fact, breathes such an air of fairy-land.

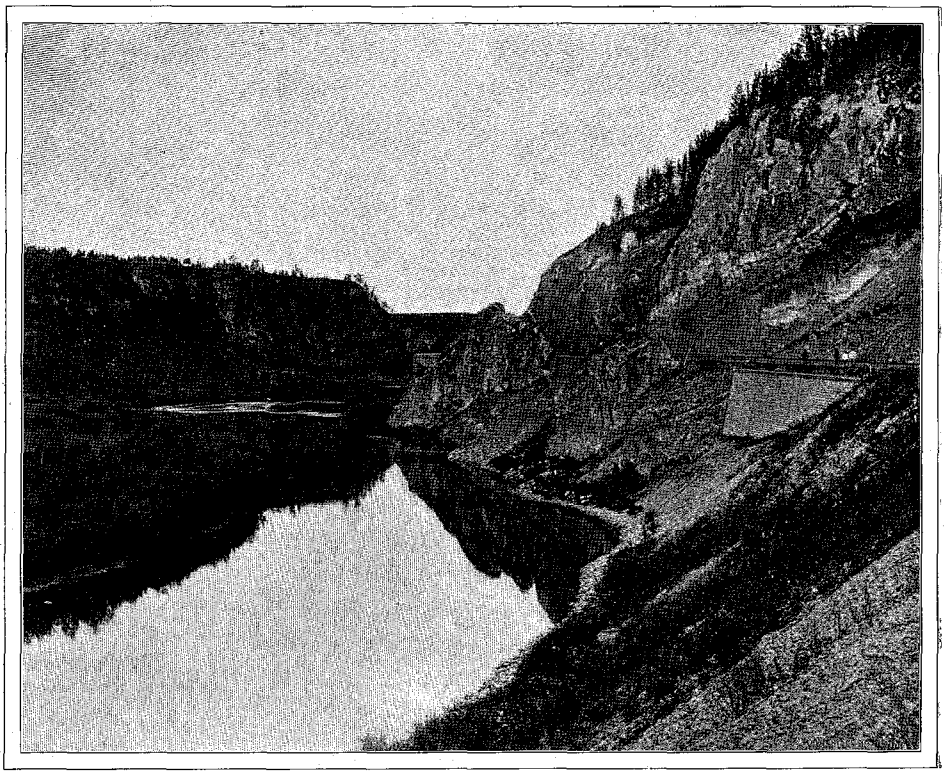
So, once upon a time, there dwelt upon

Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the banks of the Volga a man named Vassili, the son of Timothy, the son of Athanasius Alenin the carter, earning his hard bread by towing boats up the great river. He was nicknamed "the millstone," because he ground the corn for his comrades—Yermak. A man of iron physique and primitive passions, the lonely boats were at his mercy, so he became a pirate and murdered their owners and plundered their contents. At last the terrible tales gathered a motley crew of adventurers round him, and on New Year's Day, 1581, he started. That was the beginning; the railway to Port Arthur is not the end.

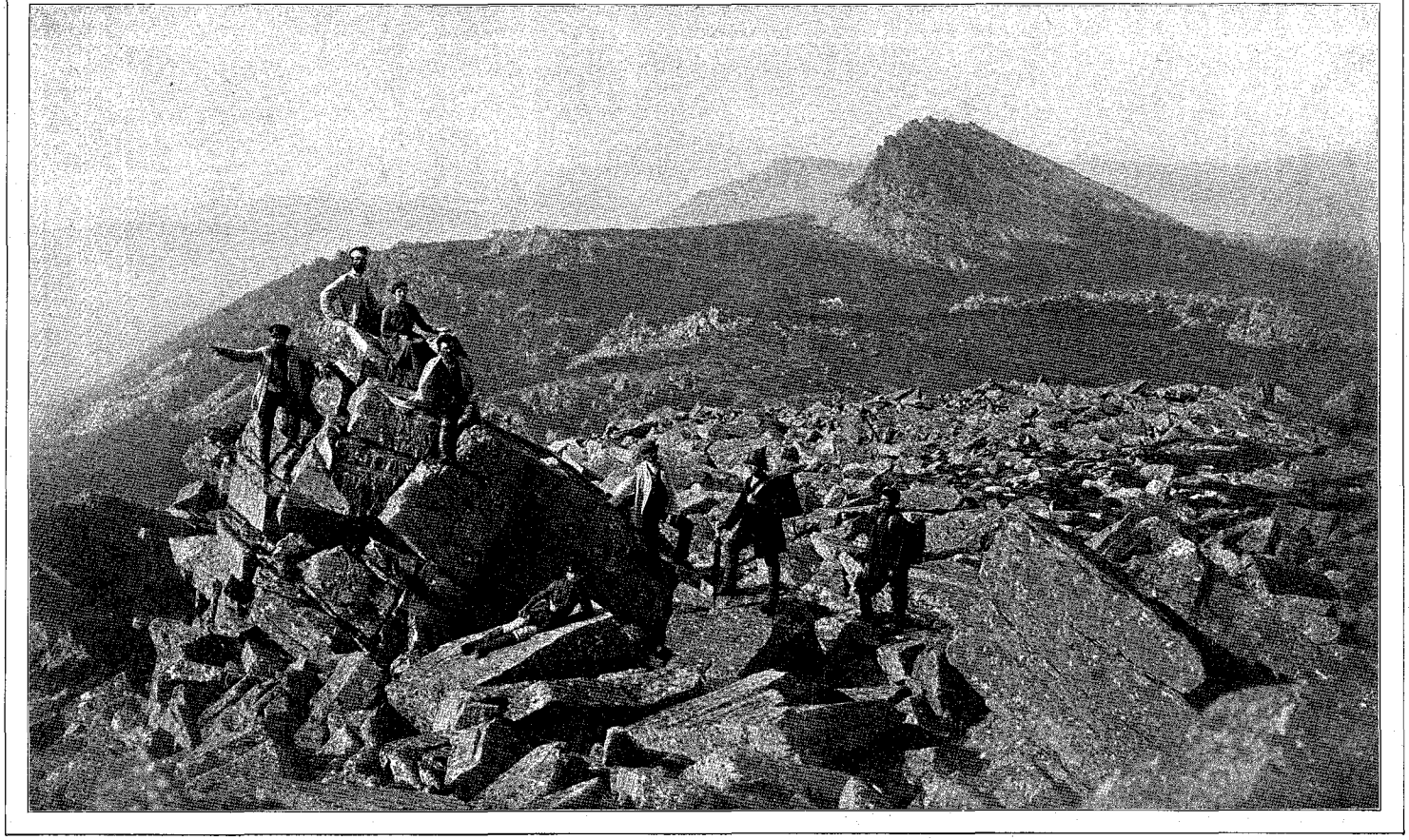
Yermak was a fox in cunning and a lion in fighting. His perils were endless and his sufferings terrible. One by one his old Cossack comrades of the Volga were slain by his side, and at last he was literally caught napping by his chief enemy, the blind Tatar chief, Kuchum, in



The Railway in the Urals.

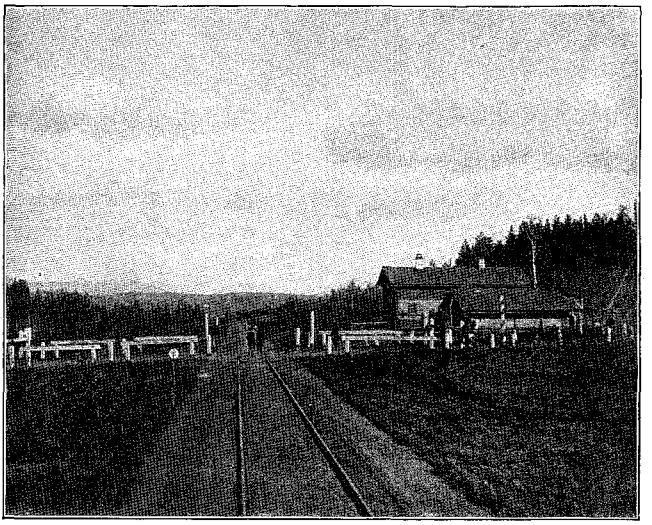
reached the ear of Ivan the Terrible, who decreed his death and sent a force to hang him and his band of Don Cossacks. Up the highway of the Volga they fled, till on the banks of the Kama, not far from the foothills of the Ural Mountains, they came to the abode of a rich family of settlers and traders named Stroganoff, who at that very moment were casting envious eyes across the range to the land of Yugra, whence the Ostiaks brought such precious sables. In Yermak the Stroganoffs saw the man they needed. They furnished him with money and arms, he a camp on the banks of the Irtysh River, and after cutting his way to the water was drowned while trying, like the old boatman he was, to swim to safety. But before this he had carried the two-headed eagle of Byzantium, which Ivan the Terrible had just adopted for the blazon of Moscovy, almost as far as the site of Tobolsk; he had bartered the key of a new empire for the Tsar's pardon; he was a prince and wore a mantle sent him by the Imperial hands; he had set Russia's goal immutably in the East. Moreover, although Kuchum killed him in the end, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Top of the Urals—the Water-parting Between Europe and Asia.

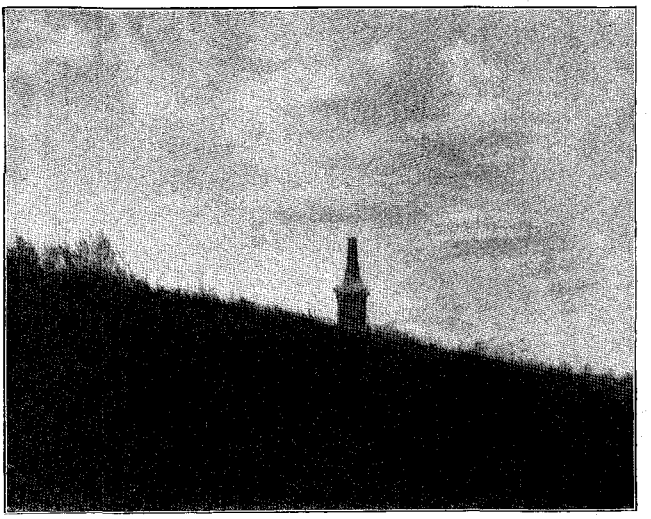
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Last Station in Europe.

had seized the old man's capital two years before, and made it a centre of Asiatic trade for Russia. This capital was called Sibir, and it has given its name to five million square miles of Russia in Asia. Henceforth, therefore, let us pronounce the first syllable of Siberia short.

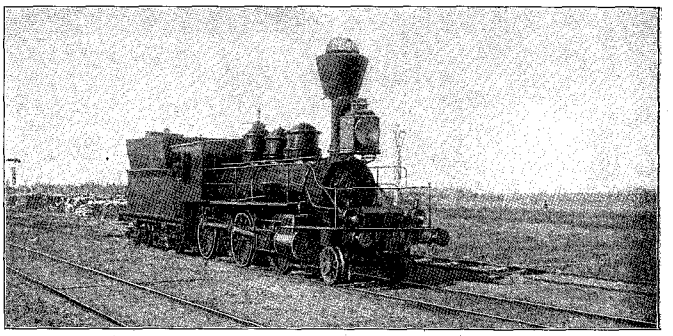
After Yermak's death the absorption of Siberia proceeded as steadily as water trickling down hill. The loadstone was ever the sable, and as fast as one district was stripped of its furs, rumors of the wealth of the next drew the pioneers on. Sometimes furs were scarce, at other times the Cossacks lined their coats with sable. The little bands of explorers built themselves *zimovie,* winter quarters of wood, and gradually the soldiery followed and erected their *ostrogs*, wooden blockhouse forts, near by. Terrible suffering was, of course, common; starvation and frost-bite took their yearly toll; more than once it is recorded that men ate men in their extremity; one expedition had to abandon twenty-four soldiers with frozen feet upon an ice-bound river, which engulfed their corpses in the spring. But ever the movement spread—now by individual enterprise, now by Government aid, now in spite of Government opposition. Heroism against nature and natives alike became endemic. Russia pushed steadily on. Tobolsk, near Kuchum's deserted capital, was founded in 1587; the next great river, the Yenissei, was reached, and Yenisseisk founded in 1620; the Lena discovered and Yakutsk built in 1632. Irkutsk, on the Angara, close to its outlet into Lake Baikal, dates from 1651, and before this, to the north, Dejneff had sailed through Bering's Strait in 1648, Cossacks had made their appearance on the Sea of Okhotsk in 1636, Poyarkoff had found the Amur in 1644, and in 1650 Khabaroff had captured the town of Albazin, to the north of the Amur, and founded at the junction of the Ussuri and the Amur the town now called Khabaroffsk, he being the first Russian to come into contact—which meant conflict—with the Chinese. Thus in seventy years after Yermak had started to cross the Urals for the unknown, fur-bearing



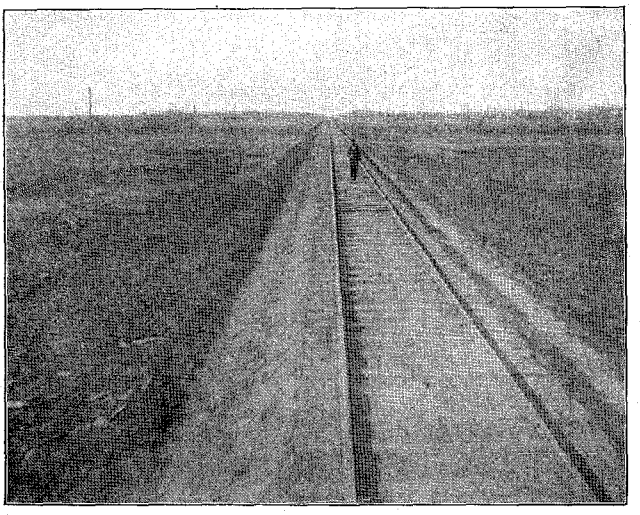
The Boundary Between Europe and Asia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land of "Yugra," Russia had extended right across Asia, northward as far as the inaccessible Arctic regions, southward to the borders of China, and eastward to the bank of the mighty river which falls into the Pacific. In the north the expansion continued, for in 1697 Atlasoff conquered Kamchatka; but a sudden check came to the eastward and southern advance by the pusillanimous treaty of Nertchinsk in 1689—the one occasion on which Russia has been a victim to that venerable bogey, the military power of the Chinese. This was, by the way, the first convention between Chinese and any western nation, and by it Russia lost the Amur and her access to any useful part of the Pacific seaboard. For nearly one hundred and fifty years the tide was stayed in the Far East, while Russia's energies were sapped and her vigor rudely tried by events at home. The race of Rurik had become extinct; the false Demetrius had desolated the country; the family of Romanoff had finally established itself on the throne of Moscow at the moment of Russia's direst need; Moscow itself had been burned and occupied by the Polish enemy; the land had been a prey to insurrections. The Romanoffs saved Russia, but it was long before they had any strength to spare for her far frontiers, and even the colossal energy of Peter the Great, though he was sensitive enough to



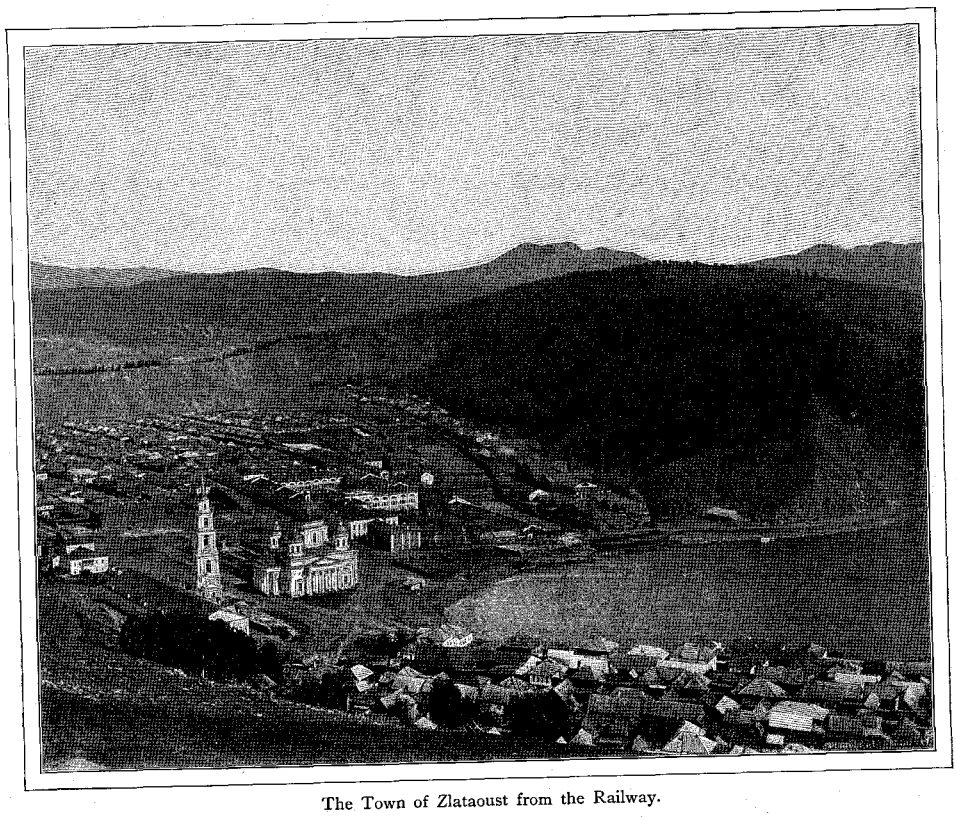
A Siberian Locomotive.



What You See for Days from the Siberian Express.

the pull of the eastern loadstone, was almost monopolized by the task of lifting Russia into line with her western neighbors. Nine Russian rulers came and went—four of them were women, one was a child, and the reigns of all but two were very short—before Russia resumed her eastward march. But when Alexander I. had finished his successive wars with France, Austria, Sweden, and Turkey, when Nicholas I. was not yet plunged into the war in the Crimea, the moment arrived, and with it the man. The sudden elevation in 1847 of the young General Muravieff, Governor of Tula, to the post of Governor-General of eastern Siberia—an act of administrative genius on the part of Nicholas I.—closed the period of Siberian eclipse which had begun a hundred and forty-eight years before with the Treaty of Nertchinsk, and opened the brilliant chapter which leaves Russia to-day with a naval base, an army, and a railway at the gates of Peking. As Yermak was the hero of the first chapter, so Muravieff is the hero of the second—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Town of Zlataoust from the Railway.

he left Siberia in 1861—and his statue at Khabarofsk looks down with proudly folded arms upon as splendid a piece of creative statesmanship as modern history records. He saw the end from the beginning, and in spite of the frequent doubts and hesitancies of his sovereigns, the machinations of his many and bitter enemies, and the vast natural difficulties of his task, he realized it to the full, for after his retirement his work proceeded almost mechanically to its conclusion. He founded Petropavlofsk, on the Pacific coast, in 1849, fortified it, and enabled it to beat off triumphantly the English and French fleets in 1854—the only Russian success of the Crimean War. He established Nikolaiefsk, at the mouth of the Amur, in 1850, and in 1858 concluded with China the Convention of Aigun, which gave Russia eastward all the territory from the Ussuri River to the sea, and carried her southern boundary where for the present it remains—at the Korean frontier. In 1860 he selected her great naval base of Vladivostok, its name meaning "the dominion of the East." The rest was automatic. On March 17, 1891, an imperial rescript ordered the construction of the Great Siberian Railway; on March 27, 1898, Russia obtained—nominally as "lease and usufruct," but really for ever and a day—the railway terminus and impregnable naval fortress of Port Arthur, commanding by land and sea the only practicable approach to the capital of the Chinese Empire. The fairy-tale is told.

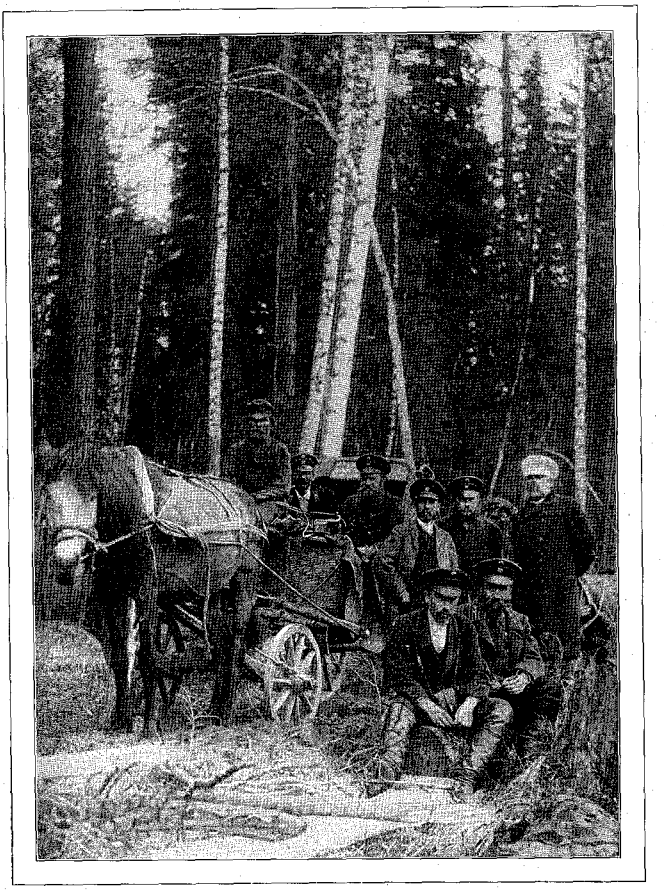
I have not taken this rapid glance at Siberian history because the history of Siberia possesses intrinsically greater interest or importance than the history of any other part of the Russian Empire. It is to illustrate and emphasize a vital principle of Russian life as essential to a correct comprehension of her past and an intelligent anticipation of her future, as the principle of autocracy, or the character of her people. This is, that as Russia was Oriental in her origin, so she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moves to the Orient by innate and congenital compulsion. Only while Peter the Great indulged his dream of rivalling the West, and while Russia was distracted and exhausted by internal disorder and external enemies, was this natural process stayed. It has been, it is, and it always will be, her normal development: in the eyes of her strongest men it is her divine mission. A seaman would describe her course as "east half south." In her blood is the irresistible mysterious *Drang nach Osten;* like Man himself she—

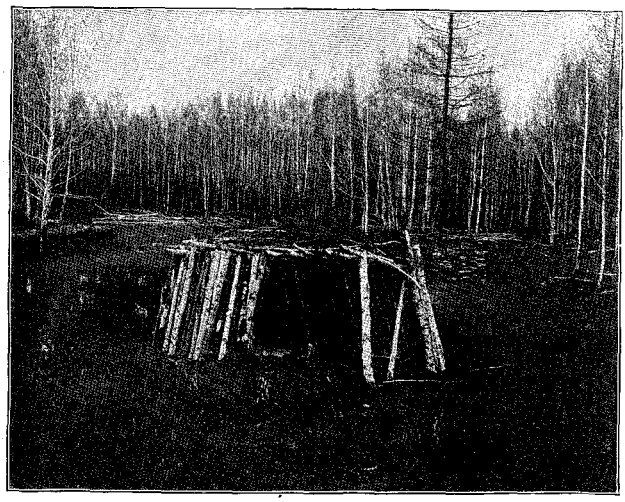
> Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
> Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal.

It has been pointed out that the sea alone stopped the Cossacks in the seventeenth century, and when they got to work again in the nineteenth, the Russians crossed the Pacific, and pushed on to within a few miles of San Francisco, long before the first "prairie schooner" sailed over the plains. The map of Asia is a Russian step-ladder: the Urals, western Siberia, eastern Siberia, Baikalia, Kamchatka, the Amur, Manchuria; the Steppe; Khiva, Turkestan, the Merv oasis, Bokhara, Samarkand; these are the rungs she has climbed. Persia, Kashgar, Afghanistan, India itself — unless a mightier force than herself bar the way, her feet will be here too in the fulness of time. The "half south" in her course is shown by the gradual descent of her naval base in the Far East: Petropavlofsk, Nikolaiefsk, Vladivostok, Port Arthur. If you would understand Russia, and interpret and forecast aright the march of great events, never forget that, for her, eastward the course of empire takes its way; that as the sap rises, as the sparks fly upward, as the tides follow the



A Party of Russian Engineers in the Primeval Forest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

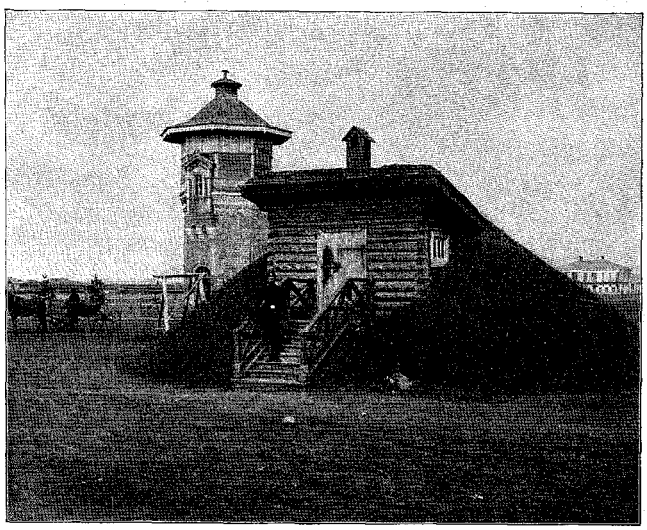


Building a Hut in the Taiga.

moon, so Russia goes to the sunrise and the warm water. This is what the history of Siberia strikingly illustrates, and it is from this point of view that the Great Siberian Railway derives its chief significance.

There is no direct fast train from the Continent to Moscow, but as soon as the Siberian Railway begins to run through trains this gap between West and East will be bridged. It takes less time, however, to get from London to St. Petersburg than from London to Naples. You leave by the Nord Express, the swift and luxurious bi-weekly service of the International Sleeping-Car Company, at ten in the morning, and by three o'clock in the afternoon of the third day you are on the banks of the Neva—fifty-three hours. You will not fail to notice that at the frontier, which in Germany is Eydtkühnen, and in Russia Vierzhbolovo (Wirballen), where you change cars, the Russian gauge is several inches wider than that of the German lines. From Berlin to Warsaw the gauge is the same, but Warsaw is one of the great fortresses of the Polish Quadrilateral, and all the force and flower of the Russian army are around it; German rolling-stock is not to be used to carry an invading army along any other Russian line. In Russia, too, the single narrow line runs meagrely to the frontier; in Germany the railroad branches out like a fan to the boundary, and there are far more platforms than peaceful traffic is ever likely to require. The meaning of all this is sufficiently obvious.

The Siberian *train de luxe* is still new enough to be one of the sights of Moscow to its inhabitants, and therefore the platform of the magnificent station is crowded every Saturday night at 8.15, when it starts on its long journey. The Russians think there is no such train in the world, but that is because they have not seen the Congressional or the Chicago Limited trains. All things considered, however, it is a more remarkable train than either of these, for it goes very much farther, it passes through a country which was a wilderness a few years ago, and to a large extent it has to carry its own civilization with it. The locomo-



The Water-tower and Storehouse at Every Station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive is a heavy compound one made in France ; behind it comes a car containing the baggage, the kitchen and the sleeping quarters of the servants, then a car with the engineers' bunks and the electric light plant—an upright steam-boiler and a dynamo driven by a Swedish turbine, for the whole train, down to the red tail-lamps, is lighted by electricity; then a restaurant-car, containing also a bath and an exercising apparatus; and the three passenger-cars, the first class painted blue and the second class yellow. For comfort there is little to choose between these. Some of the second class is divided like the first into large separate compartments holding four persons, but another part is only screened off by curtains. The first class has only three advantages: the company is more official and select, there is a large saloon with arm-chairs in the middle of the car, and—curious luxury—the car has no brakes, so that its occupants are not disturbed in their reading or writing or sleeping by the vibration of the skidding wheels when the train slows down, or the banging machinery when it starts—for it must be added that Russian engine-drivers are not very expert in working the Westinghouse brake, but apply it and release it with disquieting jars. Twice when we got well into Siberia they put it on and could not get it off again, and I fear I made them very angry by standing on the platform and smiling at their rather excited efforts. A specially attractive luxury is an electric reading-lamp in each compartment, that can be placed on the table or hung behind your pillow.

Siberian Peasants Watching the Train.

The locomotive hums, the turbine squeals, the little boiler pours out a stream of great wood-sparks, the whole train is a blaze of light, the brilliant crowd chatters and cheers, the passengers shout their last good-byes, and we are off into the night. Then a big Tatar, in blue linen blouse, with a twisted scar upon his forehead which suggests contact with some fierce crooked Eastern blade, comes in and makes up the broad beds in a manner very neat and prompt; the book of statistics of Russian commercial activities slips from our hand, a last effort disconnects the electric lamp and pulls the blue silk curtains over the twin roof-lamps, and so, wrapped in a cloudy maze of anticipations and rocked softly by the murmur of the wheels of the Siberian Express, we fall on sleep.

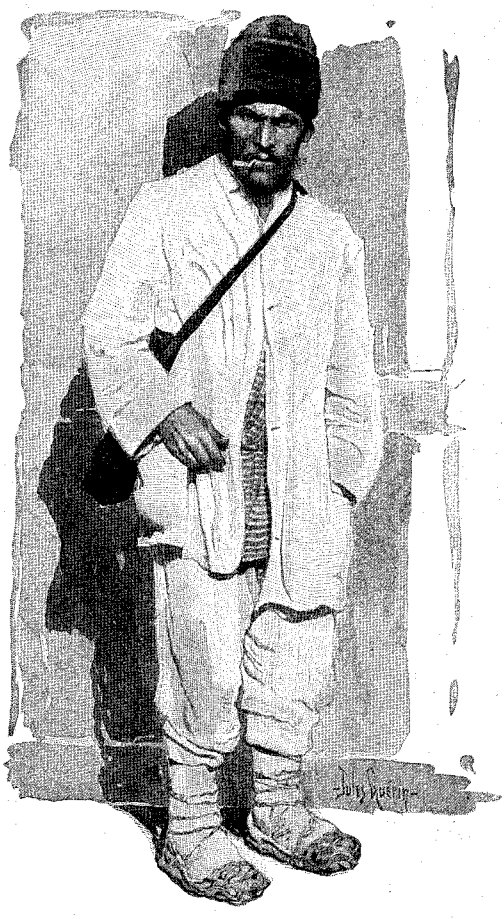
Morning finds us passing through a country mostly flat as a billiard-table, patched with fields of corn-stubble, with fields of emerald-colored winter rye and intervals of birch forest, scattered over with gray-roofed villages—little, flat, wood-built, shed-like houses all huddled together and reminding one of the kind of gray scab that clusters and spreads on the back of a diseased leaf. To our astonishment we find that all the sanitary arrangements of the train are shared by the two sexes, with consequent delays and embarrassments, and it is late before we gather at what we intend to be breakfast. But all Western meal-times must be abandoned before a Russian's daily food-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Type of Siberian Peasant.

scheme. No Russian has an exact sense of time, the lack of it being probably attributable to the Orientalism in his blood. Nobody, indeed, could have one on this train, for the clock keeps the hour of St. Petersburg for a thousand miles or more of due eastward travelling, in order that its time-table may have some semblance of utility and conformity; but as the days pass the train itself grows ashamed of such a childish pretension, and after Chelyabinsk it leaps lightly to local time and hurls a couple of useless hours out of the window, so to speak—hours that make no record, either of weal or woe, against any of us—two sinless hours, two joyless, tearless little hours flung forth upon the brown Siberian steppes. As for a Russian's meal-times, he simply has none. If I had my tea early there would be the invariable nameless official in his dark-blue uniform piped with green or blue or magenta cloth, with crossed pick-axes or hammers or bill-hooks on his collar and cap, finishing a beef-steak or a *hâchis* made into the shape of a cutlet—futile masquerade!—or thoughtfully spitting out the bones of a fried carp upon his plate while he selected a fresh mouthful with his knife. When we dined or supped they would be drinking tea, and once when we went into the restaurant-car for a sandwich about midnight a party of rugged-looking men—not officials, for once, but of occupations which their strange faces did not allow us to presume—were sitting round an empty *cafetière* drinking champagne from tumblers, a saucer in front of them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Type of Siberian Peasant.

piled high with the cardboard mouth-pieces and ashes of many dozen cigarettes. This habit of eating when you are hungry and eating whatever you may happen to fancy, instead of eating when the cook wills, and then only what custom severely restricts you to, is disorganizing in its effects upon the refectory of the train. There is no time to sweep up and set tables; no time when the servants can feel free to rest, sleep, or eat; no time when the wearied kitchen fire can "go down" as it does at home—and how meekly we accept those periods of its slumber when the cook concocts her love-letter at the corner of the kitchen-table and the maids mark their new aprons! The result is great discomfort for Western passengers, and the authorities should certainly insist upon all meals being served at fixed hours, and at those hours only.

We are making possibly thirty miles an hour, express speed in Russia, for the line here is well laid and well ballasted. We are still in Europe and on a main line. At the tail of the train, common to both first and second class passengers, is an observation car with four arm-chairs and a few folding stools in it, where, while the day passes and we find ourselves more and more fascinated as the landscape eliminates useless details from itself and settles down to a few very elementary and persistent traits, we spend much time. The second morning brings us to Samara, the flourishing town where the Volga meets the beginning of the Great Siberian Railway, and soon afterward we enter the slopes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

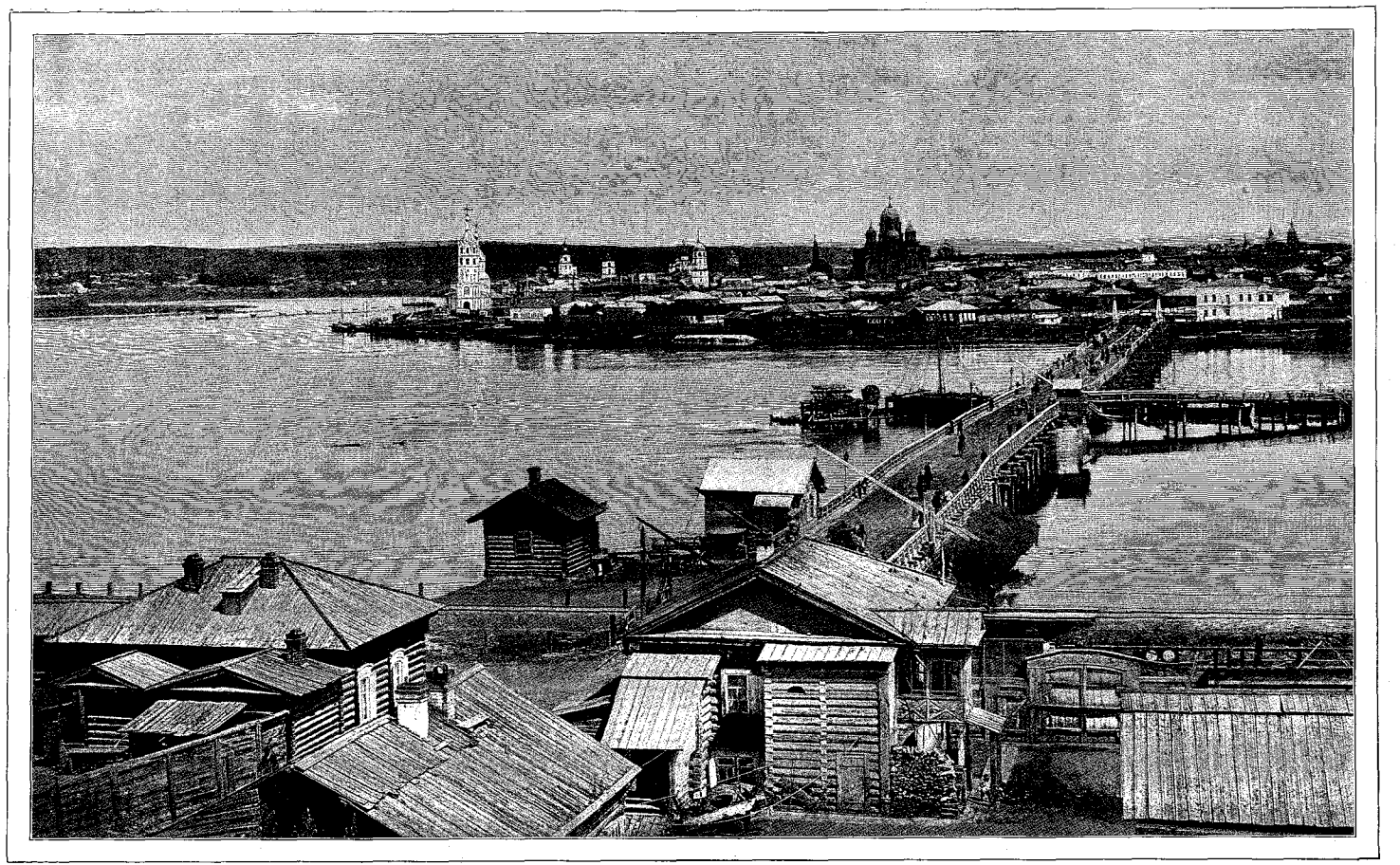
of the Urals. Russians had raved to us about these mountains; but the truth is that Russians are not good judges of mountains—as indeed, how should they be, when in the whole of European Russia there is no land as high as the Washington Monument? Those in whom the Urals excite immoderate enthusiasm can never have seen the Tyrol and do not know the Grampians. Let me say at once that the Urals cannot hold a pine-knot to either.

Gold-diggers Waiting for the Train.

Where the firs clothe them closely, the hills seem to be wearing a mantle of rough green frieze, but presently larches, yellowing fast in this perfect October weather, burn like flambeaux among the green, and beside the shallow river, wimpling over its stony bed, and through the fords of stepping-stones built curiously in a fork shape, the purple thicket of bare alder-twigs makes planes of soft, quiet color. Your fir and pine *en masse* is an inartistic tree; the repetition of his even points becomes tiresome, and he gives the outline of the mountains a line regular as the teeth of a comb, which should be the despair of the painter. Therefore painters wisely let these fir countries alone.

In a few places, at the water-parting, which occurs near the town of Zlataoust, the pine gives way and the gray stone triumphs where a few points, the highest of any in this southern end of the chain, rise bare against the sky. A little stir among the engineers, who courteously desire that we shall lose nothing, causes us to glue ourselves to the window and stare into the forest in our desire not to miss the frontier-post, the actual definite spot where Europe ends and Asia begins, which has been marked, as we presently see, by a little uninspired monument, some ten feet high, in yellow freestone. It is a simple base with a stone-built, pointed column on the top—the sort of thing you may find behind some trees in the park of a nobleman, raised to mark the resting-place of his favorite fox-terrier. I do not detect any inscription upon its front, as the train passes at such a speed that to photograph it I have to set my shutter at the hundredth part of a second, with the result you see. Indifferent, the passengers barely interrupt their endless tea and talk and cigarettes, but we are silent, thoughtful, oppressed, fraught with vague realizations of the significance of this bit of earth; idly we compose, with feelings that should thrill a Russian, but are, save for our sense of the sentiment, alien to us, the legend that might be cut upon this fateful pillar. Russia, who has not looked back, here first pushed her plough beyond the last limit of Europe. Here she girded herself for that long and bloody march across the Asian plain; what a journey, how long since begun, how strenuously pursued, how rich in human incident, how bitter with human suffering! Here passed her trains of chained convicts—convicts whose tears made Europe weep; here, even here, defiled the long line of exiles, reft from their homes to make warm a spot in Asia for the coming thousands. Here passed the Poles, a hundred years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The City of Irkutsk.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Weary Willie" in Siberia—a Tramp.

ago, when Russia first took up that burden on her western border—the burden that has meant riches and industrial expansion to her ever since—many thousand of them went this way. Here she held her Cossacks, always in harness of war, hurrying the laggard and the fugitive. Here, to-day, when so much has been done and said and suffered, so much spent and lost and gained, here passes this emblem of her success, carrying an earnest, even to the confines of China, of what she has done and what in the future she means to do—the great Siberian Express. No, on second thought there is no room on that monument, nor yet space on the broadest hillside of her forgotten boundary, to write the story that surges to the surface of our imagination.

The Urals produce, as everybody knows, most kinds of precious stones and vast quantities of iron. The centre of the mineral industry is at Zlataoust, twenty-four hours beyond Samara. A lovely glimpse of the town itself is caught after leaving the station. Built in a valley, it surrounds part of a large artificial lake which was produced by damming up the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little river to supply water-power to its foundries. This was not a success, and Zlataoust must forever look out upon an expensive failure, which nevertheless constitutes its chief attraction as a town. Almost before the train stopped, our passengers were clustering round three kiosks on the platform, where a thousand little objects in black iron, all of unspeakable ugliness, were for sale as souvenirs. An enthusiastic engineer showed me the walking-stick he had bought of "vrai acier," but, unfortunately, when he bent it double on the platform to show the trueness of its metal, the vigor of its spring, it remained in a disheartened curve, no better than a wilted dahlia-stalk. There is sure to be a bayonet factory at Zlataoust. At Chelyabinsk, however, four hours later, on the eastern verge of the Urals, the platform output was charming: pink, red, and green jasper, shining rock crystal, lumps of malachite that had been suddenly cooled off while boiling (when the world was made), of the vivid verdigris-green that is like nothing else. The palaces and galleries of St. Petersburg and Moscow are full of vases and tables and basins of these jaspers and lapis lazuli, and nothing could be more beautiful if only the makers would follow classic shapes instead of choosing as their models the stucco horrors of the suburban garden, or of inlaying tables with diamond-work in contrasting colors which ape the patchwork bed-quilt of the cook's aunt. But the little ash-trays in cloudy rose jasper, polished only on one side, are the best presents to bring back to friends who have been very good, as a memento of that town where convicts and exiles used to be gathered in enormous sheds and sorted over before being drafted to places where their labor was required or where their vices—when they had any—would remain unheard of. To-day every spring sees huge crowds of peasant emigrants to Siberia, undergoing examination and selection at Chelyabinsk before being distributed according to a regular scheme of colonization.

From Chelyabinsk onward the train crosses the great Siberian plain, and this may be said to continue as far as Tomsk, more than seven hundred miles away. From Wednesday noon till Friday morning, except for the rivers you could hardly tell one piece of the monotonous landscape from another. But the more you see of it, the more it appeals to you. Infinitely simple in its long, sunburnt expanses to right, to left, and behind the train, dotted sparsely with meagre beasts which may be dromedaries, may be oxen, may be horses; broken by tracts of bog where silver birches, very old and very small, struggle for their life; flecked here and there at wide intervals by a wooden hut or the rounded tent of a Khirghiz; cut through by winding sandy ways where carts move like flies in October, faint and slow—there is yet something singularly winning about this landscape, even though the pathos of miles of purple heather and gray and black moorland is wholly missing. Siberia, in fact, seems to ask slight sympathy, to entreat small suffrages.

For an idea of the monotony of this part of the journey I must refer the reader to my photographs. Words will not describe it. Several times for more than an hour the track is perfectly straight—without even the suggestion of a curve. A cannon-ball fired from between the rails would fall between them a dozen miles away, if the aim were true and the trajectory faultless. There is positively one stretch where the line is as straight as a plumb-line for nearly eighty miles, and it should be easy to imagine the hypnotic effect of sitting in the middle of the observation-car and watching the twin lines of steel unroll themselves from under your feet, and roll away again out of sight over the edge of the world. What a horizon, what a sense of space and detachment! The mind breathes, the dust of great cities is a cloud nothing like so large as a man's hand, and everything is so far away, except to-day and yesterday, which in the desert and the steppe are the same, one with another.

In these early days of October the great blossoming of the plain is over for the year. East of the Urals there is no oak, nor ash, nor elm, nor hazel, nor apple, to people the landscape, and no autumn-flowering plant blooms beside the way, only an infinite variety of reeds, and where the fine natural hay was taken in June, a crop of tall weeds, stark and brown, their heads still holding up the empty seed-vessels, architectural in their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

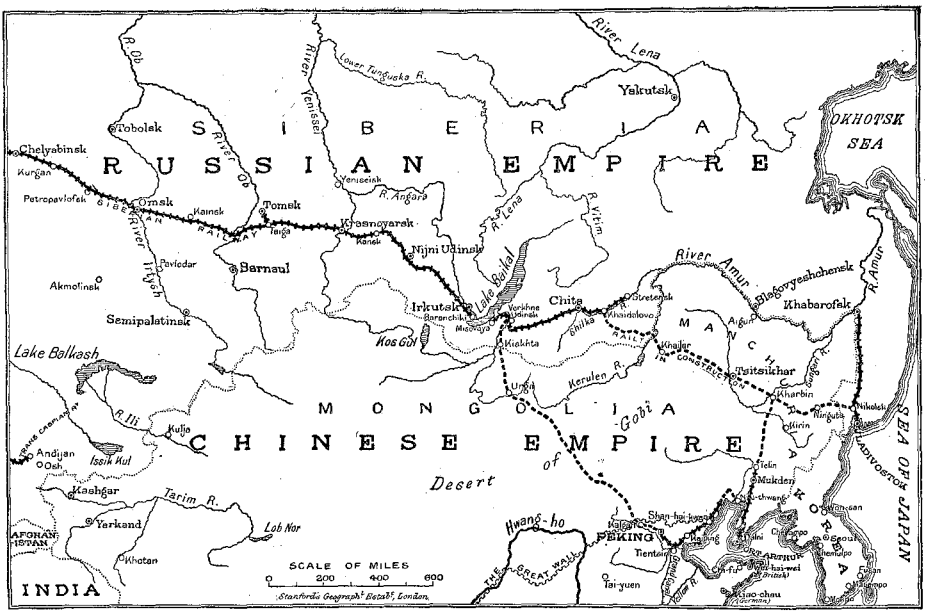
exact branchings. Sometimes in the black, shallow cutting beside the track, whence the ballast had been digged, I saw certain bulb-rooted plants with round whorls of leaves that should have sheltered either a lily or an orchid spike this summer, and once or twice a big bulrush —at least, that rush which suffered an æsthetic renaissance in England under this name, and is not a bulrush at all—stood up very high. Already a cocoon-like fluff was taking the place of the close brown velvet covering, and he was soon to seed freely—the familiar sacrifice of the individual in the interest of the species. He will not be there, that brown velvet bulrush, when I return from Irkutsk in a month, but then—the widespread rushy hopes of next summer! Not only bulrushes, but every kind of high-water grass and reed, the whole gamut from grass to bamboo, wave and whisper and whistle in wide beds. At last you have under your eye the real country for the Marsh-King's Daughter. Hans Andersen, who knew marshes as no one before him or since, who has left in every teachable mind that reads him some enduring sense of their poetry, would have loved this part of Siberia. What romance could he not have written of these bowed birches, "the white ladies of the forest," with stems of silver, here positively frost-white, and fine purple twigs weeping evenly to the northward. He would have peopled these thickets of black alder with a weird water life. And suddenly, after days of it, in a second it is swept away; alder, birch, willow, and reed-bed alike disappear, and, as though planted by the hand of man in a straight line across this worldscape, the Siberian cedar, to be readily mistaken for an ill-nourished fir-tree with a yellowish tinge about the needles, springing from a rich madder-colored bed of heath and heather, usurps the scene. It is after twelve o'clock by local time; enter the Siberian cedar at some mysterious nature-cue, *exeunt* birches and the rest that have followed us so faithfully from the western verges of Russia. We are now to have nothing but Siberian cedar all day.

The landscape changes a third time between Moscow and Irkutsk. This is at Taiga, whence a branch line of fifty-four miles leads to Tomsk. The word *taiga* means primeval forest, and from here for a thousand versts the line runs through a jungle chiefly composed of silver birches, whose aspect is seen in my photograph, where also the primitive hut in which the settlers first find shelter is shown in process of erection. From the train only small timber is in sight, but back in the forest there is said to be an inexhaustible supply of serviceable trees, and a special department has been recently created for the economic deforestation of these Siberian provinces, the outlet being a great timber port to be formed at the mouth of the Ob.

Such is Siberia *à vue d'œil*. The vast agricultural and grazing plain predominates, of course; indeed, there is no other such plain in the world. Statistics of the size of Siberia may be found in every book of reference, but it is impossible not to reproduce some of them when describing a journey through the land. It is, then, over 5,000,000 square miles in area, half as large again as the whole of Europe; it covers 32 degrees of latitude, and no fewer than 130 degrees of longitude; it possesses a magnificent series of rivers running with fan-like branches north and south, with a total navigable length of 27,920 miles; some of these rivers have been proved to be easily navigable with care from the Arctic Sea, and so astonishingly complete is this natural network of waterways that, with the aid of one canal, steamers of a considerable size have been built in England and taken under their own steam to Lake Baikal, nearly 3,500 miles east of Moscow. The zone of colonization lies to the south of 64 degrees north latitude, for above this is the zone of polar *tundra*—a wilderness of marsh and moss, with stunted bushes for its only vegetation, frozen during the greater part of the year, and incapable of supporting any life except that of the scattered tribes of Arctic natives who roam about and manage not to perish in it. But south of this there is in western Siberia alone a cultivable area of six thousand geographical square miles.

The story of the inception of the Great Siberian Railway has been told many times (in my own "Peoples and Politics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Map Showing the Eastern Section of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

(Proposed termini indicated.)

of the Far East," for instance), and all that need be recalled here is that the first suggestion of it came from an Englishman, and that enterprising Americans were the first to lay before the Russian Government a definite offer to build it on certain terms. Naturally enough, Russia decided that it must be her own task, but it was a long time before she could face the tremendous expenditure involved, and not until her statesmen's keen foresight perceived the vast change coming over the Far East was the gigantic enterprise reduced to a definite project. The present Tsar, when as Tsesarievich he was travelling in the Far East, wheeled the first barrow and laid the first stone of the railway at Vladivostok on May 19, 1891, and his enthusiastic support has assured the success achieved. The speed with which construction has followed is without parallel in railway-building. The whole line was divided into seven sections, and work carried on upon them so far as possible simultaneously. The Siberian plain presented no engineering difficulties, since for a thousand miles the surface does not show a higher rise than four hundred feet; but as all wood, water, food, and labor had to be supplied from the base, the difficulties of organization were very great. But the first portion, from Chelyabinsk to Omsk, 492 miles, was opened for traffic in December, 1895; the second, from Omsk to Ob, 388 miles, in 1896; the third, from Ob to Krasnoyarsk, 476 miles, later in the same year; the fourth, from Krasnoyarsk to Irkutsk, 672 miles, in August, 1898. Thus the rail-head reached a point 3,371¼ miles east of Moscow, and as the train had also reached Khabarofsk, on the Amur, from Vladivostok, the eastern terminus, a distance of 475 miles, in the same month and year, a total of 2,503 miles of railway had been laid and opened for traffic in seven years. The Siberian railway will cross altogether thirty miles of bridges, and of these the line to Irkutsk required a large number, including such important ones as those over the Irtysh at Omsk, 700 yards, over the Ob at Krivoshekovo, 840 yards; over the Yenissei at Krasnoyarsk, 930 yards, and over the Uda at Nijni Udinsk, 350 yards. Moreover, before reaching Irkutsk there is some very stiff grading work in a mountainous country. By this performance Russia holds the world's record for railway-building. She may well be proud of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The train leaving Moscow at 8.15 on Saturday evenings reaches Irkutsk—at least it did when I travelled by it, but the journey is being expedited so often that the time-table is seldom accurate for more than a month or two—at 7.15 in the morning of the Monday week—the ninth day. The average speed of the Siberian Express, which, it must be remembered, is much greater than that of the ordinary train from Moscow daily for Irkutsk, is, therefore—allowing for the difference of time between West and East—almost exactly seventeen miles an hour, including stoppages. A few minutes' study of a condensed time-table will give the reader more information than much description. Here, then, is the journey at a glance :

VERSTS.*	STATION.	HOUR OF ARRIVAL.	DAY.
	Moscow-Kursk Line.		
	Moscow	8.15 P.M.	Saturday
93	Serpukhof	10.54 P.M.	
181½	Tula	1.33 A.M.	Sunday
	Suzrano-Vyasemskaya Line.		
239½	Uzlovaya	4.03 A.M.	
382½	Riask	8.32 A.M.	
753	Penza	7.47 P.M.	
	GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY.		
	Samara-Zlataoust Section.		
1118	Samara	7.09 A.M.	Monday
1155½	Kinel	8.59 A.M.	
1609	Ufa	10.25 P.M.	
1792½	Vyasovaya	4.48 A.M.	Tuesday
1908½	Zlataoust	8.49 A.M.	
	West Siberian Section.		
2059	Chelyabinsk	2.05 P.M.	
2299½	Kurgan	10.55 P.M.	
2548½	Petropavlovsk	8.00 A.M.	Wednesday
2805	Omsk	4.57 P.M.	
	Central Siberian Section.		
3382½	Krivoshekovo	4.18 P.M.	Thursday
3390	Ob	4.50 P.M.	
3605	Taiga (for Tomsk, 82 versts)	1.58 A.M.	Friday
3743	Mariinsk	7.34 A.M.	
3932	Achinsk	2.50 P.M.	
4099	Krasnoyarsk	10.30 P.M.	
4326	Kansk	9.09 A.M.	Saturday
4633	Nijni Udinsk	1.38 A.M.	Sunday
4742	Tulun	8.26 A.M.	
5108	Irkutsk	7.15 A.M.	Monday

* To turn versts into miles, multiply by .66.

The condensation of this table is shown by the fact that on three days only two stations each are given, and on two days only one station. Between Samara and Irkutsk nineteen stations are mentioned above; in reality there are two hundred and six. Therefore, stoppages play a large part in reducing the speed average, and if the rate of progress were at all uniform, seventeen miles an hour would be a very respectable figure. But for the first thousand versts, as far as Samara, the line is an important one in European Russia, and the speed of the train averages twenty-two miles an hour. Then, when the Urals are passed, a speed of nineteen miles is kept up for a long distance over the straight stretches of the Siberian plain. From Omsk to Taiga, nearly another thousand versts, it sinks to fifteen or sixteen, and after Taiga it drops to twelve miles an hour or less. In fact, for the last 1,500 miles of the long journey there was hardly a moment when I would not have backed myself to pass the train on a bicycle if there had been a decent road beside the track. And the present speed average will not be greatly increased until the whole line is relaid with new rails.

But, though it is possible to find fault with the speed, the cost of the journey is beyond even a miser's criticism. There is nothing in the world like it. A few years ago, when it was discovered that the people were not making sufficient use of the railways, the heroic decision was made to put railway travelling literally within the reach of everyone. The zone system of charges was adopted, the tariff made cheaper the longer the journey, and the rates put at an astoundingly low figure for the whole empire. Irkutsk, as I have said, is 3,371 miles from Moscow, and the journey thither occupies close upon nine days. The price of a first-class ticket is sixty-three roubles, and there are supplementary charges of 12.60 roubles for "express speed," 7.50 for the sleeping-berth, and three roubles for three changes of bed-linen *en route*. Total : 86.10 roubles; £9 2s.; $44.30. And this is for a train practically as luxurious as any in the world, and incomparably superior to the ordinary European or American train. The second-class fare for the same journey is only £6, or less than $30, and the third-class passenger, travelling by the ordinary daily train, and spending thirty hours more on the way, can actually travel these 3,371 miles for the ridiculous sum of about £2 14s, or, say, $13.50. It is officially stated that the through ticket from Moscow to Port Arthur or Vladivostok will cost 115 roubles, about £12, or $59, and a ticket from London or Paris to Shanghai 320 roubles, about £33 17s., or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$165. The enlightenment which prescribes such fares should be reckoned to the credit of the Russian authorities, when we are noting down things to their debit.

In laying the Siberian line one great mistake was made—far too light rails were ordered. The rail-makers pointed this out when they made their contracts, but an unwise economy prevailed, with the result that already the traffic is heavier than the rails can carry, and minor accidents are consequently frequent. The present weight is a little over sixteen pounds to the foot, and, as the ballast is only earth or sand, and the rails are merely spiked to the ties, after a day's rain the trains, as somebody has remarked, run off the track like squirrels. This excuse, however, must be made for the authorities: that when they planned the line they had no idea that traffic would develop as fast as it has done. In 1899 no less than 660,000 tons of freight were carried, and yet the railway was wholly unable to move all that was offered, and I saw small mountains of grain still awaiting transportation as late as in November. It is now the intention to relay the rails over the whole line, and, as a beginning, the track from Ob to Irkutsk will be relaid as soon as possible, a sum of 15,000,000 roubles having been set aside for this purpose. The old rails will be used for fresh sidings, of which a large number, and over a hundred new stations, will be constructed. As a further striking example of the extraordinary development along this new railway, I may mention here that last year 1,075,000 passengers were carried, as against 417,000 in 1896. The stations themselves are admirable. Except the quite unimportant ones, where no settlement yet exists, and the engine stops only to take water, they are prettily designed, the chief ones of brick, the rest of wood, like Swiss chalets, and they are commodious in size. In no country that I know can such excellent food be had *en route*, and at every station there is a medicine chest, and an official corresponding to a dresser in one of our hospitals, called a *Felscher*, capable of treating simple ailments and rendering first aid to the injured. For his services and medicine no charge is permitted to be made. My photograph shows the water-tower and storehouse to be seen at every station, the latter being banked up to the roof with earth to keep out the cold. How severe this is may be judged from the fact that for a considerable distance on the Central Siberian section the earth never thaws, even in mid-summer, for more than two or three feet below the surface—a condition which makes it very difficult to find a solid foundation for buildings and bridge-piles. The line is watched by an army of men, no fewer than 4,000, for instance, being employed between the Urals and Tomsk. One of these is stationed in his little wooden hut at every verst; he stands at attention, flag in hand, as the train approaches, and it is his duty to step into the middle of the track as soon as the train has passed, and hold up his staff as a signal that all is right. This figure may be observed in my photographs. Almost every one of these men—every one in Central Siberia—is an ex-convict or a *déporté*; yet although, as I shall have occasion to point out later, crime is rife in Siberia, and constitutes the chief drawback to the development of the country, I did not hear of a single offence committed by one of these men.

The chief towns of Siberia are naturally still those that had grown up and flourished before the railway was constructed—Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk. Others will of course soon be created, and in several cases they will supersede the old ones. After a thousand versts of the Siberian plain the first important station, Omsk, is a genuine surprise. At dusk you pass over the great river with a well-lit passenger steamer plying upon it—pass over it by a handsome girder bridge. Then a promising network of sidings begins, and, after the manner of Siberian trains, you steal very slowly into the electric-lit station of Omsk. A very neat and pretty brick building greets you, the silent, impassive figures of peasants in sheepskins grouped about its doors. You pass into the usual hall which is waiting-room and restaurant combined; well-set tables with tall palms—imitation palms of course—standing in them, and tall crystal candelabra veiled in red muslin. At one side is the tea-counter, its brass samovar purring softly; at another a display of hot dishes to tempt the hungry, with a *chef* of smil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing face and much-starched linen waving his knife above the baked meats. The proffered meal was so attractive that we took it here instead of in the restaurant-car, and nothing could have been better. The town of Omsk is only Tomsk on a smaller scale, and Tomsk has a mystery of its own. It was originally selected for the administrative and educational centre of Siberia, and its public buildings were erected on this scale. Its university is splendidly housed; it has an ambitious theatre; one of the three Government gold laboratories is there; the prison was the principal distributing station of Siberia; it is lighted by electricity; it is the focus of a great agricultural district; it has over 50,000 inhabitants: there was every reason to suppose that its happy development would be parallel with that of the railway itself. To-day it is going down-hill, for the simple reason that the railway is fifty-four miles away—a journey of five hours—and that even then the station is a long drive through the woods from the town. I heard many explanations of this extraordinary arrangement: that the land around the town was too swampy, that too costly bridges would have had to be built, that the engineers who laid out the line left the town aside because its inhabitants would not agree to certain conditions advantageous to the proposers. Which is true I do not know, but it is certain that Taiga, the station for Tomsk on the main line, was only a couple of tents in the wilderness three years ago, and that to-day it is a considerable settlement, growing rapidly into a town, destined beyond question to thrive at the expense of the city so proudly planned to be the heart of Siberia. Tomsk reminds one of a rapidly grown Western American town, except that it has several far finer permanent buildings. The streets are its least civilized characteristic, for, except in winter, they are either ankle-deep in dust or knee-deep in mud, and winter comes so suddenly that the townspeople sometimes wade through mud to the theatre and find the roads frozen solid when they come out, while by next morning there are thirty degrees of frost.

Omsk, to my thinking, will necessarily become the chief Siberian town, because of its magnificent waterways, its surrounding agriculture, its gold-mining, and, above all, its proximity to the colossal deposits of coal that have been discovered to the south of it, the copper-mines not far off, and the probability that a railway will run south-east from it to connect Siberia with Central Asia. But for the present Irkutsk holds first place, and indeed for a town nearly four thousand miles from what is generally called civilization, only a hundred miles from the frontier of China, and the junction of Europe, so to speak, with the caravan trade of the Far East, it is an astonishing place. You see it first across the placid waters of the Angara, in whose broad sweep it nestles. Of course a big cathedral towers above the other buildings, but not more than a dozen cities of England and America together have a more beautiful theatre than it possesses; its museum is almost as fine, with an ethnological collection of surpassing interest; its gold laboratory has sent $300,000,000 worth of gold to St. Petersburg since 1870; one of its older inhabitants has a picture gallery of modern works that would be notable in a European town, and I am not exaggerating when I aver that a number of its shops would hold their own for size and contents in Broadway or Piccadilly. Besides its cathedral, it rejoices in no fewer than twenty orthodox churches, one Roman Catholic, and one Lutheran chapel—for in Siberia a greater tolerance exists than in Russia—two synagogues, and two monasteries. At first sight its streets do not suggest the wealth and luxury that exist within, for they present, when there are not shops, blank wooden walls and heavy closed gates, the fact being that Irkutsk is not saved by its churches from an amount of crime, actual and potential, that would be considered excessive in a new mining-camp. The night before I arrived a church was ransacked of its plate; the night of my arrival the principal jeweller's shop was robbed; a few days later a flourishing manufactory of false passports—a peculiarly heinous crime in Russian eyes—was raided by the police; the day I visited the prison a man clubbed nearly to death, who never recovered consciousness, was picked up in the street; a short time previously the mail, carrying gold-dust, had been ambushed and three of its armed guards shot; and no respectable citizen would dream of pass-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing alone through its suburbs after dark. I do not know how many police there are in this city of 51,464 inhabitants, but during the week of my stay I saw only two or three, and once when I had to drive across the town at nine o'clock at night I did not see a single living thing out of doors.

All the caravan trade from China, *viâ* Kiakhta, cómes to Irkutsk, and therefore there are large numbers of Chinese merchants and shops. But these Chinese have a more lucrative trade in their hands. By the Russian mining laws, which greatly need changing, all the gold extracted must be delivered to the government gold laboratory of the district, where it is smelted and weighed, and an "assignat" delivered to the owner for its value, less the tax (from three per cent. to ten per cent. upon ordinary mines, and fifteen per cent. upon the mines which are the Tsar's private property), a charge for laboratory fees, the cost of transmission to St. Petersburg, and a margin in case the local laboratory should have made an error of weight or assay in the vender's favor. The rate of purchase, I should add, is fixed by government. Six months or so later the head laboratory pays over the balance, but in the meantime the vender can cash his "assignat." Under these rules the private purchase or even possession of gold is a penal offence, exactly as in the case of diamonds at the Kimberley diamond-fields. But as "illicit diamond-buying" exists there, so illicit gold-buying flourishes at Irkutsk, and the Chinese merchants are the offenders. They hang a few furs outside a shop, or put a few chests of tea in the window, but this is merely a blind, for they make big profits by buying gold-dust, in quantities from a pinch to a pocketful, and smuggling it across the frontier into China. The Irkutsk gold laboratory was founded in 1870, and since then 1,173,456 pouuds avoirdupois of gold, worth probably $300,000,000, has been sent thence to Europe. The director was kind enough to give me a private performance of the operation of receiving, weighing, and smelting the raw gold, and to take me into the strong room filled with row upon row of yellow ingots—very insufficiently guarded, as it seemed to me. When I made this remark he told me that for a good many years a force of Cossacks kept watch every night, but since they once stole the whole contents of the strong room a couple of civilian guards have been employed. The production of gold, by the way, is decreasing in Russia—a fact which will doubtless please His Excellency the Governor-General, who spoke of it to me as "the enemy of Siberia."

Of course I visited the great prison of Irkutsk, and was most courteously allowed to spend several hours there, and to examine it closely and converse freely, through my own interpreter, with any of the prisoners. It is a straggling mass of buildings, many of wood, and all old and in need of repair. These are surrounded by a palisade of great posts, twenty feet high, with pointed ends. I went into every part of the prison that I could see, including the hospital, the workshops, the laundry, and the kitchens, and visited every one of the large rooms and almost every cell. In all these I saw but two things to find fault with—the practice of herding together criminals of all ages, tried and untried, and the long time, in some cases amounting to two years, which many of the prisoners spend there before their cases are finally judged. This latter evil is caused partly by the great difficulty of collecting evidence from many parts of Siberia, but chiefly because the central authorities do not supply magistrates enough to cope with the numbers of those arrested. An additional difficulty is the variety of languages spoken by the criminals themselves: three times during my visit was the governor, who accompanied me most of the time, obliged to send to another part of the prison for a prisoner to interpret a request made to him as we passed. The prison is supposed to hold only 700 criminals, but it contained 1,024 men on the day of my visit, 12 women, and 10 children accompanying their mothers. Of these no fewer than 621 were awaiting trial, 138 were condemned for definite periods not exceeding three years, which they will serve in this prison, and 286 were "in transit," mostly either to the great convict prison of Alexandrofsk, forty-six miles from Irkutsk, or to the island of Sakhalin. The convicts condemned to long periods or to Sakhalin had half the head shaved, as shown in the group I photographed, and a number of the worst

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characters were in chains. The majority of the prisoners were there for theft, and robbery with violence; a number for unnatural offences, and several, in solitary confinement, either for using forged passports or for having no passport and refusing any information about themselves.

The single cells were large, airy, and fairly light, while the whole prison was surprisingly clean. But above all I was struck with the relations between the prisoners and their governor. Never in my life have I seen such a terrible lot of human beings gathered together—one out of every five looked a mere beast, and when the door of one of the large rooms was thrown open and I was invited to step in among two hundred of them, I confess at first I hesitated. There were only four of us—the governor, the headwarder, the doorkeeper of the room, and myself, with nobody else even within hail, while in one case there were but two doors between them and the street, and an old man keeping watch. In an English prison those men would have been outside in a couple of minutes. But M. Sipiagine, the inspector, as he is called, treated them exactly like a troop of children. Whenever he entered a room or a cell he lifted his cap and said "*Zdrasti!*" ("Good day!"), and the same reply was always cordially given. I was prepared for a "show" visit, but it was perfectly clear that in this prison, at any rate, there is nothing like terrorism. The prisoners came up to the inspector, asked him questions about themselves or their sentences without the least trace of fear or embarrassment, and even took him literally by the button-hole and turned him aside from us when they wished to make some private remark to him. One man going to Sakhalin produced a paper showing that he had a small sum of money to his credit in a prison in Moscow, and the particulars were noted down and orders given that this was to be sent after him. Another wished the doctor to examine him again before he started for Sakhalin; the inspector spoke a word to his orderly, and later in the day I saw this man sitting at the hospital door awaiting his turn. There was no political prisoner there at the time; at least, I was assured that this was the case, and later I saw the official report for the day, in which no such prisoner figured. I saw a number of "politicals" elsewhere at various times, but they were all earning a good living as clerks and bookkeepers. Of course I did not get as far as the terrible little town of Kolymsk, a thousand versts north of Irkutsk, where the worst political offenders are exiled to a living death. But from all I saw I was not surprised to learn that at the beginning of each winter an influx of minor offenders takes place into prison, where they get warm quarters, plenty of wholesome food, and no work. And I saw clearly that the Russian authorities have to deal with a stratum of population far below any that exists with us—a brutish, hopeless, irreclaimable mass of human animals.

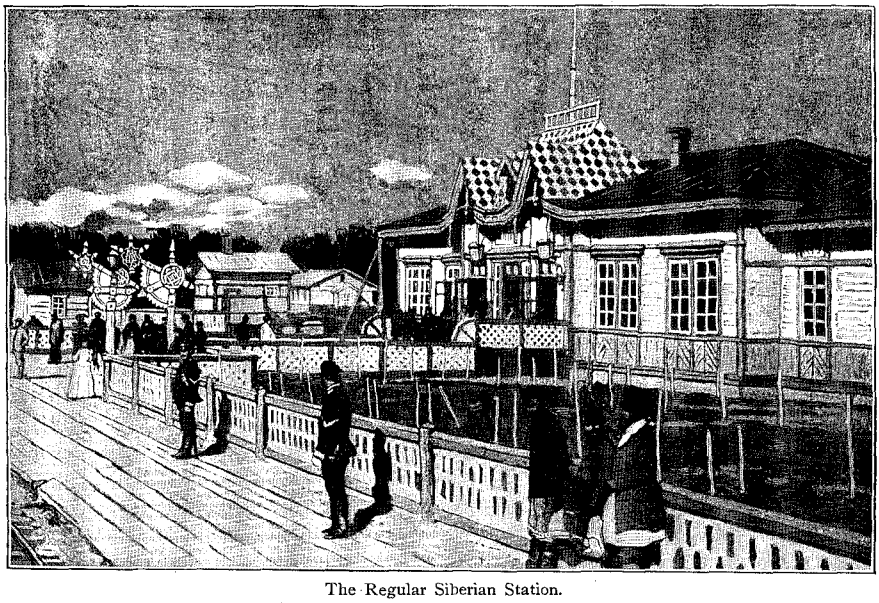
It is evident, however, to anybody who studies the state of Siberia, that this wonderful country can never attain to its due development until the whole system of convict transportation is done away with. Not a week passes without a murder in every Siberian town. Two emigrants had been killed in the Siberian train shortly before my visit. Nobody dares go out at night. People even in Irkutsk often fire a revolver shot out of the window before going to bed to warn off a possible attack. The head of one force of free laborers upon railway works was in Siberia for an outrage upon a child; the boss of another was a murderer. The porter at my hotel in Irkutsk was a murderer from the Caucasus. Theoretically, when bad characters are deported they are forbidden to leave the district to which they are assigned; practically, they leave as soon as it suits them, and their first object is to kill some peasant for his clothes and passport. Indeed, if they did not move away they would starve, for in many cases the authorities simply turn them out and leave them to their fate. The political exiles have made Siberia what it is, for they have been among the most educated and energetic classes in Russia; but the criminal exiles are a fatal bar to further progress. Siberia will therefore eagerly welcome the good news that the commission appointed by the Tsar to consider the whole question of criminal transportation has just reported against the Siberian system, and recommended the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Technical School, Irkutsk.

construction of great convict prisons in Russia. The cost of these to the State will be enormously greater than that of criminal Siberia, and assuredly the lot of the convict will henceforth be harder, but the decision was inevitable if one of the richest parts of the Tsar's dominions is to attain its proper prosperity.

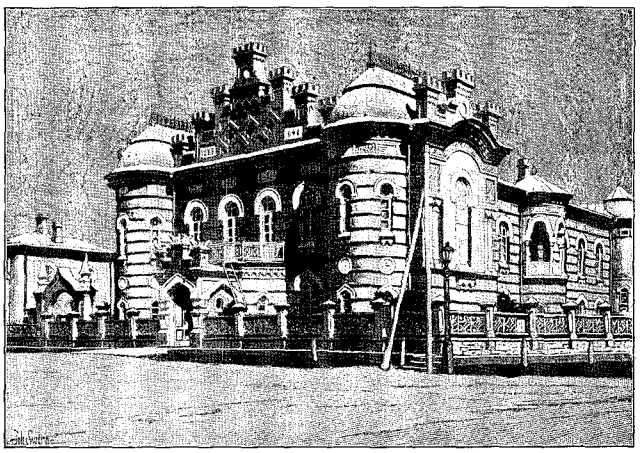
Beyond Irkutsk the railway was not yet open, but the line was in working order and the Governor-General, General Goremykin, was kind enough to give me a special train over it to Lake Baikal, and to place a government steam-launch at my disposal on the lake. This inland sea has an area of over 12,000 square miles, its water is brilliantly clear, its depth is enormous and in many places unplumbed, and the solid mountains run sheer down to its edges. The terminus is a station called Baranchiki, just where the Angara empties itself into the lake, and a long wooden jetty leads to the slip where the great ice-breaking, train-carrying steamer lies. The original intention was to build the railway round the southern end of the lake, but the cost of one hundred and fifty-five miles of line through such a country would be enormous. The authorities still tell you that it will be built ultimately, but



The Regular Siberian Station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have my doubts of this, for money is not plentiful enough in Russia just now to waste, as may be gathered from the fact that so small a sum as $10,000,000 was recently borrowed from a New York assurance company upon the security of the little railway from Vladikavkaz to the Caspian Sea. And the Circum-Baikal line is unnecessary, for the great English firm of Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. has built upon Lake Baikal one of the most remarkable steamships in the world to ferry the Siberian trains across the lake, and in winter to break the ice at the same time. This was brought out in pieces from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and put together by English engineers, who have been living in this remote and lonely spot for over two years. The Baikal, as the steamer is called, is a magnificent vessel of 4,000 tons, with twin engines amidships of 1,250 horse-power each, and a similar engine forward, to drive the screw in the bow; for the principle of the new type of ice-breaker is to draw out the water from under the ice ahead by the suction of a bow-screw, when the ice collapses by its own weight and a passage is forced through the broken mass by the impact of the vessel. As will be seen from my illustrations, the first that have been published, the Baikal has extensive upper works, and these contain luxurious saloons and cabins. Upon her deck she will carry three trains—a passenger train in the middle, and a freight train on each side. Her speed is thirteen knots, and on her trial trips she has shown herself capable of breaking through solid ice thirty-eight inches thick, with five inches of hard snow on the top—such snow is much more difficult to pierce than ice—and has forced her way through two thicknesses of ice frozen together, aggregating from fifty-six to sixty-five inches. In summer her bow propeller should be removed, and large propellers substituted for her smaller winter ones; but so far the railway authorities have taken no steps to build a dock upon the lake, without which neither of these important changes can be effected, nor the steamer herself repaired if any mishap should damage her hull. Lake Baikal is frozen from the middle of December to the end of April, and there is also talk of laying a railway across upon the ice, as is done each year from St. Petersburg to Kronstadt; but probably all depends upon the success of the ice-breaker next winter. If this accomplishes its purpose another similar vessel will be built, for obviously the entire trans-continental service would otherwise be staked upon one ship never getting out of order the whole season. The Yermak, however—the ice-breaker also built by Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. for service in the Baltic—has been such a splendid success, forcing her way through mixed ice twenty-five feet thick, that there is every reason to presume the Baikal will do her work equally well.



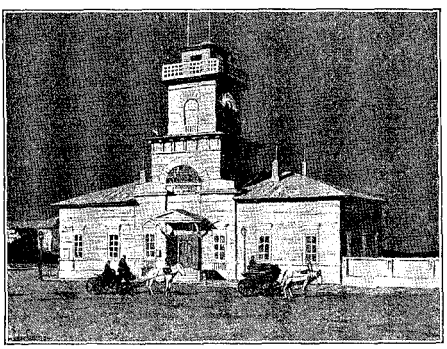
The Museum, Irkutsk.

Upon the opposite side of Lake Baikal the starting station is Misovaya, thirty-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

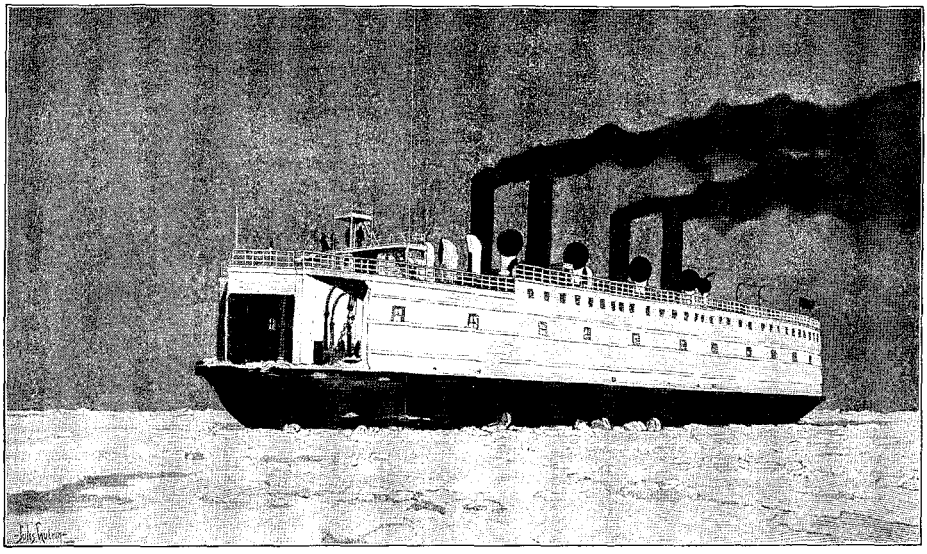
The Cathedral, Irkutsk.

nine miles from Baranchiki, and there the railway enters upon a great plateau and reaches its highest point in the Yablonoi Mountains at 3,412 feet. This has been the most trying section of the line to build, and the last rail was laid only on December 28, 1899. As originally announced, the intention was to continue the railway right through to Khabarofsk, whence trains have been running for some time to Vladivostok. But there is good reason to think that the Russian Government never really expected to have to do this, and was well aware that before the rest of the line could be finished an arrangement with China would permit her to carry the railway through Manchuria, thus not only giving her virtual control of this most valuable province but also greatly shortening the entire length. The route will, therefore, now be from Misovaya to Stretensk, 605 miles; by steamer, larger or smaller according as the water is higher or lower, down the Shilka and Amur rivers, 1,428 miles, to Khabarofsk; and thence to Vladivostok, 252 miles. Total distance from Moscow by this route, 4,307 miles by railway, and 1,467 miles by steamer. Navigation is about to open on lake and rivers as I write, and the through journey will therefore be possible before this article is published, in about twenty days from Moscow to Vladivostok, of which a week will be spent upon steamers [see note on page 541]. I fancy the great drawback will be the mosquitoes upon the Amur, of which I hear terrible tales. The ultimate route will be from Misovaya to Khaidalovo, a short distance on this side of Stretensk, thence across Manchuria to Nikholsk, sixty miles above Vladivostok, with a branch line from Kharbin, the centre of Manchuria, to Mukden, whence three other branches lead respectively to Niu-chwang, Port Arthur, and Peking. The last of these is nominally built by the Russo-Chinese Banking Company, but this is a mere form of words—the whole line is as Russian as Moscow. The Manchurian railway will



The Tower of the Fire-watch, Irkutsk.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Steamship Baikal Steaming Through the Ice.

be 950 miles long, and the southern branch 646 miles, and when all this is completed the total length of the Great Siberian Railway will be 5,486 miles.

The following will then be the shortest route between the United States and the Far East *via* Siberia: New York, Havre, Paris, Cologne, Berlin, Alexandrovo, Warsaw, Moscow, Tula, Samara, Chelyabinsk, Irkutsk, Stretensk, Mukden, Port Arthur, and the total length of this journey (excluding the Atlantic) about 7,300 miles, of which 297 miles will be in France, 99 miles in Belgium, 660 miles in Germany, 2,310 miles in European Russia, and about 4,000 in Asiatic Russia. These are the official figures.

One other possibility must be mentioned—it is always unsafe to say that any Russian plan is final—namely, that the whole direction of the Trans-Baikalian line will once more be altered, and that a line will be run due southeast from Irkutsk to Peking along the old caravan road through Kiakhta, and across the desert.

This would again enormously shorten the through journey; there are no insuperable physical difficulties; if China is coerced into consenting while England still has her hands full in South Africa, there will be no political obstacle; and the political and strategical results will be infinitely more important than the commercial ones, for it will give Russia definitive control over the whole of Northern China. And this probably means war with England and Japan, sooner or later, whether America strikes a blow for her trade or not.

Bow of the Baikal Breaking the Ice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have, perhaps, said enough now to explain the further forecast that the development of Siberia is destined to be one of the wonders of the future. Agriculture there is still in its infancy, yet in 1898, the latest statistical year, Siberia produced 1,000,000 tons of wheat, 730,000 tons of oats, 2,500,000 tons of grain of all kinds, and 325,000 tons of potatoes. Already last year 2,500 American agricultural implements were sold in Siberia—more to the cultivated acre than in Russia; McCormick's posters are in every village, and Deering machines have a strong foothold; in Tomsk there is a central depôt where fourteen agricultural implement makers are represented. The gold output of Siberia, of which I have already given the striking figures, will be largely increased when the present mining laws are modified, and the mines thrown open to the improved methods and ampler capital of the West—a state of things which Russia is ready to welcome. At a place called Ekibas-tuz, near Pavlodar, to the south of Omsk, and only sixty-six miles from the great Irtysh River—to which a line of railway was finished last October, and three Baldwin locomotives sent—are coal deposits which an English engineer declared to me to be the largest in the world, a seam running for miles of the almost incredible thickness of three hundred feet. Vast quantities of coke will be produced here, shipped down the Irtysh to Tiumen, and thence transported to the Urals for the iron works—a supply the importance of which will be appreciated by those who know anything about the iron industry. Near this are very rich copper mines, and it is certain that minerals will be discovered in other parts.

The transportation of convicts to Siberia will shortly cease, and last year 223,981 emigrants of both sexes crossed the Urals, making a total of close upon 1,000,000 since 1893. The railway which is to be the artery of all this material production and human movement is officially estimated to cost 780,000,000 roubles (£82,500,000 —$401,362,000), of which 500,000,000 roubles (£53,000,000 —$257,283,000), were spent by the end of 1899, and 130,000,000 roubles (£13,745,000—$66,893,000) were allocated to the work of 1900. From what I saw, I concluded that the official estimate will be largely exceeded. Before this gigantic enterprise is finished it is not likely to cost much less than £100,000,000 ($500,000,000).

Since the Great Wall of China the world has seen no one material undertaking of equal magnitude. That Russia, single-handed, should have conceived it and carried it out, makes imagination falter before her future influence upon the course of events.

NOTE.—Since writing the above I have learned the exact time occupied by a complete journey from Vladivostok to Moscow, a friend just having travelled through as quickly as possible. With much courteous help from the authorities, and doing one long stretch in Eastern Siberia in a horse-box, his itinerary was as follows:

Vladivostok	May 17, 18
Khabarofsk	May 19, 20
Blagovyeshchensk	May 27–29
Pokovkhra	June 4–6
Stretensk	June 9–11
Baikal	June 15
Irkutsk	June 16
Moscow	(late) June 23

That is, the journey took thirty-eight days. But it will be noticed that no fewer than twenty days were spent on the Amur and Shilka rivers, this dreary delay being due to the fact that shallow water reduced the rate of speed at times to next to nothing, and at other times stopped the steamer altogether. This was exceptional, even at this time of year, and allowing for the fact that the journey was against the current. Moreover, as I have explained above, this river journey is only a temporary expedient, to connect the two ends of the railway while the Manchurian railway is under construction, and it will be observed that the journey from Irkutsk to Moscow has been considerably shortened even since I made it a few months ago.

As I write, Russia is fighting the Chinese hordes in Manchuria, Kharbin has been taken, Blagovyeshchensk bombarded, and long sections of the line completely destroyed. These unlooked-for events will undoubtedly seriously delay the completion of the railway and will add enormously to the expenditure upon it. But they will in no way affect the ultimate result. Russia will pulverize the Chinese, she will lay the line exactly as she has planned it, or better, and it will be made the stronger and safer for the lesson that she has been taught. The additional financial strain is the only grave consideration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TARTAR WHO WAS NOT CAUGHT

By Richard Wilsted

HE was discovered at Nagasaki in an empty coal-bunker of the steamer Yoroshima Maru, on her return from a voyage to Hakodati and the north. One half of his head and face had been shaved within a fortnight, while the other retained the black and wiry growth of years. His solitary garment was a ragged blouse; he was evidently a man of full habit, but a diet of stale biscuit and mouldy caviare had grievously reduced him. He created much anxiety among the fussy little Japanese tidewaiters, who finally summoned the expert testimony of an American wool-appraiser, to whom nothing in anthropology seemed a sealed book. Mr. Reuben Blakemore gingerly passed his fingers through the half-fleeced crop of the stowaway and remarked, with much gravity:

"Human hair, third quality, in the original package."

"What shall we do with him?" demanded the Japanese.

"Hand him over to his consul, if he has one," replied the appraiser.

"But he can't talk," objected the official interpreter. "I have tried him in English, French, German, and Chinese."

"Perhaps he can write," suggested Blakemore.

Pencil and paper were brought, and the stowaway scrawled uncanny signs which resembled nothing so much as the Latin alphabet as seen in a looking-glass.

"Holy Russia, by the Eternal!" cried Blakemore. "I might have guessed it. Poor devil; he probably went to Saghalien for the safety of the Tsar and left that pleasant island for his own sake."

"There is a Russian consul," said the Japanese harbor-master, with a sigh of relief.

"There is. But how would you have felt, Mr. Morituri, if, when you escaped the vigilance of the Shogun's government some twenty years ago to study civilization in my native land, our republican authorities had shipped you back to certain death?"

There was a pause. Then Blakemore resumed. "He is probably trying to do what you and many others accomplished in the bad old times of Japan: go into exile for patriotic purposes. If you will hush up the incident officially, I will pay the fellow's passage to Shanghai, and I warrant that after he arrives there you will never hear of him again."

It was so arranged. The appraiser produced his shears and gave the stowaway's head a complete though amateurish trimming, clothed him in an old white flannel suit, and offered him twenty Mexican dollars. Up to that moment the refugee's face had remained stolid, but as he reached for the money his features relaxed and he burst into tears.

"Cheer up, old man, there's worse to come!" said Blakemore, blithely. "I'm going to send you to Shanghai on spec."

At the word Shanghai the stowaway's face lighted up, and he repeated it with a guttural accent. He left Nagasaki the same day and in the purlieus of the great Chinese port he was able to lose his undesirable identity.

It was some years later that a certain Monsieur Tartarskoi registered at the Hôtel des Colonies in the French Concession of Shanghai. His name had not been observed in any in-coming passenger-list; and his trunks, although made in Russia, bore no labels of foreign travel. His presence at first attracted no attention, but as his stay lengthened from days into weeks and months, the regular customers of the hotel began to speculate about him. He was a stout man, less than thirty years old, of middle height, with wiry black hair and beard, a flattish face and a projecting nose of Hebrew type. His skin was dark and oily, and his narrow eyes were dull beneath their heavy lids. While not courting intercourse, he as certainly did not repel it, and sat from choice at the large "transient" table. The most in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veterate bore in the hotel found him a good listener. He never refused a treat at the bar and always returned the compliment. He watched a game of billiards or poker with the eye of an adept; but he never used the green tables, large or small. He discharged all debts promptly in gold coin, but had nothing to sell and no bank account. If he belonged to that class known as Remittance Men, there was no proof of it. He spoke French and German with a slight foreign accent; his English was clumsy, but he understood the language perfectly. He vouchsafed no information as to his antecedents or purposes; when hard pressed he would merely assert that he "was a student of man, and liked Shanghai because it was so cosmopolitan." But Shanghai is a hive, and as Tartarskoi seemed to be a drone, he was looked upon with suspicion. The Russian consul, when questioned, simply stated that he did not know his fellow-countryman personally, but that the name was a good one on the borders of Poland.

Charity, which covers a multitude of sins, succeeded in obliterating the previous tracks of Tartarskoi. The first subscription list that accidentally reached him was so much the richer by his contribution that others speedily followed and were not disappointed. The stranger never attended church or synagogue; but Gentile and Jew began to rely on his aid in religious finance. The Dean of the English Cathedral called in person to thank Tartarskoi for his liberality to a different communion, and found the gentleman so attentive that he expatiated for some hours upon his pet scheme, an alliance of the Greek and Anglican churches against Rome. Tartarskoi seemed to agree, and the very reverend dean came away charmed.

The Russian was by this time on easy terms with many bachelors and with a few married men among the French and Italian element, whose focus was the Hôtel des Colonies. He was urged to send in his name for election to the Shanghai Club—that remarkable institution which combines a convivial rendezvous with the commercial exchange at noon-day. He allowed Mr. Chauncy Merrifield, of the United States Consulate General, to propose him, and Monsieur Levacheur, a silk merchant, from Lyons, to second him. But Merrifield, in the course of a few days, took Tartarskoi aside at his hotel and stated that there were difficulties in the way.

"What difficulties, monsieur?" asked the Russian, indifferently.

"Well, to be perfectly frank, neither Levacheur nor I can tell the club as much about you as it is thought necessary to know."

"What is that they want to know?"

"Who you are, whence you come, and why you are here."

"Is it that someone has something against me?"

"No. But they can't understand how you live here without visible means of support. They say that a man of independent fortune would not select Shanghai as a residence."

"I am a student of man. I live here where are many kinds of men. I do not any man harm; I even try to do good when I have opportunity. This is called the 'Model Settlement,' a free republic of all nations, a type of the world as it will be. I seek here what I have not elsewhere found, personal liberty. Why is it denied me?"

"If I am to understand that you are a political exile from Russia, that will doubtless satisfy the objectors," returned Merrifield. "The average Briton has transferred to the Tsar that instinctive hatred which he used to reserve for the Pope. The English will sympathize with an enemy of the Russian Government."

"One may leave one's country without hating one's country, is it not?" asked Tartarskoi, mildly. "I am a student of man, nothing more."

But it was not enough. Tartarskoi was blackballed at the club, and Chauncy Merrifield, when privately informing him of the fact in advance of the official communication remarked, sarcastically:

"Your study of man does not seem to have been profitable. You had better study woman for awhile."

Perhaps his words took root. At all events, from this epoch, dated Tartarskoi's successful campaign in society. He began to be invited among the French families, and every one of his hostesses was the recipient of magnificent bouquets of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hot-house flowers, together with a snowy card conveying "Monsieur Tartarskoi's compliments." He removed from the Hôtel des Colonies to expensive chambers on the Bund, where he entertained his lady-friends and their husbands with tea in Russian style, served in glasses and accompanied by cloying sweetmeats. He kept a brougham, with Chinese coachman and groom in gaudy livery.

At Madame Levacheur's he first met Mrs. James Etheridge, a pushing little lady from Cockneydom. She had seen an earl's coronet on the panel of his carriage-door.

"Tell me, Monsieur Tartarskoi, are you really a peer in disguise? How romantic, and how dull people have been not to find you out before!"

"But yes, dear madame, one may say that I am of the noblesse. The title of Count is common to our family. But it is foolishness in a free community."

"How delightful! Count Tartarskoi! It sounds like a novel by 'Ouida.'"

"But I had much rather you would address me as Feodor Vassilitch, in the Russian way," said the Count, earnestly. "Will you not try?"

"Oh, I could never manage such a mouthful, Count! But I am so pleased to have met you. I am at home every Thursday, and shall expect always to see you. Surely you dare not refuse me!"

He evidently dared not, for he always came. And here he found the key to the most exclusive circles. Lady Woodhouse, the wife of the British judge, a massive person with a baritone voice and three plain daughters, greeted him at first with the "stony British stare." But she speedily sent him a subscription list of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, which was honored, and followed it up by an invitation to dinner. From that time he became a lion. The Country Club enrolled him among its members, the Race Club did likewise, and the Shanghai Club reversed its previous verdict.

Mrs. Etheridge took much of the credit to herself. She was voluble about her friend Count Feodor Tartarskoi, "Such a dear, delightful man; but just a little dangerous, don't you know. He told me that he used to walk in the forest with a Duchess, and read aloud to her from Byron's 'Don Juan'! Of course it was in a Russian translation, so that it was not quite so bad as if he had read it in English, don't you know. And he owns a steppe in Siberia and a troika on the Neva!"

Tartarskoi's popularity culminated when his pony Yermak won the Champion Stakes at a spring race meeting. Owner and jockey were cheered and shouldered by enthusiastic friends. It was found that the Count could play cards and billiards, but he rarely took the trouble to collect the notes he won at poker, while his losses were promptly paid in ready money, which is not the custom of the Far East.

Then came the first reaction. The Rev. Abel Grout, an American evangelical missionary, had set afoot a subscription to provide Ivan Antonieff, a Stundist preacher for some time resident in the United States, with funds to carry the Gospel to Vladivostok. Antonieff was described by his friends as a "flaming candle of the Lord for the benighted Slavs." But the Dean of the English Cathedral refused the offertory of his church to what he called "a schism in the Church Catholic." Mr. Grout found that the amount collected fell far short of his expectations and in his emergency somebody suggested Count Tartarskoi, the liberal, the student of man. He called upon the Count, who scrutinized the paper and inquired whether the sum asked for would surely be enough. Mr. Grout answered in the affirmative, but added that he did not expect the Count to contribute so much. But without further comment Tartarskoi pledged himself for the whole amount. When Antonieff was about to start, an unforeseen difficulty arose. The Russian consulate refused him a passport to Vladivostok. Mr. Grout again appealed to the Count, who promised nothing; but on a second application to the consul, the desired paper was given, without any reason assigned.

Many months afterward a Mongol tribesman rode into a missionary station on the verge of the Gobi desert and delivered to the clergyman in charge a dirty, frayed cotton rag which he had carried under his saddle for weeks. It contained the following words, written with a Chinese brush and ink:

"I do not curse you, dear Brother Grout, who innocently delivered me into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the hand of mine enemies, but I call the wrath of God down upon his head who beneath the mask of charity concealed the face of Judas. "I. A."

Mr. Grout, to whom this missive was forwarded by his colleague, was appalled. The "flaming candle" had been effectually snuffed out. Antonieff was never more heard of; but the American Evangelical Mission at Shanghai was in a ferment of indignation. Mr. Reuben Blakemore, whose services as a wool appraiser had just been dispensed with by the Japanese Government in favor of a native, arrived in Shanghai at this time to stay with his uncle, Mr. Grout, until something should turn up. He found the good missionary plunged in dismay and doubt.

"What's the matter, Uncle Abel? Converts been backsliding?"

"No, Reuben, but I am in despair over a case of human iniquity."

He showed the piteous rag and explained its history.

"Who is this Count Tartarskoi?" asked Blakemore.

"Nobody knows. He suddenly appeared in this port about three years ago. But I am going to confront him with this, and if he cannot give assurances, I will have him hounded out of town!"

"Go dead slow, Uncle Abel. After all, what proof is that interesting tatter? It may be a fake."

"It is not. I have ascertained that Brother Antonieff was arrested in Vladivostok on the arrival of the steamer."

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll go with you when you beard the bear," said Blakemore. "I've an unaccountable curiosity to see this remarkable Count with the heathen name."

The following afternoon they called upon the Russian at his chambers. The Chinese servant at first demurred, saying, "Master makee sleep, no can see." But Mr. Grout would take no denial.

"Give your master my card," he said, sternly.

"And mine too, John," added Blakemore.

The boy reluctantly went up-stairs, whence he speedily returned smiling.

"Allo light. Master talkee can see. Please you come topside."

Count Tartarskoi met them at the upper landing. He was very affable.

"I am very delighted and honored to see you again, Monsieur Grout. As for your friend, he is welcome, too."

Blakemore had been gazing fixedly at the Count. "I think we have met before," said he.

Tartarskoi's leaden eyes met his without flinching. "Indeed, monsieur, it is possible; I meet so many people. But I rarely forget a name, and your card gives me no recollection. But if you would indicate where and how we met it might assist me."

Blakemore considered a moment. "At Nagasaki on board the steamer Yoroshima Maru, six years ago this fall."

The Count did not answer, but motioned his visitors into the drawing-room, where the boy had already served tea and cigarettes.

"Sit down, please, gentlemen," said Tartarskoi, "while I think it over."

He offered cigarettes and while Mr. Grout curtly refused, his nephew accepted one from the Count, whose hand slightly trembled as he struck and presented a match.

"I can give you further details, if necessary," suggested Blakemore.

"Not yet, monsieur," objected Tartarskoi, waving his hand. "Monsieur Grout has first some business with me, is it not?"

The missionary drew out his wallet and produced Antonieff's letter, which he handed to the Count. Both uncle and nephew watched him keenly as he deciphered it, but his face was inscrutable. Finally he spoke.

"This is deplorable," said he, calmly, as he might have spoken of an inconvenient rain-shower. "But indeed, Monsieur Grout, I do not see of what further use I can be in the matter."

Mr. Grout was amazed at this coolness. "I fear that you have been of too much use already, Count Tartarskoi."

"And you, Monsieur Blakemore," demanded the Russian, suddenly turning to him. "Do you think me of all men capable of what your excellent friend imagines?" His manner grew eager. "Think for a moment, I beg you, monsieur. You say that we have met. It is true; I need no more proofs, and I beg

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you not to offer them. But from what you know—and alas! it is not much—do you think I could betray my unfortunate countryman?"

Blakemore hesitated, while Grout looked at them both in wonder.

"No, I don't believe you could," said Reuben, deliberately. "Uncle Abel, you're on the wrong track. Count Tartarskoi has asked me not to say why, and I will not; but you've never known me to lie, and I hold him blameless."

Count Tartarskoi buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. Mr. Grout was reassured and deeply moved. He offered profuse apologies which were gracefully accepted, and the visitors were ushered out. They did not see how large a dose of vodka was needed to steady their host's nerves after the interview. The unpleasant rumors afloat in the Evangelical Mission were vigorously contradicted by Mr. Grout, who upon Blakemore's guarded assurance acquitted Tartarskoi of Antonieff's betrayal.

Soon after this the Count gave up his chambers and occupied a handsome villa on the Bubbling Well Road. Here, in his double drawing-rooms he entertained more lavishly than ever. Dowagers, young matrons, an occasional *débutante* and numerous callow youths were to be met from four to seven o'clock in the afternoon. Older men stayed away. They knew another and more congenial side of Tartarskoi.

Mrs. Etheridge praised the exquisite taste in which the house was furnished.

"Really, Count Tartarskoi, how a mere man could have designed all this I cannot make out. And yet all our friends assure me that they had no hand in it. This hardwood floor was built to be danced upon. You must give a dance—a cotillion, Count! You don't dance? No, but your friends do, when they have the chance. Now promise!"

"It shall be as you desire, madame. I will give a cotillion at our Russian Christmas."

He was as good as his word. The Tartarskoi Ball yet lingers in the kaleidoscopic memory of Shanghai. The preparations were elaborate, and yet concealed from the Count's lady friends. The entire house was thrown open to the guests on that eventful night. The walls of the supper- and ball-rooms, the halls and the enclosed verandas were hung with gorgeous Chinese embroideries, the doors and windows were decorated with feathery bamboos, and the driveway was lighted by Japanese lanterns. The Municipal Band of Filipinos, conducted by a Spaniard, played the latest popular dance music, there was an army of silken-robed attendants and the host was, if possible, more ubiquitous than ever.

The cotillion opened brilliantly. It was led by the Vicomte de Kerloupgarou, the scion of a noble but decayed family from Brittany, who was in the French diplomatic service, but remarkable chiefly for the height and rigidity of his collars and the depth and multiplicity of his indebtedness. The favors were costly and well chosen, while cards and billiards were provided for those who did not dance.

Mr. and Mrs. James Etheridge came late. He quickly vanished among the gamesters. She as usual was a belle. But she had a restless and preoccupied air that evening. Finally, when Mr. Chauncy Merrifield came up to claim his third waltz she pleaded dizziness, for in common with the English women of that period she would not or could not reverse.

"Take me over the house, Mr. Merrifield," she exclaimed; "I want to see the whole thing. Truly the Count has surpassed himself."

What she wanted particularly to see was never known, but she found something upstairs, in a remote apartment, that set her pretty forehead in a frown and caused her to drag her escort to the card-room in search of Mr. Etheridge. That gentleman had found the Roman Punch too seductive.

"James," said his wife, angrily, "come home. There's a woman in the house!"

"Of coursh, m' dear; sheveral, not to mention yourshelf."

"James, be sensible! There's a foreign woman, a creature, do you hear? It is insulting."

"Of coursh, m' dear. Native ladiesh can't dansh, you know. Feet too shmall."

"James, meet me in the porch. I am going to speak a word in Lady Woodhouse's ear. Give me your arm, please, Mr. Merrifield."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And she flounced off down-stairs, meeting Count Tartarskoi at the door of the ball-room. He smiled and was about to speak, but she petulantly waved him aside and marched up to the judge's wife, who sat watching the evolutions of the three plain daughters through her lorgnette. The Count followed.

"Lady Woodhouse, I'm going home. We've all been insulted."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Etheridge, what do you mean?"

"Madame Etheridge has found some of the decorations not to her taste," suggested the host, smoothly.

"Perhaps when you know who chose them, Lady Woodhouse, you won't like them any better than I do!" cried Mrs. Etheridge, and with this Parthian shaft she sought the cloak-room.

Count Tartarskoi, for his part, ran up stairs, nearly knocking over Mr. Etheridge, who was unsteadily descending.

"Is Madame ill?" asked her host, anxiously.

"Can't shay. She told me there wash a woman in th' housh. I shaid 'Of coursh.' She told me to come home. Shorry—musht. Goonight."

The Count turned and went down more swiftly than he had mounted. He was under the coach porch when Mrs. Etheridge and her somnolent spouse appeared, and he held open the brougham door as they got in. She did not speak to him, but slammed the door as they drove off. Tartarskoi went into the hall, where Chauncy Merrifield greeted him with a quizzical smile. The Russian smiled in return.

"It is deplorable," said he.

"It is very amusing," replied Merrifield. "I knew that 'no mere man,' to use Mrs. Etheridge's expression, could have been so successful in arranging your party, but I did not suppose she would confirm her suspicion."

"Mademoiselle Myrtle Hayes was very kind," remarked the Count, ruefully. "She is a journalist from San Francisco and has been staying here to give me the benefit of her experience. A most emancipated lady. She reminded me of a female student whom I knew at Moscow."

"Well, you're in for it now," laughed Merrifield. "Nobody will believe your explanation. Lady Woodhouse looked like a gorgon after Mrs. Etheridge made her dramatic exit, and she is gathering little Sir George and her three speckled chicks under her ruffled wings to follow."

In fact the gayety of the ball was eclipsed. Few lingered except continental Europeans who did not take their social cue from London. Count Tartarskoi bore it quite philosophically, as befitted a student of man—and woman.

Mrs. Etheridge, as she leaned back on the seat of her dark brougham was startled by the contact of something soft and furry. She shuddered, for she hated cats.

"James, strike a match!" James snored solemnly.

She fumbled in all his pockets before finding a box of safety matches, one of which she lighted, with a nervous clumsiness. The dreadful object was no cat, but twenty Peking sable tails tied up with a pink ribbon and a card bearing "Count Tartarskoi's compliments." She was furious, and decided to throw them out of the window, but the match unfortunately burned out. She struck another and examined the gift again. It would be better, on the whole, to return them without comment in the morning. The match died, and she had used up the whole box before reaching home. By that time she had become resigned to the prospect of keeping the furs. Her husband had refused, earlier in the winter, to countenance a similar extravagance on her part, but he never demurred at her accepting presents from the Count. It was a recognized custom among the ladies of Shanghai. The result was that the threatened scandal blew over. Mrs. Etheridge announced that the heat of the ball-room had given her a touch of fever and that she was quite unconscious of what she had said. For the rest of the winter she was perfectly bewitching in a collarette of sable-tails.

But Count Tartarskoi gave no more dances, and during the war of 1894 between China and Japan he gradually withdrew from society. It was stated that his health was impaired by long sojourn in a debilitating climate. And finally, soon after the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, Shanghai people were shocked to hear that he had left for Europe by the French mail, a complete physical wreck.

"Poor dear Count," said Lady Wood-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house in her rich baritone voice. "Nobody saw him off, and he was too ill even to send a P. P. C."

Society echoed her regret. Each of the three plain daughters had dreamed of becoming Countess Tartarskoi. No one has yet succeeded in corresponding with the Count, although many have tried.

A London journalist detached for special duty in Russia is responsible for a strange story. He relates being present at a magnificent wedding in the city of Kief; the bride a widow of nearly forty, but still possessing supreme beauty, the groom a stout man of middle age and height, with a flattish face, Hebrew nose, lack-lustre eyes, black hair and beard. He is stated to have returned to Russia after nearly twenty years of exile in the Far East. His crime was not political but private. He and a superior officer stationed at Kief were suitors for the hand of a very beautiful girl of ancient lineage, who preferred the younger, but was forced by her parents to take the elder man. Unhappiness and jealousy ensued; the husband insulted his subaltern and was shot without the formality of a duel. The young officer was sent to Siberia and beyond, escaped thence to China and disappeared for awhile. In the meantime his relatives and the widow of the man whom he killed, had been working desperately in his behalf. The laws of an autocracy have the merit of being elastic. His case was condoned and he was given an opportunity to earn his pardon. He became one more example of the power of a woman's inspiration to change the nature of a man. From the toy of impulse he became the mask of intrigue. As the secret agent of the Russian Government he undertook to win for the Tsar a new dominion by subtlety, even as Yermak, the Cossack outlaw of the sixteenth century had won Siberia by warfare for Ivan the Terrible. He undermined British prestige in China at every point. When Nicholas the Second visited the Far East as Tsesarievich, he recognized the distinguished services of the ex-convict and promised to reward them eventually. After the new Tsar's coronation the exile was pardoned and loaded with honors. His restoration was consummated by marriage with the woman who had been the occasion of his ruin.

The reporter added that, at the moment when the priest placed the nuptial crowns upon the heads of bride and bridegroom, the impassive features of the latter were suddenly illumined as if by a great and victorious happiness, rendering them almost handsome, while the newly made wife, overcome by emotion, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Perhaps if we scratch recent Russian policy in China we may find Tartarskoi. However, that may prove, he was an ideal listener, a perfect host, and a successful student of man and woman.

THE HOUR OF JUDGMENT

By Albert Bigelow Paine

THICK breathing of a soul that slumbers fast,
Chill dawn that slips white fingers round the door:
The creak of formless feet upon the floor.
A wind without that dies into a moan,
A heart within that battles all alone
With all the future and with all the past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dreamed of clipping about on a silently revolving wheel.—Page 550.

THE WHEEL OF TIME

By Mary Catherine Lee

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I

ALONG the highway which conveyed life to the lonesome house of Miss Elvira Bennett, ran the best bicycle path in the county.

The war-path to the warrior, and *The* Path to a soul with theosophic aspirations could hardly be more thrilling and absorbing than this path was to Miss Elvira. Life had furnished but one greater passion than that which it aroused; and sorrowful had been its outcome. But this last ardor was not at hazard of the same ill-fortune which befell the first. Nobody could say that a woman was "too old" to sit and look out upon the ever delightful transit of bicycles, which was almost ceaseless where an excellent route united two neighborly towns.

Plenty of grief had come to Miss Elvira from being too old. In childhood, even, she had always a taste for those things which she ought to have outgrown. And when, as life became sterner in its withholdings, and Sylvanus Swift broke his engagement with her, the report had come to her that she was "too old for him." For she was twenty-seven; and he was only thirty. Age was the fatal shadow which walked by her still. "At *your* age," was a restrictive phrase always ready on all lips.

Miss Elvira had endured thirty, and even forty, with considerable fortitude; but she felt that she could not suffer the tragedy of fifty, for what would be left to a semi-centenarian which was not altogether too pleasant for her years!

The melancholy deprivations of those too-many years seized her imagination, especially when she awoke from dreams of sweeping down the bicycle-path on a wheel of her own, and she would moan out into the night—"Mercy me! in three years I shall be—Law, I can't say it!"

If there had been no record of her age, if nobody had known the year in which Miss Elvira was incarnated, she could have continued in happy progression, with her own sound teeth, and hair less gray than that of the doctor's wife, who was not thirty; with a figure as straight and slim and supple as a girl's; with fine dark eyes, that had been short-sighted in youth, and needed no glasses in age.

Really, nothing made Miss Elvira feel old, save the sight of Sylvanus Swift's white head, and his chronic difficulty of twisted and tormented knee-joints, from which he had suffered since his terrible

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leap in the burning of Swift's Mills. He walked ever after with a gold-headed cane, which had been presented him by the operatives in recognition of the prompt bravery which had protected their lives.

As for Elvira, she exulted in free physical movement. She was a famous walker, and a trip on an electric-car, or behind a fast horse, was a form of transport which would have been even more transporting if she could have had an active part in the propulsion.

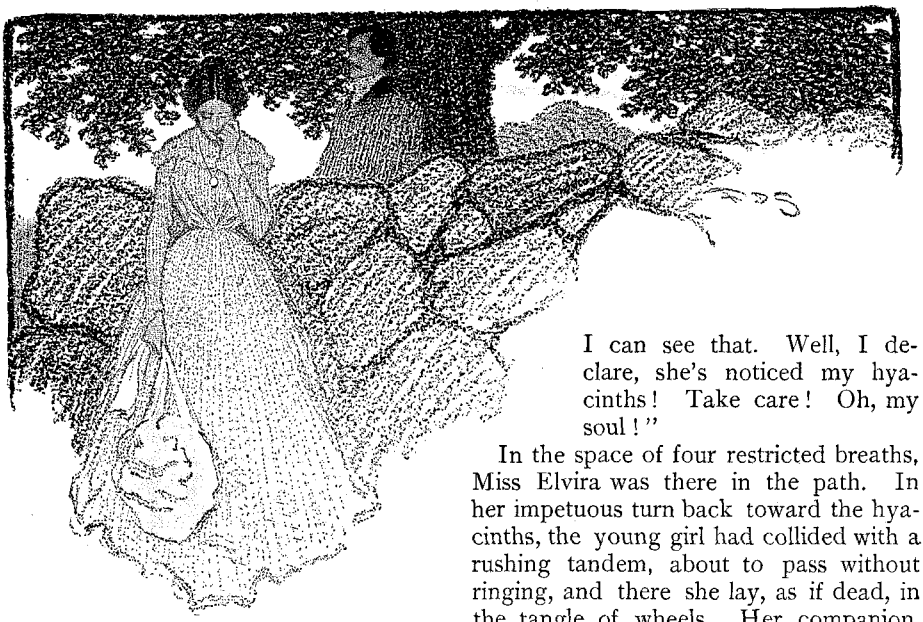
In youth, with a lyric ardor for flight, she dreamed of wings; but, at length, waking or sleeping, Miss Elvira dreamed of clipping about on a silently revolving wheel, which went because she willed it and compelled it. The mastery of this masterful thing she would have been willing to accept as compensation for all the constraints which had mastered her.

The bicycle-path was too constantly stimulating to this ambition to be a source of complete satisfaction. And another complaint against it was that it offered no return for the unfailing regard which Miss Elvira poured out to it from her sitting-room window. The human stream ran by heedless of her, and her respected old house, and even of her beautifully neglected old garden. Miss Elvira was a solitaire who loved not solitude. She desired a little reciprocity, as well as a mere sense of coexistence with the people of her own planet.

One afternoon, of April 19th, her desire was fulfilled. She sat by her window, with something in her lap, upon which she took a stitch now and then, to convince herself

In childhood, even, she had always a taste for those things which she ought to have outgrown.—Page 549.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When . . . Sylvanus Swift broke his engagement with her.—Page 549.

that she sat down to sew. All sorts of cyclists, enjoying their holiday, were trundling by, followed by Miss Elvira's rambling comments :

"Tch ! Sing'lar how contented that fleshy woman looks, and her figger so dreadfully exposed. Those young men with their backs humped up ain't ornamental to the landscape. That poor little man with a real hump on his back is a lesson to 'em. He sets up as straight as a candle with the drippin's gathered on one side, and he never was so happy as since he could ride a wheel as well as the best of shapes. They all look satisfied. No wonder ! They're doin' something victorious. That long-legged man paddles like a grasshopper in a pail o' water, in a hurry to get out. Mercy ! There's Sylvanus Swift aimin' to cross the road again ! He'll get run over, he *is* so slow and pompous when he gets in a place where he ought to hurry. How starved and mis'rable he does look since his sister Ellen died ! That hired housekeeper doesn't give him enough to eat. I wonder he don't marry ! P'raps he can't find anybody young enough, though there's babies bein' born every minute. There's a couple I like the looks of ! Such a nice, wholesome, rosy-cheeked girl ! And the young man is fond of her, I can see that. Well, I declare, she's noticed my hyacinths ! Take care ! Oh, my soul ! "

In the space of four restricted breaths, Miss Elvira was there in the path. In her impetuous turn back toward the hyacinths, the young girl had collided with a rushing tandem, about to pass without ringing, and there she lay, as if dead, in the tangle of wheels. Her companion, striving to raise and release her, was vainly repeating "Annie ! Annie ! " The owners of the tandem were swearing and restoring themselves. Three or four persons had dropped from their wheels with the usual proffers, the customary inquisitiveness. A passing driver offered the accommodation of his wagon.

But it was only the peremptory voice of Miss Elvira which brought out of the pallid blankness of the young man's face a gleam of grateful relief. "Bring her into my house," she said.

II

As the fates had doubtless predestined, Annie—a little homeless school-ma'am—lay in Miss Elvira's house, getting healed and eased of her wounds and bruises. Her William haunted the gates, and her bicycle stood in Miss Elvira's back room, with the kindlings, the broom, and the other things that were needed every day. As often as she approached the dust-pan, Miss Elvira got near the bicycle, too, and always with a sensation. At first, just a passing intrusion, for she was too absorbed by Annie to give much thought to even so great a matter as a bicycle under her roof. But when the vigorous young life began to rebound, and Annie lay drowsily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscious of the golden atmosphere of kindness into which she had been plunged, care gave place to a variety of pleasures and interests with Miss Elvira. The human interest was still enthralling, but the bicycle interest began at length to thrust itself forward with insistence. Whenever Miss Elvira applied to the resources of the wood-shed, she stopped to look at Annie's wheel, which could hardly have affected her more if it had been the true wheel of destiny, and she proposing to get control of it.

She gave it a tentative push across the floor one morning, and was amazed to discover that it had decided weight and inertia, like other material things. She marvelled to find it so refractory, so wanting in the glib and ductile levity which it exhibited on the road. All its quickness took the way of perversity under her hands. She tried to place it against the wall again. The forward wheel whipped round and rapped her knees, the pedal bruised her shins, and the whole construction fell to the floor. By the time she had succeeded in standing it up, she felt that she had begun an exciting acquaintance with this trifler, this exaggerator of gravity. She perceived that to master it wholly would give her a footing with that force which holds the universal spheres to their regulated rounds. And she determined to attain to that. For Miss Elvira was courageous and wilful.

Miss Elvira was a solitaire who loved not solitude.—Page 550.

The next morning she got up at dawn, with the intention to pursue this issue with the monarch force of Nature. She resolved, if need were, to use that bicycle up in the contest, and buy Annie a new one. She rolled it round the house, and then up and down the walks in the garden, to watch its tricks. An idea occurred to her—a vision of the long passage from the sitting-room, past the kitchen and her grandmother's spinning-room, the milk-room and the wash-room, to the wood-shed—a tunnel of thirty feet, or more, in length, and about four or five feet in width. One could not fall far, supported by a wall on either side.

With quick pulses, Miss Elvira brought the thing she meant to conquer into those restraining conditions, and with the valor of a Van Amburgh, not only entered the cage with the monster, but tucked up the skirt of her gown with safety-pins, and proceeded to mount him by means of a foot-stool. There she sat, then, resolute but reserved, grasping the handle-bars, her left foot on the stool, her right on a pedal, a look of awed and awful determination on her face, when the door at the end of the passage opened, and in walked Annie's William, who often came early with a couple of trout which he had caught for the invalid's breakfast.

An instant of silent contemplation passed between the performer and the spectator. Then said William, his astonishment hardly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Annie . . . lay in Miss Elvira's house.—Page 551.

less than his pleasure : " Why, Miss Bennett, do you want to ride ? I should be a thousand times glad to help you."

Miss Bennett withdrew her challenge to single combat, by dismounting and accepting this powerful ally.

"I've got twenty minutes to spare, now," said William. " We can make a beginning."

This was Miss Elvira's unalloyed opportunity. She wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, tied the ends behind, put on her bonnet, and ventured forth.

" Now, Miss Bennett," said William, when they were about to make the momentous start, " this is a frisky horse, that's going to try to throw you, and you've only got to learn his tricks and not let him do it."

" Mm," said Miss Bennett, with wonderful outward composure, " that all ? I never was afraid of a frisky horse. What *you've* got to do, William, is to keep me on that wheel. Don't you let me fall, if you do you'll lose ten dollars. You understand ? You're to hold on to me as if I was a ten-dollar bill."

" I shall hold on to that wheel as if it had Annie's best friend on it," said William.

The east was all aglow. A blue-jay shouted a surprised note as Miss Bennett stepped upon a soap-box, and seated her-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When she and Annie took their first ride.—Page 555.

self on the back of the creature that was ready to throw her, grasped the reins that were sure to misguide her, and groped about for the stirrups that, she was warned, would bite her feet if she let them get on the inside.

"Got your pedals all right?"

"Ye—yes."

"Now, then!"

And Miss Elvira rolled down the bicycle-path paddling and reeling like an intoxicated duck, a little faster and faster, until, supported by the steadiness of William's strong grip and her own adventurous spirit, she travelled at the rate of a jogging horse. Her pedalling became bolder and firmer under the excitement. She caught glimpses of the joys of winged flight, and then careened hard over and swung off with the nimbleness of all her active life in her legs, laughing like a girl, and panting—"I didn't *fall*, but take care, William, you 'most lost that ten dollars!"

These gymnastics roused up all the astonished blood in the farthest retreats of Miss Elvira's veins. She had a tinge of color.

"Humph! 'Twon't take *you* long to learn. You've got it in you, Miss Bennett," said William.

"But when you let go! That's the awful minute I'm thinkin' of, William."

"It's the minute you're rushing on to—straight, ma'am," said William.

Miss Elvira pushed toward that minute as conquering Dido toward the immortal spot out of which her power and greatness was to flow. She knew not the ups and downs, the pains and perils of those not born with courage and a balance.

It was during the fourth morning's practice that she suddenly proposed——

"Oh, dear, couldn't you—I wonder if you *could* let go, just a little, without—Oh, be ready to catch me!"

"I haven't touched that wheel since you started off at your gate, Miss Bennett," said William, trotting close behind.

At the shock of this sudden divulgement, Miss Elvira forgot to pedal, and William only saved her and the ten dollars by a master-stroke of quickness.

"Have I been going alone for 'most an eighth of a mile?" she panted, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something like awe in the wonder of her tone. "What if I'd ha' known it! It does seem marv'lous. . . . Start me again, William!"

She mounted with a burst of reckless daring, and then crying—Oh, *don't* let go! Ye—yes, you may! I believe I can! Oh! Oh, dear! Mercy!" she wheeled away, shot through and through with thrills of delightful fear and triumph, and floundering down at her own gate, looked back upon her former prop as a gallant ship might look, exulting, upon the stays from which she had just been launched, with revocation impossible.

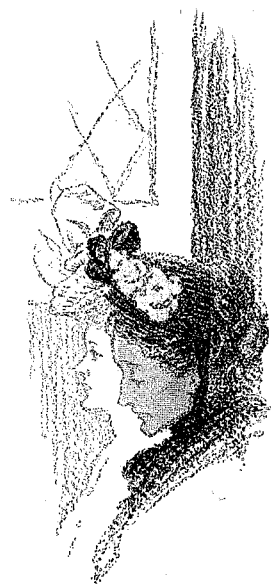
Rockets of light shot upward from the coming sun, and every morning sound seemed a hurrah for Miss Elvira.

III

EACH glad leap of the heart is juvenating; and so is young companionship; and so, *par grace*, to a well preserved woman of happily uncertain age, is a new, brown, well-fitting bicycle costume, and a discreet hat with a band of dark brown velvet, knotted so as to hold two light brown quills.

Miss Elvira might have taken her rides in her bonnet and an old skirt with tucks in it, but Annie's young views and singularly good taste saved her from that ignominy, and William and Annie together helped her to discover which was the very best bicycle in America, and so upon earth. For that was the one Miss Elvira was determined to possess, and that was the one which presently stood glistening in the back room—a fast beauty—submitting to abide with the slow and sober things of life.

And the time soon came when Miss Elvira could stand on her down pedal, and step off with becoming ease. She had achieved the acrobatic feat of mounting from the road. She could turn about with quite a swing, and she had settled the difficulties of hills. All this was accomplished in the dawn of the morning, while the good people of Yellowfield were taking their sweetest naps, so that when Miss Elvira made her first appearance before their wide-open eyes, it was never dreamed by any person that this new figure was their old citizen revised.



The roses were on the congregation side.—Page 558.

As a touch of modesty, and also to keep her hair and her hat from displacement, Miss Elvira wore a gauzy gray veil tied over her face. Seen through this, the darkness of her eyes and eyebrows were brightly emphasized; her face seemed rounded up; her teeth looked brilliantly white; a trifling flaccidity of the lips was corrected. Her animation vivified all.

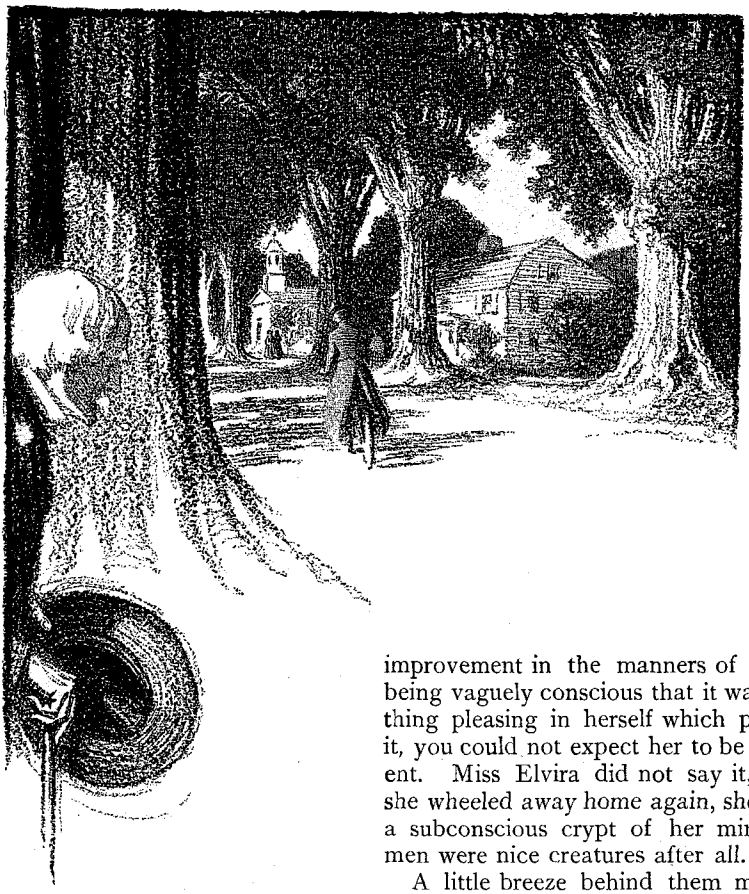
When she and Annie (who remained all summer with Miss Elvira) took their first ride to New Paris on a little shopping expedition, many an eye looked upon them with pleasure as they passed. It was only a matter of taste—only whether one preferred the fair bud-like girl, or the dark, rich, riper one which determined preference. Such is the gullibility of the human eye.

Again and again Miss Elvira nodded to a friend, and received a wondering stare for response. This did not seem altogether strange. It was all a wonder to Miss Elvira herself—"all a wonder and a wild desire," leading on to rapturous satisfaction. She and Annie chatted and laughed along the well-rolled way, under the exhilaration of the morning air and the bicycle ecstasy. Such beaming looks as Miss Elvira cast to right and left! And some thought—"What a bright face!" and some—"What a handsome face!" and some "What a lively girl!"

How should we look if that which has been hidden and suppressed—that of which we have been secretly capable—were all revealed, suddenly, and at last?

Miss Elvira had always been gifted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



She thought she understood the alertness with which he watched her when she shot by him on her wheel.—Page 558.

with the possibility of an engaging manner. But who suspected it? She had always possessed trim, neatly shod feet and pretty ankles. But who knew that before she went tripping from shop to shop in her short skirt? The shop-keepers met her with a new suavity. They aired for her the graces reserved for the attractive of her sex, and when her true identity was manifest, their hearty gratulations made her feel as if it must be a sort of celebration in her honor. The offers of assistance, too, were far more numerous and gallant than formerly—less like the help vouchsafed to the incapacitated. "Oh, allow me, Miss Bennett!" was of far more chivalrous import, from the same lips than "I'll do that for you, mum!"

You could not expect even a prejudiced woman to be unmindful of this improvement in the manners of men, or being vaguely conscious that it was something pleasing in herself which procured it, you could not expect her to be indifferent. Miss Elvira did not say it, but, as she wheeled away home again, she felt, in a subconscious crypt of her mind, that men were nice creatures after all.

A little breeze behind them made the cyclists run merrily—made every movable thing stir with life. It wrinkled the waters of the pond where Elvira had once rowed with Sylvanus; it rippled the surface of Japanese ivy which covered the Old South Church, where Elvira had once expected to wed with Sylvanus; it fluttered the gray locks of a man who stood in the middle of the village street as they approached, looking helplessly down at something which lay in the way.

Miss Elvira had not addressed a word to this person for many years. She was, however, acquainted with every wrinkle in his face, every sorrow which had printed it there. She pretended to ignore his existence, yet it was as sensible to her as her own. She would have been furtively glad to see him look happier. His predicament of that moment was soon evident to her. He had dropped his gold-headed cane, and could not stoop to take it up again without too much pain and injury to his dignity. Tall, broad-should-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ered, and stooping from his usual erectness, he looked like a statue of mournful defeat.

Elvira's heart throbbed with a conflict of impulses. She moved with dubious slowness, and almost decided that she would continue to ignore him, would leave him to the possible pity of Annie, or some other passer-by. She was even ringing her bell, to warn him that she was about to pass, when he lifted a troubled face to her —to *her*.

Then, indeed, with the light sweep of a swallow, Miss Elvira alighted, and leaving her wheel lying on the turf beside the way, picked up the stick and gave it to Sylvanus, her eyes down-drooping, that she might not see his humiliation. Quickly as she made her retreat, then, she did not escape hearing, "Thank you, young lady," and flashed a suspicious glance back.

No, he was not deriding her. He returned her look with unrecognizing eyes—admiring eyes—as elderly men look upon lithe and nimble young women. There was no sign of his once triumphant superiority over time. There was even, perhaps, a pathetic, hopeless wishfulness, as though he had said, "Ah, if I were only young!"

Miss Elvira remounted her wheel, and skimmed along over the surface of a world which surprised her by the revolutions which it supported. To her fluttered faculties, what were 1775 and 1793 to that year of reconstruction in which she became a young woman in the eyes of Sylvanus Swift? She rode the rest of the way in meditative silence, and entered her door with the appearance of hurried purpose. When Annie followed, a few minutes later, after putting in the wheels, she found Miss Elvira standing in contemplation of herself before the eagle-crowned mirror in the parlor, looking upon her reflection there with a critical and unfriendly expression.

"Do I look as if I'd got myself up to try and seem young?" she demanded, severely.

"O, no, Miss Bennett," Annie assured her. "You tried your best, you know, to look old, but you couldn't. It was just as well to give that up. Nobody could take you to be old—you're so bright-looking, so smart and lively, and like young folks."

With a sceptical flout, Miss Elvira removed her hat, and pulled out the long quills in spite of Annie's protestations.

"There! I guess that's more like me," she said. "I've had it flung at me always that I was old. I ain't goin' to be badgered now about bein' young."

IV

But it is vain to cling to the cause, and repudiate the effect. The effect of the wheel and the young companion was cumulative. They broke the legs of Time. People said, all over the village and up in town, "*Have* you seen Alvirey Bennett cuttin' round on that wheel with that young girl? You wouldn't s'pose she was a day more'n sixteen, to see her *on* the wheel, and *off*, she does look younger'n she did when she was thirty; she's got so much more life 'n' animation."

Elvira herself said, at length—"Law, I ain't but forty-sev'm. I always counted on livin' to be se'mty-eight—all my folks do—and they say a wheel adds ten years to your life, so I shall prob'ly keep on to eighty-eight. Forty-one years more! And I hope I shall ride a wheel up to the last minute!"

Miss Elvira blissfully proceeded then, with nothing to dread but the possibility of looking too young for her traditions. She left off the veil, that it might not disguise her the next time she met Sylvanus Swift.

The next time, as it happened, was on Sunday. Miss Elvira was so under the influence of Annie, and many strange movements of mind and matter, that she had been easily persuaded to go forth to church with a little bonnet set upon her thick wavy hair, which had an ample decoration of dark red roses upon it, and was so altogether of the June and flower of life, that it seemed but an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual conditions which had regenerated its wearer. Miss Elvira's lips were red, too, and there was something like a reflection of the roses in her cheeks. The bonnet was very becoming, and not at all inappropriate, if judged by the standard of Parisian taste;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it truly was a conspicuous divergence from the standard of Yellowfield, which would have indicated a black bonnet with purple pansies or white clover blossoms as the correct thing for a spinster not far short of fifty.

The roses were on the congregation side of the bonnet, and there was at least one person in the congregation powerfully impressed by the effect. It cannot be said that his eyes wandered *from* the pulpit and hymn-book. There were many resolute turns *to* these appurtenances of worship, but the direction of his devotion was steady and always toward the red roses; or else a look of deep meditation was bent upon the gothic figures of the pew carpet. He straightened himself to an attentive posture, and then turned a very definite gaze upon Elvira, when the parson's voice demanded: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Lifting her eyes to the magnetism of his gaze, Elvira was startled and puzzled by the keen scrutiny of Sylvanus Swift. She met the same look again, and yet again, and each time her cheeks burned a deeper crimson. After the service, when she passed Sylvanus in the porch, it was with the light, springing step of haste—haste to get home and put off the head-gear which, she fancied, had furnished gratuitous entertainment to him.

Yet even after she pulled down her colors, the enemy continued his fire. She thought she understood the alertness with which he watched her when she shot by him on her wheel. "He thinks it's that young woman," she said.

But, the roses being gone from her bonnet, she marvelled at the attention bestowed upon her usual trustworthy self, when another Sunday placed her within open eye-shot again. It did not, in the least, indicate to her the incredible crisis of these affairs.

That came to pass one morning when Miss Elvira went to take a letter to the early post. She saw from afar the deep, low-hung buggy, made to accommodate the stiff knees of Sylvanus, standing before the post-office door, and determined to take this opportunity to settle the matter of her bicyclic identity.

"Now he's goin' to be shocked!" she said, with a queer feeling of malicious satisfaction in revenging herself upon the spurious young woman.

While she was setting her wheel up against the curb-stone, Sylvanus came strutting through the post-office doorway with an uncommon appearance of energy and vivacity. His knees, even, seemed not nearly so rigid as usual.

Elvira went bravely on to the destruction of his illusion. He saw his lady of the wheel approaching, and moving slowly, to prolong the pleasure, threw the same admiring look upon her which she well remembered, and doffed his hat profoundly. No famous beauty ever met with more emphasized appreciation.

Elvira faced all this, and returned the salutation with a proud reserve which admirably became her. For two seconds they looked, eye to eye, but the shocked expression which Elvira had expected did not appear. The glow of pleasure did not give place to disappointment and disgust.

It was plain that Sylvanus, at any rate, had ventured an attempt to be younger than his wont. His hair had been becomingly cut. His mustache had lost its forlorn droop, and assumed a brave and captivating upward curve. His whole toilet was more than usually finished—more adapted to fascination.

Elvira, having dropped her letter, remounted her wheel, and trampling her pedals right and left, shot away under the arching village elms, and out into the open country.

"It must be I'm crazy, there!" she said. "That's the only explanation for the way things look to me. It's certain I haven't got common sense, to go to feelin' this way again."

She braced herself against "feelin' this way" by remembering the cruelty and bitterness of the past, but at length made this lenient confession:

"But when I think of it one way—and it's his way, I s'pose—he wasn't much to blame. I *was* stiff and bashful and near-sighted, and he so full of life and high spirits. When I found fault with him for being so gay, and dancin' with those wild, up-town girls so much, he only asked me if I didn't think we'd made a mistake, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I flashed up and answered yes, I thought we had. I could see he looked glad and relieved. But when he said 'Then let's end it. Good-by, Elvirey,' I — I—Oh, dear, am I goin' to cry, right here on the high road?"

She was forced to dismount, for she had not yet attained the skill which enables a woman to get at her handkerchief and master the bicycle, too. She set her wheel against a stone wall, under a row of sugar-maples, and crouching against the wall herself, sobbed out her varied excitement. Such a paroxysm of Nature had not taken place in that region since the great wash-out of 1879.

It had not spent itself, when she heard the sound of an approaching vehicle, and hurriedly repairing her aspect, remounted and pushed on. Not to expose her tear-stained face to the critical survey of an uncertain somebody, she continued in the same direction, crossed the bridge, and took the road to Swiftville. "No one shall see me in this plight!" was her only thought as she fled, and it appeared as if the one who followed had said, "This woman shall not escape me," as he whipped up his horse.

Flight and pursuit it rather seemed, with the pursuer gaining rapidly, and presently Elvira could hear, just over her shoulder, the lusty sniffing of a fresh horse at the fine morning air; then the clearing of a man's throat, as though he were making ready for an important speech—then the speech:

"I'm proud to be a follower of yours, Miss Bennett."

With a nervous, involuntary start, Elvira turned—turned too much—which brought an overbalance on one side, and she was obliged to drop off. This placed her face to face with Sylvanus Swift, and the recollection that Swiftville embraced Swift's Mills, where duty obliged this man to go three hundred mornings of the year, if he could. He was in his accustomed path, but she—for what could she be supposed to have taken that route, at that particular hour of the morning, unless to the end attained? She had waylaid Sylvanus, however innocent her intentions, and she stood overwhelmed with a consciousness of her predicament—red eyes and all.

She was forced to attend, or else discover a silly perturbation, when Sylvanus threw the lines aside, and stepping down from the buggy with miraculous ease—for him—approached her with a not unmanly diffidence. Bold-spirited, unshrinking confidence would have repelled Elvira. Some misgiving she thought decidedly becoming to Sylvanus in resuming speech with her. Diffident, yet undaunted, he stood, and his well-chosen manner and all his ingratiating personal repairs spoke for him before he said:

"Your kindness, the other day, was a happy surprise to me."

"*My* kindness!"

"Yes, yours—*yours*, Elvirey."

"If I know what you mean, anybody'd have done the same thing," Elvira responded, flushing still more, because she knew she was flushing, and vainly trying to assume an air of cool dismissal of Sylvanus and his topic.

"But the *way* it was done!" Sylvanus gushed praise and pleasure through every trait and tone.

"Mercy! how many ways are there of pickin' up a stick?" Elvira propounded.

"So I should have said before, but now I see there's a way one woman has the patent of. I didn't know you then, but shall I tell you what I thought?"

"I'm in a good deal of a hurry," Elvira prevaricated.

"Providence has given me this moment, Elvirey. You won't snatch it from me! I thought— 'There's something about this young lady that reminds me of Elvirey Bennett—as she might have been, if she'd had just the one touch that she lacked.' I went off home consid'rable stirred up. Then I heard folks talk about your ridin' a bisickle, and being so altered, and I watched for you, to see the sight myself, and I saw the whole truth. Sunday, in church, I felt as those fellows in fairy stories do, I expect, when they see a plain maid turn into the one they've been scourin' castles for."

Elvira, "moved more than with a trumpet," adjusted her pedals.

"Listen, Elvirey! Don't make a mistake. I ain't your old lover turned back to you. Not by a good deal. I'm a new one. I don't tell you that I've always loved you, for I haven't. But I admire the bright, lively, takin' woman that stands

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

here lookin' dignified and scornful at me more than I ever admired anything or anybody on earth before. She takes me, and I swear, I'm goin' to try and get leave to take her—for mine!"

"Twenty years ago I was too old," said Elvira.

"To speak the plain truth, in some of your ways you did seem so, Elvirey. It's ways that make us young or old. You've grown young, while I was growin' old, and now, if I ain't *too* old——"

Elvira's eyes were fixed upon the swift waters of a wayside brook. They saw only the comely, lively Sylvanus of twenty years agone. She stole a seeking glance at this new lover. Of those morning qualities which had been adorable to her, there was not a trace left. But the cruelty, as well as the captivating subtlety of youth was gone. A touching tenderness was in its place. This might have been the kindly father of her Sylvanus. Elvira, however, felt capable of cherishing even an elderly relative of her lost love. And this one looked much in need of it. She set her foot on her pedal.

"I should have to make your acquaintance, Mr. Swift, before I could say whether I was any ways partial to you or not," she said. "Good-day."

With this Elvira pushed off, and Sylvanus, all undiminished by this coquettish cutting down, turned his horse with a masterful hand, and followed at a three-minute trot.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

(THE BODY TO THE SOUL)

By Julia C. R. Dorr

TOGETHER still, old Comrade, thou and I!—
From out the dark, drear places,
The awful, rayless spaces
Where only storms and dreadful shapes swept by,
We have come forth again
Into the world of men;
Have seen the darkness vanish and the day
Drive night away!

Art thou not glad? Is it not good to be
Alive on this green earth,
This realm of home and hearth?
Is it not good for thee as well as me?
O Earth is warm and dear,
Its touch is close and near,
And the unknown is cold and dim, and far
As any star!

Speak thou, O Soul! Art thou not glad to-day
That we are still together
In the clear Summer weather?
Can see the shadows on the mountains play,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The glory of the trees,
The splendor of the seas,
The pomp of dawn and sunset, and the fair
Blue fields of air?

Hark! how the birds are singing! and I hear
From shrub and flower and tree
The humming of the bee,
Nature's melodious chanting soft and clear,
The breath of winds that pass
Over the bending grass,
Childhood's blithe laughter, and the sweet
Fall of its feet!

Thank God! thank God! Comrade, rejoice with me
In that I still am here
Where life and love are dear,
And as of old clasp loyal hands with thee!
And yet—and yet—
I cannot quite forget
That thou didst fail me in mine hour of need,
Nor gave me heed!

Ah, whither didst thou flee what time I lay
In the unfathomed dark?
Soul, didst thou find an ark
Secure and safe until the dawn of day,
Forgetting thou hadst sworn
An oath not yet outworn
To stay me with thy strength, to bring me wine
From hills divine?

But—I forgive thee! It may be that thou,
Even as I, wert bound
Beyond all ken or sound
Or faintest memory of earthly vow.
So, hand in hand, old friend,
Until the path shall end,
We will fare on together, thou and I,
Counting the stars on high!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LITTLE GOSSIP

By Rebecca Harding Davis

IN the garden of the old house in Virginia where we lived, there were some huge cherry-trees, with low growing branches, and in one of them our nurse, Barbara, having an architectural turn of mind, once built me a house. Really, even now, old as I am, and after I have seen St. James's and the Vatican, I can't imagine any house as satisfactory as Barbara's.

You went up as far as you could by a ladder to the dizzy height of twelve feet, and then you kicked the ladder down and climbed on, up and up, breathless with terror and triumph, and—there it was. All your own. Not a boy had ever heard of it. There was a plank nailed in for the floor and another for a seat, and there was a secret box with a lid. You could hide your baby in that box, if there were danger of an attack by the Indians, or you could store your provisions in it in case you had been on a long journey in the wilderness and had gained this refuge from the wolves in the jungle of currant bushes below. All around you, above and below was the thick wall of green leaves and the red cherries. They were useful, in case there were danger of starving when the siege by the redskins or wild beasts lasted long.

After I had grown old enough to be ashamed of my dolls, or of looking for wolves in the currant bushes, I used to carry my two or three books up to the tree-house. There were but two or three books then for children. No magazines, nor Kiplings, nor Stevensons, nor any of the army of cheery story-tellers who beset the young people to-day.

Only Bunyan and Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter.

Still, when Apollyon roared in the celery pits below, and Mercy and Christiana sat under the locust-trees, and the tents and glittering legions of the crusaders stretched away to the hills, I don't know that any girl now in a proper modern house has better company than was mine up in Barbara's lodge.

One day I climbed up with a new book, the first cheap book by the way that I ever saw. It was in two volumes; the cover was of yellow paper and the name was "Moral Tales." The tales, for the most part, were thin and cheap as the paper; they commanded no enchanted company bad or good into the cherry-tree.

But among them were two or three unsigned stories which I read over so often that I almost know every line of them by heart now. One was a story told by a town-pump, and another the account of the rambles of a little girl like myself, and still another a description of a Sunday morning in a quiet town like our sleepy village. There was no talk of enchantment in them. But in these papers the commonplace folk and things which I saw every day took on a sudden mystery and charm, and for the first time I found that they, too, belonged to the magic world of knights and pilgrims and fiends.

The publisher of "Moral Tales," whoever he was, had probably stolen these anonymous papers from the annuals in which they had appeared. Nobody called him to account. Their author was then, as he tells us somewhere, the "obscurest man of letters in America."

Years afterward, when he was known as the greatest of living romancers, I opened his "Twice-Told Tales" and found there my old friends with a shock of delight as keen as if I had met one of my own kinsfolk in the streets of a foreign city. In the first heat of my discovery I wrote to Mr. Hawthorne and told him about Barbara's house and of what he had done for the child who used to hide there. The little story coming from the backwoods touched his fancy, I suppose, for I presently received a note from him saying that he was then at Washington, and was coming on to Harper's Ferry, where John Brown had died, and still farther to see the cherry-trees and—me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Me.

Well, I suppose Esther felt a little in that way when the King's sceptre touched her.

I wish he had come to the old town. It would have seemed a different place forever after to many people. But we were in the midst of the Civil War and the western end of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was seized just then by the Confederates and he turned back.

A year later I saw him. It was during my first visit to New England, at the time when certain men and women were earning for Boston its claim to be called the modern Athens.

I wish I could summon these memorable ghosts before you as I saw them then and afterward. To the eyes of an observer, belonging to the commonplace world, they did not appear precisely as they do in the portraits drawn of them for posterity by their companions, the other Areopagites, who walked and talked with them apart—always apart from humanity.

That was the first peculiarity which struck an outsider in Emerson, Hawthorne, and the other members of the *Atlantic* coterie; that while they thought they were guiding the real world they stood quite outside of it, and never would see it as it was.

For instance, during the Civil War, they had much to say of it, and all used the same strained high note of exaltation. It was to them only the "shining track," as Lowell calls it, where

> . . . heroes mustered in a gleaming row,
> Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
> Of morn on their white shields of expectation.

These heroes were their bravest and their best, gone to die for the slave or for their country. They were "the army" to them.

I remember listening during one long summer morning to Louisa Alcott's father as he chanted pæans to the war, the "armed angel which was wakening the nation to a lofty life unknown before."

We were in the little parlor of the Wayside, Mr. Hawthorne's house in Concord. Mr. Alcott stood in front of the fireplace, his long gray hair streaming over his collar, his pale eyes turning quickly from one listener to another to hold them quiet, his hands waving to keep time with the orotund sentences which had a stale, familiar ring as if often repeated before. Mr. Emerson stood listening, his head sunk on his breast, with profound submissive attention, but Hawthorne sat astride of a chair, his arms folded on the back, his chin dropped on them, and his laughing, sagacious eyes watching us, full of mockery.

I had just come up from a border State where I had seen the actual war; the filthy spewings of it; the political jobbery in Union and Confederate camps; the malignant personal hatreds wearing patriotic masks, and glutted by burning homes and outraged women; the chances in it, well improved on both sides, for brutish men to grow more brutish, and for honorable gentlemen to degenerate into thieves and sots. War may be an armed angel with a mission, but she has the personal habits of the slums. This would-be Seer who was talking of it, and the real Seer who listened, knew no more of war as it was than I had done in my cherry-tree when I dreamed of bannered legions of crusaders *debouching* in the misty fields.

Mr. Hawthorne at last gathered himself up lazily to his feet and said, quietly: "We cannot see that thing at so long a range. Let us go to dinner," and Mr. Alcott suddenly checked the droning flow of his prophecy and quickly led the way to the dining-room.

Early that morning when his lank, gray figure had first appeared at the gate, Mr. Hawthorne said: "Here comes the Sage of Concord. He is anxious to know what kind of human beings come up from the back hills in Virginia. Now I will tell you," his eyes gleaming with fun, "what he will talk to you about. Pears. Yes. You may begin at Plato or the day's news, and he will come around to pears. He is now convinced that a vegetable diet affects both the body and soul, and that pears exercise a more direct and ennobling influence on us than any other vegetable or fruit. Wait. You'll hear presently."

When we went in to dinner, therefore, I was surprised to see the Sage eat heartily of the fine sirloin of beef set before us. But with the dessert he began to advocate a vegetable diet and at last announced the spiritual influence of pears, to the great delight of his host, who laughed like a boy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and was humored like one by the gentle old man.

Whether Alcott, Emerson, and their disciples discussed pears or the war their views gave you the same sense of unreality, of having been taken, as Hawthorne said, at too long a range. You heard much sound philosophy and many sublime guesses at the Eternal Verities; in fact, never were the eternal verities so dissected and pawed over and turned inside out as they were about that time, in Boston, by Margaret Fuller and her successors. But the discussion left you with a vague, uneasy sense that something was lacking, some back-bone of fact. Their theories were like beautiful bubbles blown from a child's pipe, floating overhead, with queer reflections on them of sky and earth and human beings, all in a glow of fairy color and all a little distorted.

Mr. Alcott once showed me an arbor which he had built with great pains and skill for Mr. Emerson to "do his thinking in." It was made of unbarked saplings and boughs, a tiny round temple, two storied, with chambers in which were seats, a desk, etc., all very artistic and complete, except that he had forgotten to make any door. You could look at it and admire it, but nobody could go in or use it. It seemed to me a very fitting symbol for this guild of prophets and their scheme of life.

Mr. Alcott at that time was their oracle, appointed and held in authority by Emerson alone. His faith in the old man was so sincere and simple as to be almost painful to witness.

He once told me, "I asked Alcott the other day what he would do when he came to the gate, and St. Peter demanded his ticket. 'What have you to show to justify your right to live?' I said. 'Where is your book, your picture? You have done nothing in the world.' 'No,' he said, 'but somewhere on a hill up there will be Plato and Paul and Socrates talking, and they will say: 'Send Alcott over here, we want him with us.' And," said Emerson, gravely shaking his head, "he was right! Alcott was right."

Mr. Alcott was a tall, awkward, kindly old man, absolutely ignorant of the world, but with an obstinate faith in himself which would have befitted a pagan god. Hearing that I was from Virginia he told me that he owed his education wholly to Virginian planters. He had travelled in his youth as a peddler through the State, and finding how eager he was to learn they would keep him for days in their houses, turning him loose in their libraries.

His own library was full of folios of his manuscripts. He had covered miles of paper with his inspirations, but when I knew him first no publisher had ever put a line of them into print. His house was bleak and bitter cold with poverty, his wife had always worked hard to feed him and his children. In any other town he would have been more respected if he had tried to put his poor carpentering skill to use to support them. But the homely virtues were not apparently in vogue in Concord.

During my first visit to Boston in 1862, I saw at an evening reception a tall, thin young woman standing alone in a corner. She was plainly dressed and had that watchful, defiant air with which the woman whose youth is slipping away is apt to face the world which has offered no place to her. Presently she came up to me.

"These people may say pleasant things to you," she said, abruptly; "but not one of them would have gone to Concord and back to see you as I did to-day. I went for this gown. It's the only decent one I have. I'm very poor," and in the next breath she contrived to tell me that she had once taken a place as "second girl." "My name," she added, "is Louisa Alcott."

Now, although we had never met, Louisa Alcott had shown me great kindness in the winter just past, sacrificing a whole day to a tedious work which was to give me pleasure at a time when every hour counted largely to her in her desperate struggle to keep her family from want. The little act was so considerate and fine that I am still grateful for it, now when I am an old woman, and Louisa Alcott has long been dead. It was as natural for her to do such things as for a pomegranate-tree to bear fruit.

Before I met her I had known many unmarried girls who were fighting with poverty and loneliness, wondering why God had sent them into a life where there was no room for them, but never one so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

big and generous in soul as this one in her poor scant best gown (the "claret-colored merino" which she tells of with such triumph in her diary), and amid her grim surroundings. She had the gracious instincts of a queen. It was her delight to give, to feed living creatures, to make them happy in body and soul.

She would so welcome you in her home to a butterless baked potato and a glass of milk that you would never forget the delicious feast. Or if she had no potato or milk to offer she would take you through the woods to the river and tell you old legends of colony times and be so witty and kind in the doing of it, that the day would stand out in your memory ever after, differing from all other days, brimful of pleasure and comfort.

With this summer, however, the darkest hour of her life passed. A few months after I saw her she went as a nurse into the war and soon after wrote her Hospital Sketches. Then she found her work and place in the world.

Years afterward she came to the city where I was living and I hurried to meet her. The lean, eager, defiant girl was gone, and instead there came to greet me a large, portly, middle-aged woman, richly dressed. Everything about her, from her shrewd, calm eyes to the rustle of her satin gown told of assured success.

Yet I am sure fame and success counted for nothing with her except for the material aid which they enabled her to give to a few men and women whom she loved. She would have ground her bones to make their bread. Louisa Alcott wrote books which were true and fine, but she never imagined a life as noble as her own.

The altar for human sacrifices still stands and smokes in this Christian day of the world, and God apparently does not reject its offerings.

Of the group of famous people in Concord in 1862 Mr. Emerson was best known to the country at large. He was the typical Yankee in appearance. The tall, gaunt man with the watchful, patient face and slightly dazed eyes, his hands clasped behind his back, that came slowly down the shady village street toward the Wayside that summer day was Uncle Sam himself in ill-fitting brown clothes. I often have wondered that none of his biographers have noticed the likeness. Voice and look and manner were full of the most exquisite courtesy, yet I doubt whether he was conscious of his courtesy or meant to be deferential. Emerson, first of all, was a student of man, an explorer into the dim, obscure regions of human intelligence. He studied souls as a philologist does words or an entomologist beetles. He approached each man with bent head and eager eyes. "What new thing shall I find here?" they said.

I went to Concord, a young woman from the backwoods, firm in the belief that Emerson was the first of living men. He was the modern Moses who had talked with God apart and could interpret Him to us.

When I heard him coming into the parlor at the Wayside my body literally grew stiff and my tongue dry with awe. And in ten minutes I was telling him all that I had seen of the war, the words tumbling over each other, so convinced was I of his eagerness to hear. He was eager. If Edison had been there he would have been just as eager to wrench out of him the secret of electricity, or if it had been a freed slave he would have compelled him to show the scars on his back and lay bare his rejoicing, ignorant, half-animal soul, and an hour later he would have forgotten that Edison or the negro or I were in the world—having taken from each what he wanted.

Naturally Mr. Emerson valued the abnormal freaks among human souls most highly, just as the unclassable word or the mongrel beetle are dearest to the grammarian or the naturalist. The only man to whose authority he bowed was Alcott, the vague, would-be prophet, whose ravings he did not pretend to fathom. He apparently shared in the popular belief that eccentricity was a sign of genius.

He said to me suddenly once, "I wish Thoreau had not died before you came. He was an interesting study."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why? Thoreau?" He hesitated, thinking, going apparently to the bottom of the matter, and said, presently: "Henry often reminded me of an animal in human form. He had the eye of a bird, the scent of a dog, the most acute, delicate intelligence. But no soul. No,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he repeated, shaking his head with decision, "Henry could not have had a human soul."

His own perception of character was an intuition. He felt a fine trait as he would a fine strain of music. Coming once to Philadelphia he said, almost as soon as he entered the house, "So Philip Randolph has gone! That man had the sweetest moral nature I ever knew. There never was a man so lacking in self-consciousness. The other day I saw in the London *Times* that 'the American, Randolph, one of the three greatest chess players in the world was dead.' I knew Philip intimately since he was a boy, and I never heard him mention the game. I did not even know that he played it. How fine that was!" he said, walking up and down the room. "How fine that was!"

Emerson himself was as little likely to parade his merits as Randolph, but not from any lack of self-appreciation. On the contrary, his interest in his Ego was so dominant that it probably never occurred to him to ask what others thought of him. He took from each man his drop of stored honey, and after that the man counted for no more to him than any other robbed bee. I do not think that even the worship which his disciples gave him interested him enough to either amuse or annoy him.

It was worship. No such homage has ever been paid to any American. His teaching influenced at once the trend of thought here and in England; the strongest men then living became promptly his disciples or his active antagonists.

But outside of this central circle of scholars and original thinkers there were vast outlying provinces of intelligence where he reigned absolutely as does the unseen Grand Llama over his adoring votaries. New England then swarmed with weak-brained, imitative folk who had studied books with more or less zeal and who knew nothing of actual life. They were suffering under the curse of an education which they could not use; they were the lean, underfed men and women of villages and farms who were trained enough to be lawyers and teachers in their communities, but who actually were cobblers, mill-hands, or tailoresses. They had revolted from Puritanism, not to enter any other live church, but to fall into a dull disgust, a nausea with all religion. To them came this new prophet with his discovery of the God within themselves. They hailed it with acclamation. The new dialect of the Transcendentalist was easily learned. They talked it as correctly as the Chinaman does his pigeon English. Up to the old gray house among the pines in Concord they went—hordes of wild-eyed Harvard undergraduates and lean, underpaid working women, each with a disease of soul to be cured by the new Healer.

It is quite impossible to give to the present generation an idea of the devout faith of these people. Keen-witted and scholarly as some of them were, it was as absolute as that of the poor Irishman tramping over the bogs to cure his ailments by a drink of the water of a holy well.

Outside of these circles of disciples there was then throughout the country a certain vague pride in Emerson as an American prophet. We were in the first flush of our triumph in the beginnings of a national literature. We talked much of it. Irving, Prescott, and Longfellow had been English, we said, but these new men—Holmes and Lowell and Hawthorne were our own, the indigenous growth of the soil. In the West and South there was no definite idea as to what truth this Concord man had brought into the world. But in any case it was American truth and not English. Emerson's popularity, therefore, outside of New England was wide, but vague and impersonal.

It was very different with Dr. Holmes. Everybody who cared for books, whether in New York clubs, California ranches, or Pennsylvania farms, loved and laughed with "the little doctor," as he was fondly called. They discussed his queer ways and quoted his last jokes as if he had been the autocrat at their own breakfast-table that morning. His output of occasional verses was enormous and constant. The present generation, probably, regard most of them as paste jewels, but they shone for us, the purest of gems. He was literally the autocrat of the young men and women of his time. He opened the depths of their own hearts to them as nobody else had done, and they ran to him to pour out their secrets. Letters—hundreds in a day—rained down on him with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confidences, tragic, pathetic, and ridiculous, but all true. The little man was alive with magnetism; it fired his feeblest verse, and drew many men and all women to him.

Physically, he was a very small man, holding himself stiffly erect—his face insignificant as his figure except for a long, obstinate upper lip ("left to me," he said one day, "by some ill-conditioned great-grandmother"), and eyes full of a wonderful fire and sympathy. No one on whom Dr. Holmes had once looked with interest ever forgot the look—or him. He attracted all kinds of people as a brilliant, excitable child would attract them. But nobody, I suspect, ever succeeded in being familiar with him.

Americans at that time seldom talked of distinction of class or descent. You were only truly patriotic if you had a laborer for a grandfather and were glad of it. But the Autocrat was patrician enough to represent the descent of a Daimio, with two thousand years of ancestry behind him. He was the finest fruit of that Brahmin order of New England which he first had classified and christened. He had too keen an appreciation of genius not to recognize his own. He enjoyed his work as much as his most fervent admirers, and openly enjoyed, too, their applause. I remember one evening that he quoted one of his poems, and I was forced stupidly to acknowledge that I did not know it. He fairly jumped to the book-cases, took out the volume and read the verses, standing in the middle of the room, his voice trembling, his whole body thrilling with their meaning.

"There!" he cried at the end, his eyes flashing, "could anybody have said that better? Ah-h!" with a long, indrawn breath of delight as he put the book back.

He had the fervor, the irritability, the tenderness of a woman, and her whimsical fancies, too. He was, unlike women, eager to help you out with your unreasonable whims. One day I happened to confess to a liking for old graveyards and the strange bits of human history to be found or guessed at in them. The result was that he became my cicerone the next day to Mount Auburn. It was an odd bit of luck to fall to a young woman from the hills that she should have the Autocrat, to whom the whole country was paying homage, all to herself for a whole summer morning. He took me to none of the costly monuments, nor graves of famous folk, but wandered here and there among the trees, his hands clasped behind him, stopping now and then at a green mound, while he told me curious fragments of the life which was ended below. He mentioned no names—they would have meant nothing to me if he had—but he wrested the secret meaning out of each life, pouncing on it, holding it up with a certain racy enjoyment in his own astuteness. It was a marvellous monologue, full of keen wit and delicate sympathy and acrid shrewdness. I must confess that I think he forgot the country and its homage and me that morning, and talked simply for his own pleasure in his own pathos and fun, just as a woman might take out her jewels when she was alone to hold up the glittering strings and take delight in their shining. Once I remember he halted by a magnificent shaft and read the bead roll of virtues of the man who lay beneath; "A devoted husband, a tender father, a noble citizen—dying triumphant in the Christian faith."

"Now this dead man," he said, in a high, rasping tone, "was a prize fighter, a drunkard, and a thief. He beat his wife. But she puts up this stone. He had money!"

Then he hurried me across the slopes to an obscure corner where a grave was hidden by high, wild grasses. He knelt and parted the long branches. Under them was a little head-stone with the initials "M. H.," and underneath the verse:

> She lived unknown and
> few could know
> When Mary ceased to be,
> But she is gone, and Oh!
> The difference to me!

"Do you see this?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Do you know who she was?" I asked.

"No, I wouldn't try to find out. I'd like to know, but I couldn't uncover that grave. No, no! I couldn't do that."

He put back the leaves reverently so as to hide the stone again and rose, and as he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned away I saw that the tears stood in his eyes.

As we drove home he said: "I believe that I know every grave in the old villages within a radius of thirty miles from Boston. I search out the histories of these forgotten folk in records and traditions, and sometimes I find strange things—oh, very strange things! When I have found out all about them they seem like my own friends, lying there forgotten. But I know them! And every spring, as soon as the grass begins to come up, I go my rounds to visit them and see how my dead men do!"

But with all his whims Dr. Holmes was no unpractical dreamer like his friends in Concord. He was far in advance of his time in certain shrewd, practical plans for the bettering of the conditions of American life.

One of his hobbies was a belief in a hobby as an escape-valve in the over-heated, over-driven career of a brain-worker.

The doctrine was almost new then. The pace of life was as yet tranquil and moderate compared to the present headlong American race. But the doctor foresaw what was coming—both the danger and its remedy.

His camera and violin were two of his own doors of escape from work and worry. Under his library-table, too, was a little box, furnished with a jig-saw, lathe, etc. It ran in and out on grooves, like a car on a railway. He showed it one day with triumph.

"I contrived that!" he said; "only my friends know about it. People think I am shut in here, hard at work, writing poetry or lectures. And I am making jim-cracks. But if any of the dunces make their way in, I give it a shove—so! Away it goes under the table and I am discovered—Poet or Professor, in character—pen in hand!" and he chuckled like a naughty boy over his successful trick.

Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and George Ticknor, all chiefs of differing literary clans, formed a fraternity then in New England which never since has found its parallel in America.

There can be no doubt that their success as individuals or as a body in influencing American thought was largely due to their friend and neighbor, James T. Fields, the shrewdest of publishers and kindest of men. He was the wire that conducted the lightning so that it never struck amiss.

Hawthorne was in this fraternity but not of it. He was an alien among these men, not of their kind. He belonged to no tribe. I am sure that wherever he went during his whole life, from the grassy streets of Salem to the docks of Liverpool, on Parisian boulevards or in the olive-groves of Bellosguardo, he was always a foreigner, different from his neighbors. He probably never knew that he was different. He knew and cared little about Nathaniel Hawthorne, nor indeed about the people around him. The man next door interested him no more than the man in Mozambique. He walked through life, talking and thinking to himself in a language which we do not understand.

It has happened to me to meet many of the men of my day, whom the world agreed to call great. I have found that most of these royalties seem to sink into ordinary citizens at close approach.

The poet who wrings the heart of the world or the foremost captain of his time you find driving a bargain or paring a potato, just as you would do. You are disappointed at every turn. You expect to see the divine light shining through their talk to the office-boy or the train-man, and you never catch a glimmer of it; you are aggrieved because their coats and trousers have not something of the cut of kingly robes.

Hawthorne only, of them all, always stood aloof. Even in his own house he was like Banquo's ghost among the thanes at the banquet.

There is an old Cornish legend that a certain tribe of mountain spirits were once destroyed by the Trolls, all except one, who still wanders through the earth looking for his own people and never finding them. I never looked at Hawthorne without remembering the old story.

Personally he was a rather short, powerfully built man, gentle and low voiced, with a sly, elusive humor gleaming sometimes in his watchful gray eyes. The portrait with which we all are familiar—a curled barber-shop head—gives no idea of the singular melancholy charm of his face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a mysterious power in it which I never have seen elsewhere in picture, statue, or human being.

Wayside, the home of the Hawthornes in Concord, was a comfortable little house on a shady, grassy road. To please his wife he had built an addition to it, a tower into which he could climb, locking out the world below, and underneath, a little parlor, in whose dainty new furnishings Mrs. Hawthorne took a womanish delight. Yet, somehow, gay Brussels rugs and gilded frames were not the background for the morbid, silent recluse.

Mrs. Hawthorne, however, made few such mistakes. She was a soft, affectionate, feminine little woman, with intuitions subtle enough to follow her husband into his darkest moods, but with, too, a cheerful, practical Yankee "capacity" with which to meet baker and butcher. Nobody could have been better fitted to stand between Hawthorne and the world. She did it effectively. When I was at Wayside, they had been living there for two years—ever since their return from Europe, and I was told that in that time he had never once been seen on the village street.

This habit of seclusion was a family trait. Hawthorne's mother had managed to live the life of a hermit in busy Salem, and her sister, meeting a disappointment in early life, had gone into her chamber, and for more than twenty years shut herself up from her kind, and dug into her own soul to find there what truth and life she could. During the years in which Nathaniel, then a young man, lived with these two women, he, too, chose to be alone, going out of the house only at night, and finding his food on a plate left at his locked door. Sometimes weeks passed during which the three inmates of the little gray wooden house never saw each other's faces.

Hawthorne was the product of generations of solitude and silence. No wonder that he had the second sight and was naturalized into the world of ghosts and could interpret for us their speech.

America may have great poets and novelists, but she never will have but one necromancer.

The natural feeling among healthy, commonplace people toward the solitary man was a tender sympathy such as they would give to a sick child. "Nathaniel," an old blacksmith in Salem once said to me, "was queer even as a boy. He certainly was queer. But you humored him. You *wanted* to humor him."

One person, however, had no mind to humor him. This was Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Hawthorne's sister. She was the mother of the kindergarten in this country, and gave to its cause, which seemed to her first in importance, a long and patient life of noble self-sacrifice. She was a woman of wide research and a really fine intelligence, but she had the discretion of a six-year-old child. She loved to tell the details of Hawthorne's courtship of her sister, and of how she herself had unearthed him from the tomb of the little gray house in Salem, and "brought him into Sophia's presence." She still regarded him as a demi-god, but a demi-god who required to be fed, tutored, and kept in order. It was her mission, she felt, to bring him out from solitudes where he walked apart, to the broad ways of common-sense.

I happened to be present at her grand and last *coup* to this end.

One evening I was with Mrs. Hawthorne in the little parlor when the children brought in their father. The windows were open, and we sat in the warm twilight quietly talking or silent as we chose. Suddenly Miss Peabody appeared in the doorway. She was a short, stout little woman, with her white stockinged feet thrust into slippers, her hoop skirt swaying from side to side, and her gray hair flying to the winds.

She lighted the lamp, went out and brought in more lamps, and then sat down and waited with an air of stern resolution.

Presently Mr. Emerson and his daughter appeared, then Louisa Alcott and her father, then two gray old clergymen who were formally presented to Mr. Hawthorne, who now looked about him with terrified dismay. We saw other figures approaching in the road outside.

"What does this mean, Elizabeth?" Mrs. Hawthorne asked.

"I did it. I went around and asked a few people in to meet our friend here. I ordered some cake and lemonade, too."

Her blue eyes glittered with triumph as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Hawthorne turned away. "They've been here two years," she whispered, "and nobody has met Mr. Hawthorne. People talk. It's ridiculous! There's no reason why Sophia should not go into society. So I just made an excuse of your visit to bring them in."

Miss Elizabeth has been for many years among the sages and saints on the heavenly hills, but I have not yet quite forgiven her the misery of that moment.

The little room was quite full when there rustled in a woman who came straight to Mr. Hawthorne, as a vulture to its prey. I never heard her name, but I knew her at sight as the intellectual woman of the village, the Intelligent Questioner who cows you into idiocy by her fluent cleverness.

"So delighted to meet you *at last!*" she said, seating herself beside him. "I have always admired your books, Mr. Hawthorne. I was one of the very first to recognize your power. And now I want you to tell me about your methods of work. I want to hear all about it."

But at that moment his wife came up and said that he was wanted outside, and he escaped. A few moments later I heard his steps on the floor overhead, and knew that he was safe in the tower for the night.

. . . . . .

He did not hold me guilty in the matter, for the next morning he joined his wife and me in a walk through the fields. We went to the old manse where they had lived when they were first married, and then wandered on to the wooded slopes of the Sleepy Hollow Valley in which the Concord people had begun to lay away their dead.

It was a cool morning with soft mists rolling up the hills, and flashes between of sudden sunlight. The air was full of pungent woody smells, and the undergrowth blushed pink with blossoms. There was no look of a cemetery about the place. Here and there, in a shady nook, was a green hillock like a bed, as if some tired traveller had chosen a quiet place for himself and laid down to sleep.

Mr. Hawthorne sat down in the deep grass and then, clasping his hands about his knees, looked up laughing.

"Yes," he said, "we New Englanders begin to enjoy ourselves — when we are dead."

As we walked back the mists gathered and the day darkened overhead. Hawthorne, who had been joking like a boy, grew suddenly silent, and before we reached home the cloud had settled down again upon him, and his steps lagged heavily.

Even the faithful woman who kept always close to his side with her laughing words and anxious eyes did not know that day how fast the last shadows were closing in upon him.

In a few months he was lying under the deep grass, at rest, near the very spot where he sat and laughed, looking up at us.

I left Concord that evening and never saw him again. He said good-by, hesitated shyly, and then, holding out his hand, said:

"I am sorry you are going away. It seems as if we had known you always."

The words were nothing. I suppose he forgot them and me as soon as he turned into the house. And yet, because perhaps of the child in the cherry-tree, and the touch which the Enchanter laid upon her, I never have forgotten them. They seemed to take me, too, for one moment, into his enchanted country.

Et in Arcadia, ego.

Of the many pleasant things which have come into my life, this was one of the pleasantest and best.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CROSS STREETS OF NEW YORK

By Jesse Lynch Williams

A CITY should be laid out like a golf links; except for an occasional compromise in the interest of art or expediency it should be allowed to follow the natural topography of the country.

But this is not the way the matter was regarded by the commission appointed in 1807 to lay out the rural regions beyond New York, which by that time had grown up to the street now called Houston, and then called North Street, probably because it seemed so far north—though, to be sure, there were scattered hamlets and villages, with remembered and forgotten names, here and there, all the way up to the historic town of Haarlem. The Commissioners saw fit to mark off straight street after shameless straight street with the uncompromising regularity of a huge football field, and gave them numbers like the white five-yard lines, instead of names. They paid little heed to the original arrangements of nature, which had done very well by the island, and still less to man's previous provisions, spontaneously made along the lines of least resistance—except, notably, in the case of Greenwich, which still remains whimsically individual and village-like despite the attempt to swallow it whole by the "new" city system.

This plan, calling for endless grading and levelling, remains to this day the official city chart as now lived down to in the perpendicular gorges cut through the hills of solid rock seen on approaching Manhattan Field; but the Commissioners' marks have not invariably been followed, or New York would have still fewer of its restful green spots to gladden the eye, nor even Central Park, indeed, for that space also is checkered in their chart with streets and avenues as thickly as in the crowded regions above and below it.

However, anyone can criticise creative work, whether it be the plan of a play or a city, but it is difficult to create. Not many of us to-day who complacently patronize the honorable commissioners would have made a better job of it if we had lived at that time—and had been consulted. For at that time, we must bear in mind, even more important foreign luxuries than golf were not highly regarded in America, and America had quite recently thrown off a foreign power. That in itself explains the matter. Our country was at the extreme of its reaction from monarchical ideals, and democratic simplicity was running into the ground. In our straining to be rid of all artificiality we were ousting art and beauty too. It was so in most parts of our awkward young nation; but especially did the materialistic tendency of this dreary disagreeable period manifest itself here in commercial New York, where Knickerbocker families were lopping the "Vans" off their names—to the amusement of contemporaneous aristocracy in older, more conservative sections of the country, and in some cases to the sincere regret of their present-day descendants.

Now the present-day descendants have, in a few instances, restored the original spelling on their visiting cards; in other cases they have consoled themselves with hyphens, and most of them, it is safe to say, are bravely recovering from the tendency to over-simplicity. But the present-day city corporation of Greater New York could not, if they so desired, put a Richmond Hill back where it formerly stood, southwest of Washington Square and skirted by Minetta River—any more than it can bring to life Aaron Burr and the other historical personages who at various times occupied the hospitable villa that stood on the top of it and is now also gone to dust. They cannot restore the Collect Pond, which was filled up at such great expense, and covered by the Tombs prison and which, it is held by those who ought to know, would have made an admirable centre of a fine park much needed in that section, as the city has since learned. They cannot re-establish Love Lane, which used to lead from the popular Bloom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ingdale road (Broadway), nearly through the site of this magazine's office westward to Chelsea village.

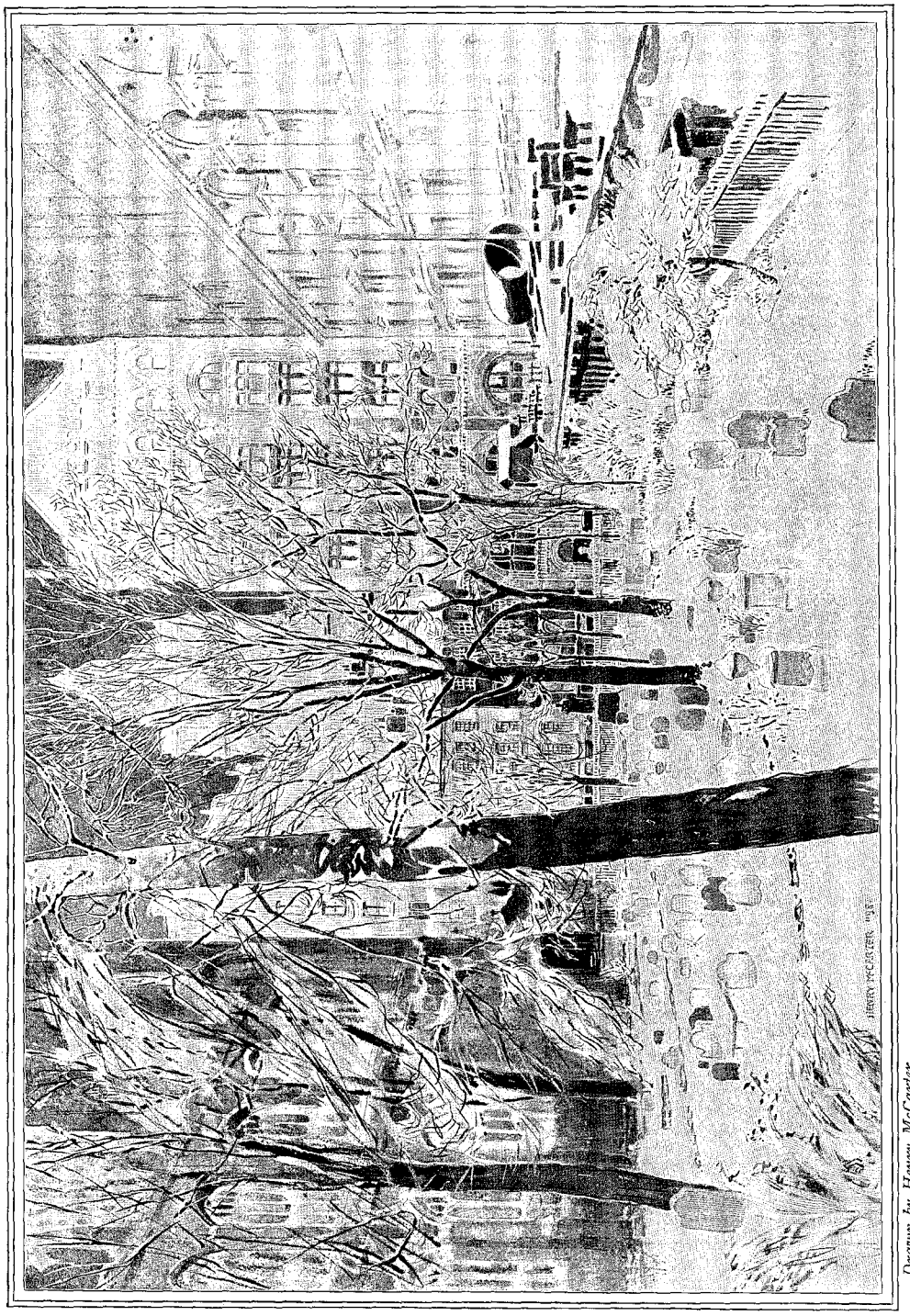
They wanted to be very practical, those commissioners of 1807. They prided themselves upon it. Naturally they did not fancy eccentricities of landscape and could not tolerate sentimental names. "Love Lane? What nonsense," said these extremely dignified and perhaps humorless officials; "this is to be Twenty-first Street." They wanted to be very practical, and so it seems the greater pity that with several years of dignified deliberation they were so unpractical as to make that notorious mistake of providing posterity with such a paucity of thoroughfares in the directions in which most of the traffic was bound to flow—that is, up and down, as practical men might have foreseen, and of running thick ranks of straight streets, as numerously as possible, across the narrow island from river to river, where but few were needed; thus causing the north and south thoroughfares, which they had dubbed avenues, to be swamped with heterogeneous traffic, complicating the problem for later-day rapid transit, giving future generations another cause for criticism, and furnishing a set of cross streets the like of which cannot be found in any other city of the world.

I

THESE are the streets which visitors to New York always remark; the characteristic cross streets of the typical uptown region of long regular rows of rectangular residences that look so much alike, with steep similar steps leading up to sombre similar doors and a doctor's sign in every other window. Bleak, barren, echoing streets where during the long, monotonous mornings "rags-an-bot'l" are called for, and bananas and strawberries are sold from wagons by aid of resonant voices, and nothing else is heard except at long intervals the welcome postman's whistle or the occasional slamming of a carriage door. Meantime the sun gets around to the north side of the street, and the airing of babies and fox-terriers goes on, while down at the corner one elevated train after another approaches, roars, and rumbles away in the distance all day long until at last the men begin coming home from business. These are the ordinary unromantic streets on which live so few New Yorkers in fiction (it is so easy to put them on the avenue or Gramercy Park or Washington Square) but on which most of them seem to live in real life. A slice of all New York with all its layers of society and all its mixed interests may be seen in a walk along one of these typical streets which stretch across the island as straight and stiff as iron grooves and waste not an inch in their progress from one river, out into which they have gradually encroached, to the other river into which also they extend. It is a short walk, the island is so narrow.

Away over on the ragged eastern edge of the city it starts, out of a ferry-house or else upon the abrupt water-front with river waves slapping against the solid bulwark. Here are open, free sky, wide horizon, the smell of the water, or else of the neighboring gas-house, brisk breezes and sea-gulls flapping lazily. The street's progress begins between an open lot where rival young East Side gangs meet to fight, on one side, and, on the other, a great roomy lumber yard, with a very small brick building for an office. A dingy saloon, of course, stands on the corner of the first so-called avenue. Away over here the avenues have letters instead of numbers for names. Across the way—and it is easily crossed, for on some of these remote thoroughfares the traffic is so scarce that occasional blades of grass come up between the cobble-stones—is a weather-boarded and weather-beaten old house of staid mien, whose curtainless gable windows stare and stare out toward the river, thinking of other days. . . . Some warehouses and a factory or two are usually along here, with buzz-saws snarling; then another lettered avenue or two and the first of the elevated railroads roars overhead. This is now several blocks nearer the splendor of Fifth Avenue, but the neighborhood does not look it, for here is the thick of the tenement district, with dingy fire-escapes above, and below in the street, bumping against everyone, thousands of city children, each of them with a pair of lungs. The traffic is more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

Across Trinity Church-yard, from the West.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

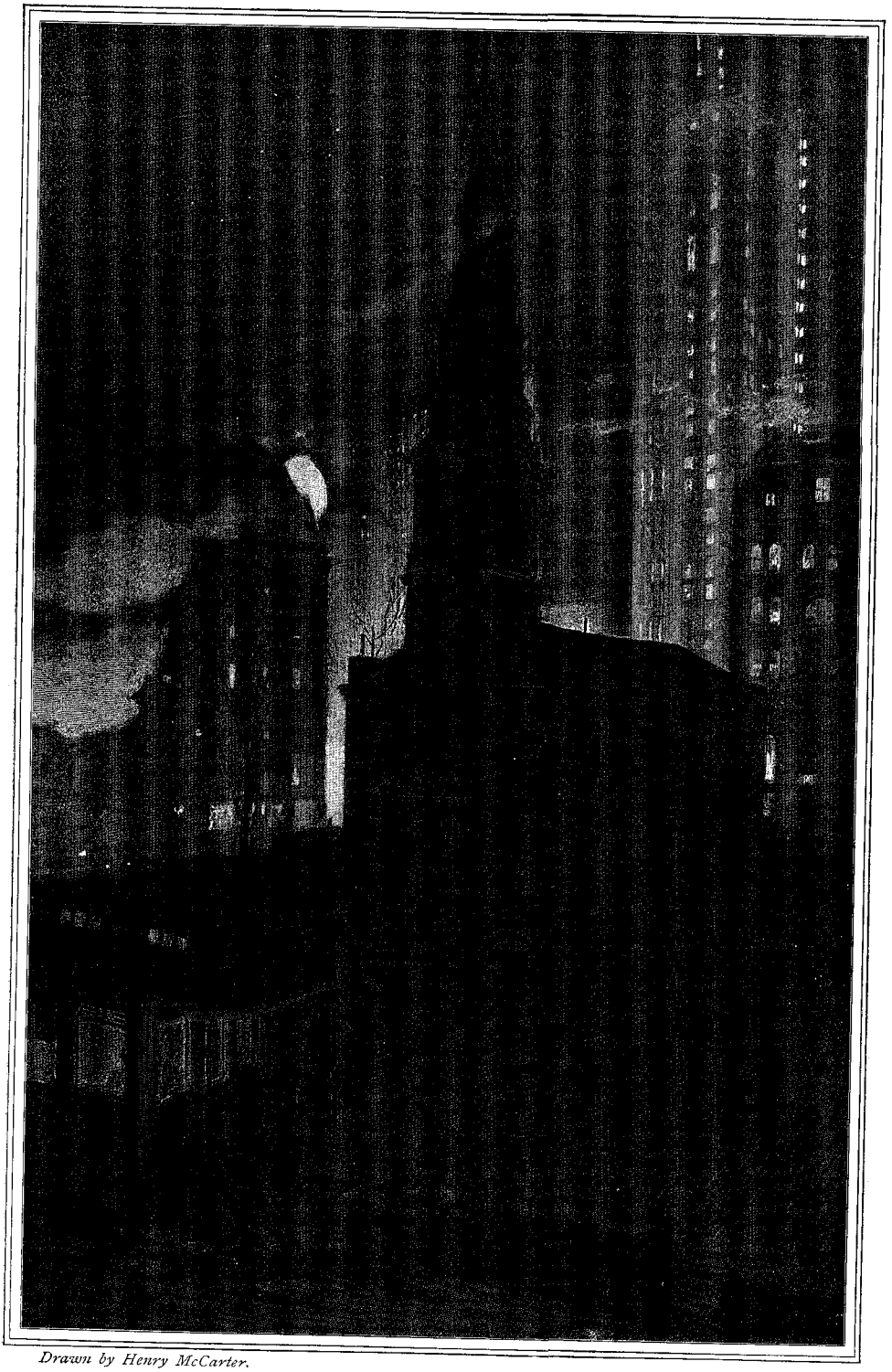
crowded now, the street darker, the air not so good. Above are numerous windows showing the subdivisions where many families live—very comfortably and happily in numerous cases; you could not induce them to move into the sunshine and open of the country. Here, on the ground floor of the flat, is a grocery with sickening fruit out in front; on one side of it a doctor's sign, on the other an undertaker's. The window shows a three-foot coffin lined with soiled white satin, much admired by the wise-eyed little girls. Avenue; and it seems miles away from the tenements, sparkling, gay, happy or pretending to be, with streams of carefully dressed people flowing in both directions; New York's wonderful women, New York's well-built, tight-collared young men; shining carriages with good-looking horses and well-kept harness, mixed with big, dirty trucks whose drivers seem unconscious of the incongruity, but quite well aware of their own superior bumping ability. Dodging in and out miraculously are a few bicycles. . . . And now

Down near the eastern end of the street.

As each of these succeeding avenues is crossed with its rush and roar of up-town and down-town traffic, the neighborhood is said to be more "respectable," meaning more expensive; more of the women on the sidewalks wear hats and paint, and there are fewer children without shoes; private houses are becoming more frequent; babies less frequent; there is more pretence and less spontaneity. The flats are now apartments; they have ornate hideous entrances, which add only to the rent. . . . So on until here is Madison Avenue and a whole block of private houses, varied only by an occasional stable, pleasant, clean-looking little stables, preferable architecturally to the houses in some cases. And here at last is Fifth when the other side of the avenue is reached the rest is an anti-climax. Here is the tradespeople's entrance to the great impressive house on the corner, so near that other entrance on the avenue, but so far that it will never be reached by that white-aproned butcher boy's family—in this generation at least. Beyond the conservatory is a bit of back yard, a pathetic little New York yard, but very green and cheerful, bounded at the rear by a high peremptory wall which seems to keep the ambitious brown stone next door from elbowing its way up toward the avenue.

These next houses, however, are quite fine and impressive, too, and they are not so alike as they seem at first; in fact, it is quite remarkable how much individuality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



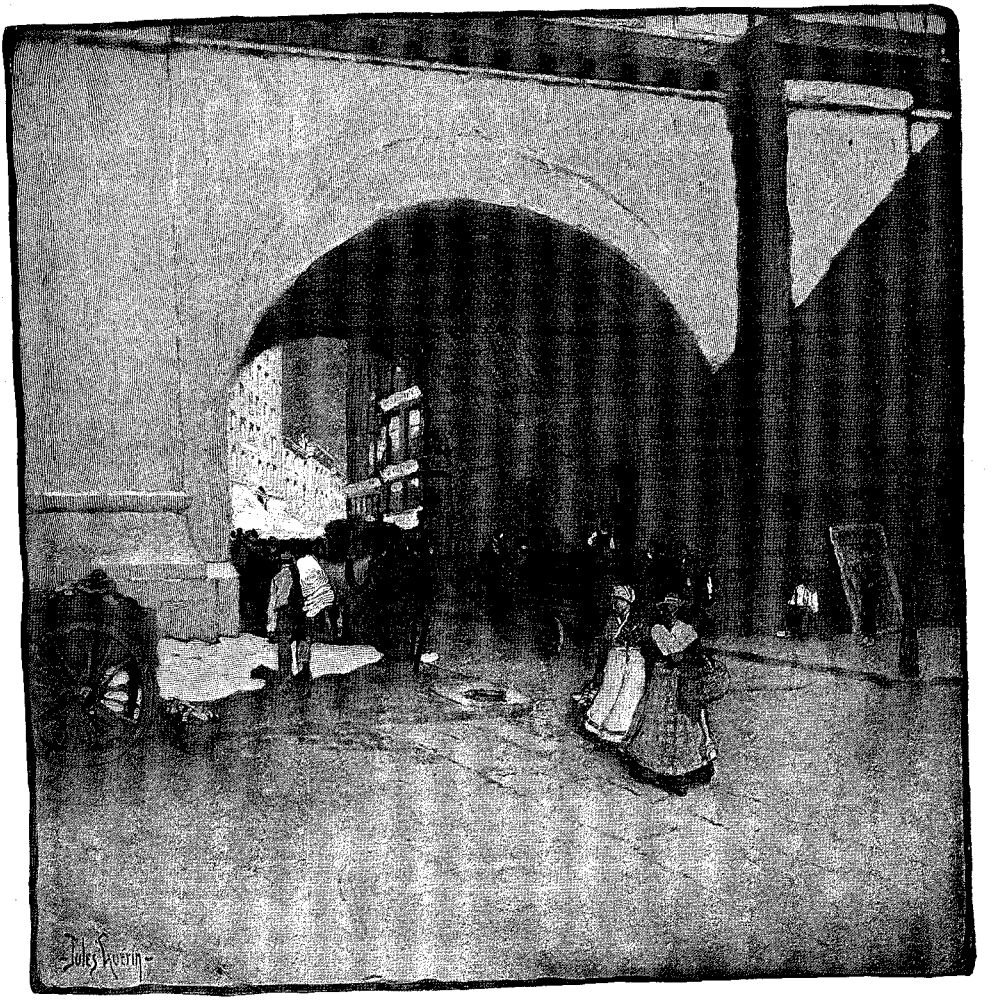
Drawn by Henry McCarter.

An Evening View of St. Paul's Church.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

architects have learned of late years to put into the eighteen or twenty feet they have to deal with. The monotony is varied occasionally with an English basement house or a tall wrought iron gateway, and a hood over the entrance. Here is a white colonial doorway with sidelights. The son of the house studied art, perhaps, and persuaded his father to make this kind of improvement, though the old gentleman was inclined to copy the rococo style of the railroad president opposite. . . . Half-way down the block, unless a wedding or a tea is taking place, the street is as quiet as Wall Street on a Sunday. In the rear can be seen the streams flowing up and down Fifth Avenue.

By the time Sixth Avenue is crossed brick frequently come into use in place of brown stone and there are not only doctor's signs now, but "Robes et Manteaux" are announced, or sometimes, as on that ugly iron balcony, merely Madame somebody. By this time also there have already appeared on some of the newel-posts by the door-bell, "Boarders," or "Furnished Rooms"—modestly written on a mere slip of paper, as though it had been deemed unnecessary to shout the words out for the neighborhood to hear. In there, back of the lace curtains, yellow, though not with age, is the parlor—the boarding-house parlor—with tidies which always come off and small gilt chairs which



Under the Approach to Brooklyn Bridge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chinatown.

generally break, and wax wreaths under glass, like cheeses under fly-screens in country groceries. In the place of honor hangs the crayon portrait of the dear deceased, in an ornate frame. But most of the boarders never go there, except to pay their bills; down in the basement dining-room is where they congregate, you can see them now through the grated window, at the tables. Here, on the corner, is the little tailor shop or laundry, which is usually found in the low building back of that facing the avenue, which latter is always a saloon unless it is a drug-store; on the opposite corner is still another saloon—rivals very likely, in the Tammany district as well as in business, with a policy-shop or a pool-room on the floor above, as all the neighbors know, though the local good government club cannot stop it. Here is the "family entrance" which no family ever enters.

Then come more apartments and more private residences, not invariably *passé*, more boarding-houses, many, many, boarding-houses, theatrical boarding-houses, students' boarding-houses, foreign boarding-houses; more small business places, and so on across various mongrel avenues until here is the region of warehouses and piano factories and finally even railway tracks with large astonishing trains of cars. Cross these tracks and you are beyond the city, in the suburbs, as much as the lateral edges of this city can have suburbs; yet this is only the distance of a long golf hole from residences and urbanity. Here are stock yards with squealing pigs, awful smells, deep, black mire, and then a long dock reaching far out into the Hudson, with lazy river-barges flopping along-side it and dock-rats fishing off the end—a hot, hateful walk if ever your business or pleasure calls you out there of a summer afternoon. There the typical uptown cross street ends its dreary existence.

II

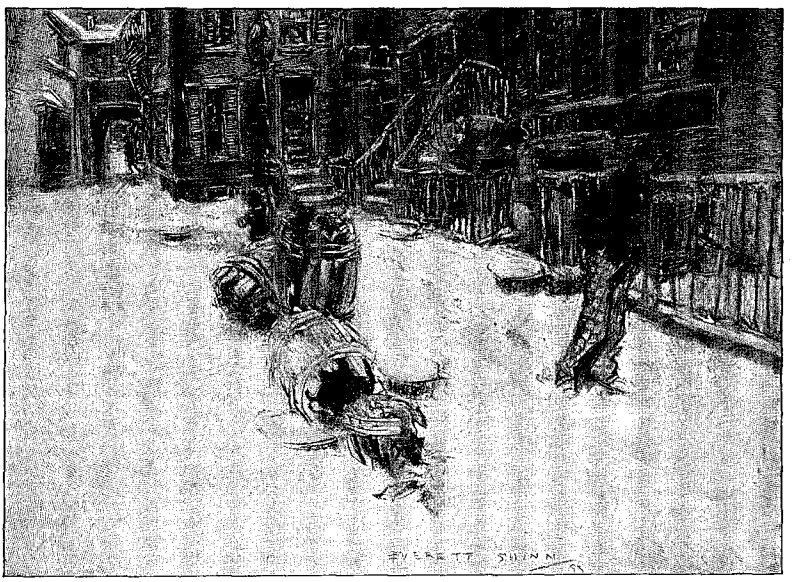
Down-town it is so different.

Down-town—"'way down-town," in the vernacular—in latitude far south of homes and peace and contemplation, where everything is business and dollars and hardness, and the streets might well be economically straight, and rigorously business-like, they are incongruously crooked,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

running hither and thither in a dreamy, unpractical manner, beginning where they please and ending where it suits them best, in a narrow, Old-World way, despite their astonishing, New-World architecture. Numbers would do well enough for names down here, but instead of concise and business-like street signs, the lamp-posts show quaint, incongruous names, sentimental names, poetic names sometimes, because these streets were born and not made.

They were born of the needs or whims of the early population, including cows, long before the little western city became



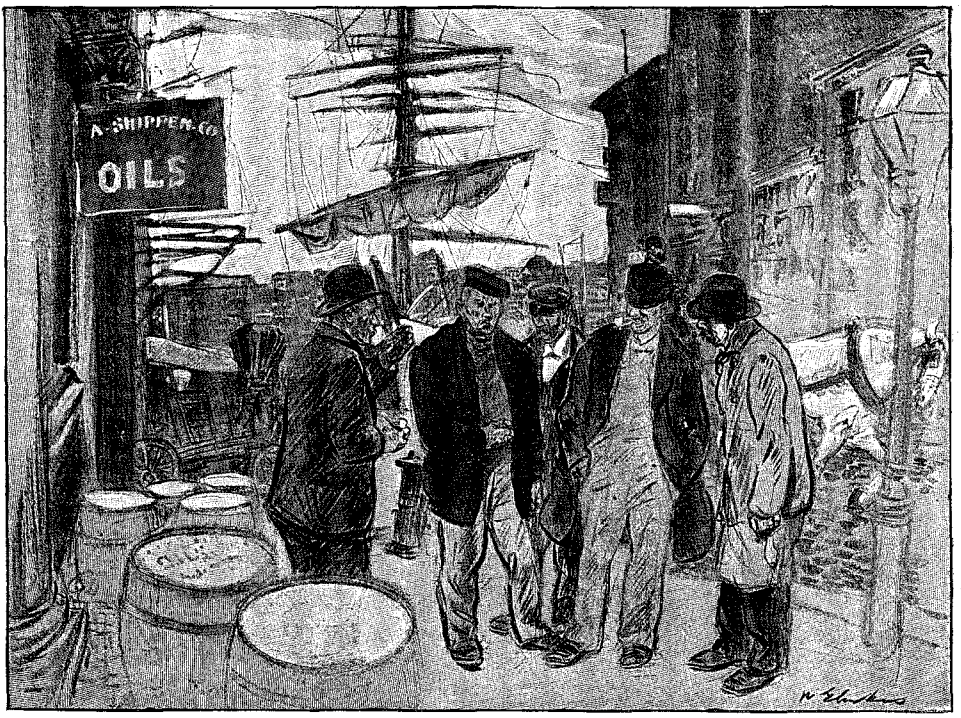
It still remains whimsically individual and village-like.—Page 571.

self-conscious about its incipient greatness and ordered a ready made plan for its future growth. It was too late for the painstaking commissioners down here. One little settlement of houses had gradually reached out toward another, each with its own line of streets or paths, until finally they all grew together solidly into a city, not caring whether they dovetailed or not, and one or the other or both of the old road names stuck fast. The Beaver's Path, leading from the Parade (which afterward became the Bowling Green) over to the swampy inlet which by drainage became the sheep pasture and later was named Broad Street, is still called Beaver Street to this day. The Maiden Lane

where New York girls used to stroll (and in still more primitive times used to do the washing) along-side the stream which gave the street its present winding shape and low grading, is still called Maiden Lane, though probably the only strollers in the modern jostling crowd along this street, now the heart of the diamond district, are the special detectives who have a personal acquaintance with every distinguished jewellery crook in the country, and guard "the Lane," as they call it, so carefully that not in fifteen years has a member of the profession crossed the "dead line" successfully. There is Bridge Street, which no longer has any stream to bridge; Dock Street, where there is no dock; Water Street, once upon the river-front but now separated from the water by several blocks and much enormously valuable real estate; and Wall Street which now seems to lack the wooden wall built by Governor Stuyvesant to keep New Englanders out of town.

Nowadays they seem such narrow, crowded little run-ways, these down-town cross streets; so crowded that men and horses share the middle of them together; so narrow that from the windy tops of the irregular white cliffs which line them you must lean far over in order to see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The sights and smells of the water-front are here too.—Page 580.

the busy little men at the dry asphalt bottom, far below, rapidly crawling hither and thither like excitable ants whose hill has been disturbed. And in modern times they seem dark and gloomy, near the bottom, even in the clear, smokeless air of Manhattan, so that lights are turned on sometimes at midday, for at best the sun gets into these valleys for only a few minutes, so high have the tall buildings grown. But they were not narrow in those old days of the Dutch; seemed quite the right width, no doubt to gossip across, from one Dutch stoop to another, at close of day, with the after-supper pipe when the chickens and children had gone to sleep and there was nothing to interrupt the peaceful, puffing conversation except the lazy clattering bell of an occasional cow coming home late for milking. Nor were they gloomy in those days, for the sun found its way unobstructed for hours at a time, when they were lined with small low-storied houses which the family occupied upstairs, with business below. Everyone went home for luncheon in those days—a pleasant, simple system adhered to in this city, it is said, until comparatively recent times by more than one family whose present representatives require for their happiness two or three homes in various other parts of the world in addition to their town house. This latter does not contain a shop on the ground floor. It is situated far up the island, at some point beyond the marsh where their forebears went duck-shooting (now Washington Square), or in some cases even beyond the site of the second kissing bridge, over which the Boston Post road crossed the small stream where Seventy-seventh Street now runs.

Now, being such a narrow island, none of its cross streets can be very long, as was pointed out, even at the city's greatest breadth. The highest cross-street number I ever found was 742 East Twelfth. But these down-town cross streets are much shorter, even those that succeed in getting all the way across without stopping; they are so abruptly short that each little street has to change in the greatest possible hurry from block to block, like vaudeville performers, in order to show all the features of a self-respecting cross street in the business section. Hence the sudden contrasts. For instance, down at one end of a certain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

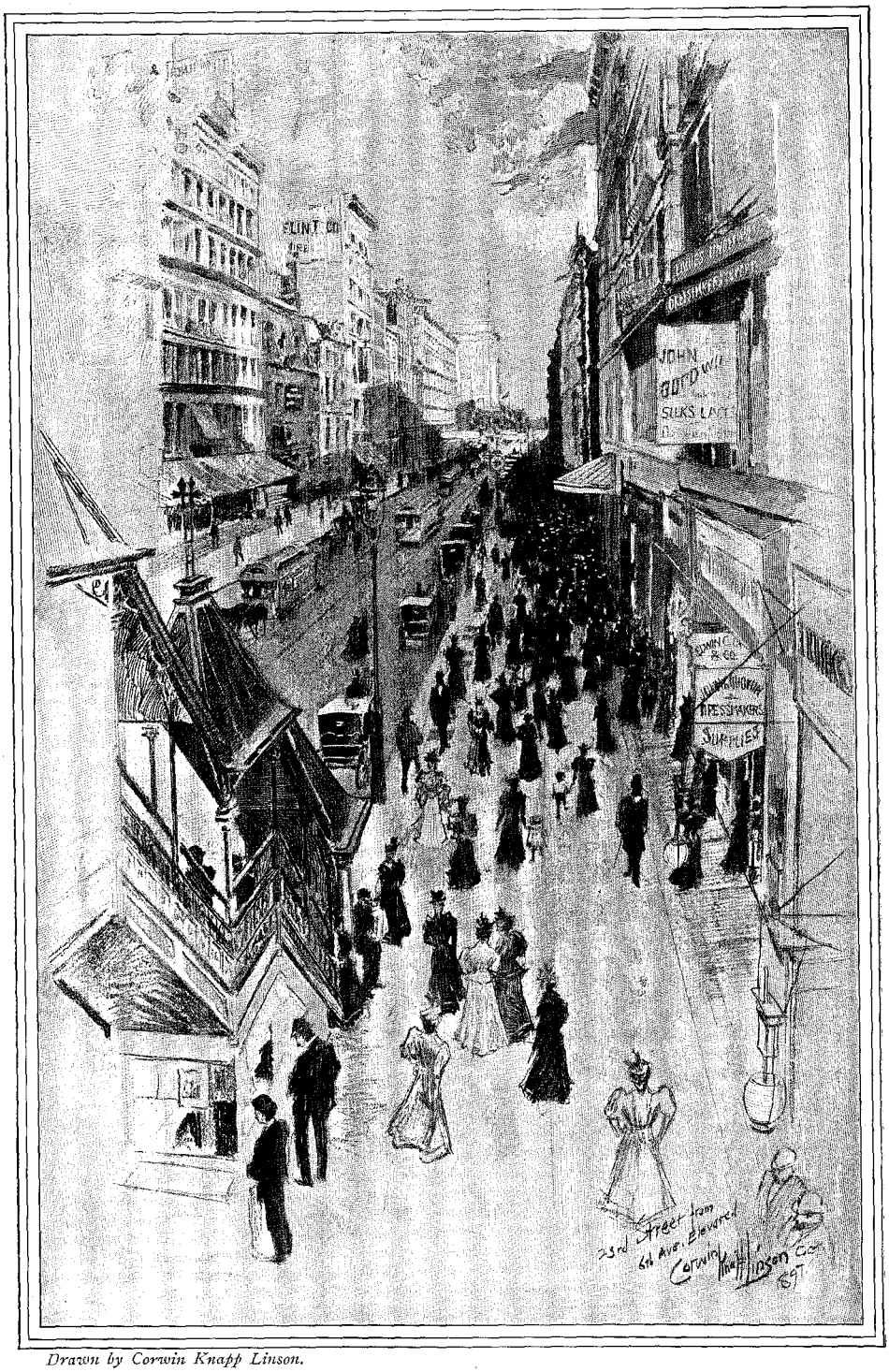
well-known business street may be seen some low houses of sturdy red brick, beginning to look antique now with their solid walls and visible roofs. They line an open, sunny spot, with the smell of spices and coffee in the air. A market was situated here over a hundred years ago, and this broad, open space still has the atmosphere of a market place. The sights and smells of the water-front are here, too, ships and stevedores unloading them, sailors lounging before dingy drinking-places, and across the cobble-stones is a ferry-house, with "truck" wagons on the way back to Long Island waiting for the gates to open, the unmistakable country mud, so different from city mire, still sticking in cakes to the spokes, notwithstanding the night spent in town. Nothing worth remarking, perhaps, in all this, but that the name of the street is Wall Street, and all this seems so different from the Wall Street of a stone's throw inland, with crowded walks, dapper business men, creased trousers, tall, steel buildings, rapid elevators, messengers dashing in and out, tickers busy, and all the hum and suppressed excitement of the Wall Street the world knows, as different and as suddenly different as the change that is felt in the very air upon stepping across through the noise and shabby rush of lower Sixth Avenue into the enchanted peace of

A Fourteenth Street Tree.

Greenwich village, with sparrows chirping in the wistaria vines that cover old-fashioned balconies on streets slanting at unexpected angles.

The typical part of these down-town cross streets is, of course, that latter part, the section more or less near Broadway, and crowded to suffocation with great businesses in great buildings, commonly known as hideous American sky-scrapers. This is the real down-town to most of the men who are down there, and who are too busy thinking about what these streets mean to each of them to-day to bother much with what the streets were in the past, or even to notice how the modern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linson.

Such as broad Twenty-third Street with its famous shops.—Page 586.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tangle of spars and rigging looks as seen down at the end of the street from the office window.

Of course, all these men in the tall buildings, whether possessed of creative genius or of intelligence enough only to run one of the elevators, are alike philistines to those persons who find nothing romantic or interesting in our modern, much maligned sky-scrapers, which have also been called "monuments of modern materialism," and even worse names, no doubt, because they are unprecedent and unacademic, probably, as much as because ugly and unrestrained. To many of us, however, shameless as it may be to confess it, these down-town streets are fascinating enough for what they are to-day, even if they had no past to make them all the more charming; and these erect, jubilant young buildings, whether beautiful or not, seem quite interesting—from their bright tops, where, far above the turmoil and confusion, Mrs. Janitor sits sewing in the sun while the children play hide and seek behind water-butts and air-shafts (there is no danger of falling off, it is a relief to know, because the roof is walled in like a garden) down to the dark bottom where are the safe deposit vaults, and the trusty old watchmen and the oblong boxes with great fortunes in them, along-side of wills that may cause family fights a few years later, and add to the affluence of certain lawyers in the offices overhead. Deep down, thirty or forty feet under the crowded sidewalk, the stokers shovel coal under big boilers all day, and electricians do interesting tricks with switch-boards, somewhat as in the hold of a modern battle-ship. In the many tiers of floors overhead are the men with the minds that make these high buildings necessary and make down-town what it is, with their dreams and schemes, their courage and imagination, their trust and distrust in the knowledge and ignorance of other human beings, which are the means by which they bring about great successes and great failures, and have all the fun of playing a game, with the peace of conscience and self-satisfaction which come from hard work and manly sweat.

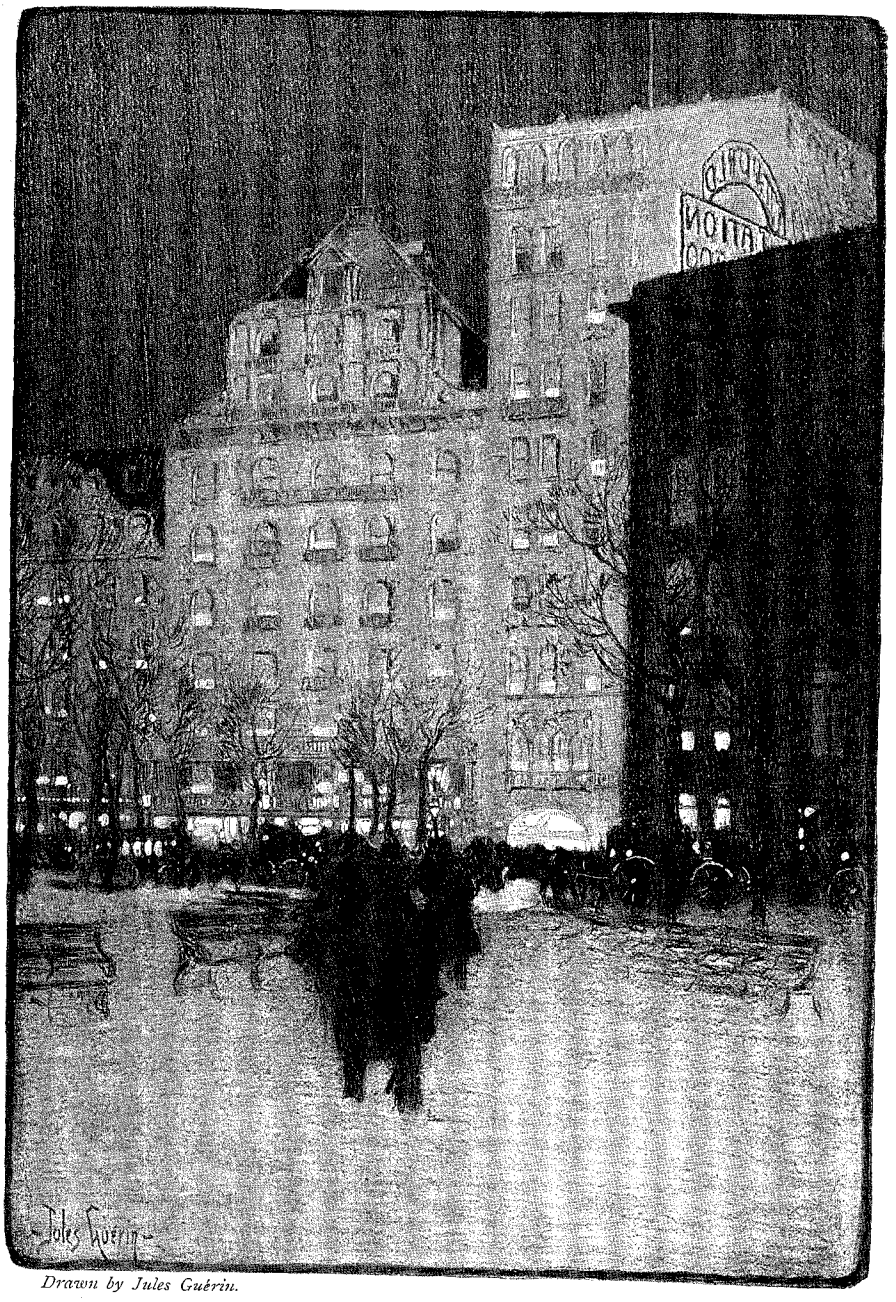
Across Twenty-fourth Street—Madison Square and the Dewey Arch.

Here during daylight, or part of it, they are moving about, far up on high or down near the teeming surface, in and out of the numerous subdivisions termed offices, until finally they call the game for the day, go down in the express elevator, out upon the narrow little streets, and turn north toward the upper part of the island. And each, like a homing pigeon, finds his own division or subdivision in a long, solid block of divisions called homes, in the part of town where run the many rows of even, similar streets.

III

THESE two views across two parts of New York, the two most typical parts, deal chiefly with what a stranger might see and feel, who came and looked and departed. Very little has been said to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

A Cross Street at Madison Square.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show what the cross-streets mean to those who are in the town and of it, who know the town and like it—either because their "father's father's father" did, or else because their work or fate has cast them upon this island and kept them there until it no longer seems a desert island. The latter class, indeed, when once they have learned to love the town of their adoption, frequently become its warmest enthusiasts, even though they may have held at one time that city contentedness could not be had without the symmetry, softness, and repose of older civilizations, or even that true happiness was impossible when walled in by stone and steel from the sight and smell of green fields and running brooks.

He who loves New York loves its streets for what they have been and are to him, not for what they may seem to those who do not use them. They who know the town best become as homesick when away from it for the straightness of the well-kept streets uptown as for the crookedness and quaintness of the noisy thoroughfares below. The straightness, they point out complacently, is very convenient for getting about, just as the numbering system makes it easy for strangers. On the walk up-town they enjoy looking down upon the expected unexpectedness of the odd little cross streets, which twist and turn or end suddenly in blank walls, or are crossed by passageways in mid-air, like the Bridge of Sighs, down Franklin Street, from the Criminal Court-house to the Tombs. But farther along in their walk they are just as fond of looking down the perspective of the straight side streets from the central spine of Fifth Avenue past block after block of New York homes, away down beyond the almost-converging rows of even lamp-posts to the Hudson and the purple Palisades of Jersey, with the glorious gleam and glow of the sunset; while the energetic "L" trains scurry past one after another, trailing beautiful swirls of steam and carrying other New Yorkers to other homes. None of this could be enjoyed if the cross streets tied knots in themselves like those in London and some American cities. Even outsiders appreciate these characteristic New York vistas; and nearly every poet who comes to town discovers its symbolic incongruity afresh and sings it to those who have enjoyed it before he was born, just as most young writers of prose feel called upon to turn their attention the other way and unearth the great East Side of New York.

There is no such thing as a typical cross street to New Yorkers. Individually, each thoroughfare departs as widely from the type as the men who walk along them differ from the figure known in certain parts of this country as the typical New Yorker. In New York there is no typical New Yorker. These so-called similar streets that look so much alike to a visitor driving up Fifth Avenue, end so very differently. Some of them, for instance, after beginning their decline toward the river and oblivion, are redeemed to respectability, not to say exclusiveness, again, like some of the streets in the small Twentieths running out into what was formerly the village of Chelsea; and those who know New York—even when standing where the Twentieth streets are tainted with Sixth Avenue—are cognizant of this fact, just as they are of the peace and green campus and academic architecture of the Episcopal Theological Seminary away over there, and of the thirty-foot lawns of London Terrace, far down along West Twenty-third Street.

There are other residence streets which do not decline at all, but are solidly impressive and expensive all the way over to the river, like those from Central Park to Riverside Drive. And your old New Yorker does not feel depressed by their conventional similarity, their lack of individuality; he likes to think that these streets and houses no longer seem so unbearably new as they were only a short time ago, but in some cases are at last acquiring the atmosphere of home and getting rid of the odor of a real estate project. Then, of course, so many cross streets would refuse to be classed as typical because they run through squares or parks, or into reservoirs or other streets, or jump over railroad tracks by means of viaducts, burrow under avenues by means of tunnels, or end abruptly at the top of a hill on a high enbankment of interesting masonry, as at the eastern terminus of Forty-first Street—a spot which never feels like New York at all to me.

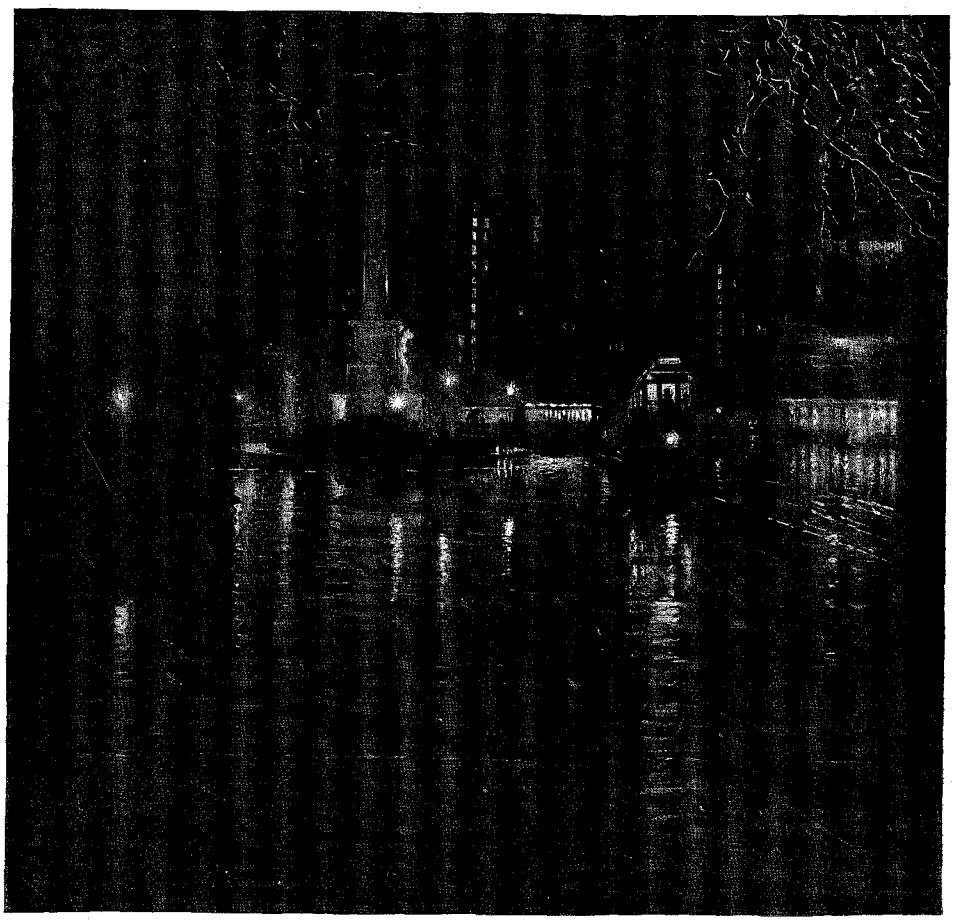
Some notice should be taken also of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

Herald Square.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



As it Looks on a Wet Night—The Circle, Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue.

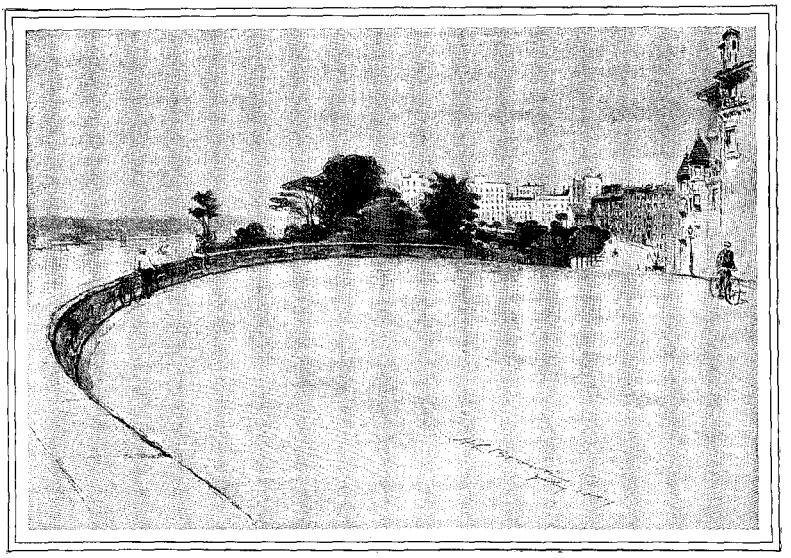
those all-important up-town cross streets where business had eaten out residence in streaks, as moths devour clothes, such as broad Twenty-third Street with its famous shops, and narrow Twenty-eighth Street, with its numerous cheap *table d'hôtes*, each of which is the best in town; and 125th Street, which is a Harlem combination of both. These are the streets by which surface-car passengers are transferred all over the city. These are the streets upon which those who have grown up with New York, if they have paid attention to its growth as well as their own, delight to meditate. Even comparatively young old New Yorkers can say "I remember when" of memorable evenings in the old Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street off Union Square, and of the days when Delmonico's had got as far up-town as Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Furthermore, it could easily be shown that for those who love old New York there is plenty of local historical association along these same straight, unromantic-looking cross streets—for those who know how to find it. For that matter one might go still farther and hold that there would not be so much antiquarian delight in New York if these streets were not new and straight and non-committal looking. If, for instance, the old Union Road, which was the round-about, wet-weather route to Greenwich village, had not been cut up and mangled by a merciless city plan there wouldn't be the fun of tracing it by projecting corners and odd angles of houses along West Twelfth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. It would be merely an open, ordinary street, concealing nothing, and no more exciting to follow than Pearl Street down-town—and not half so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

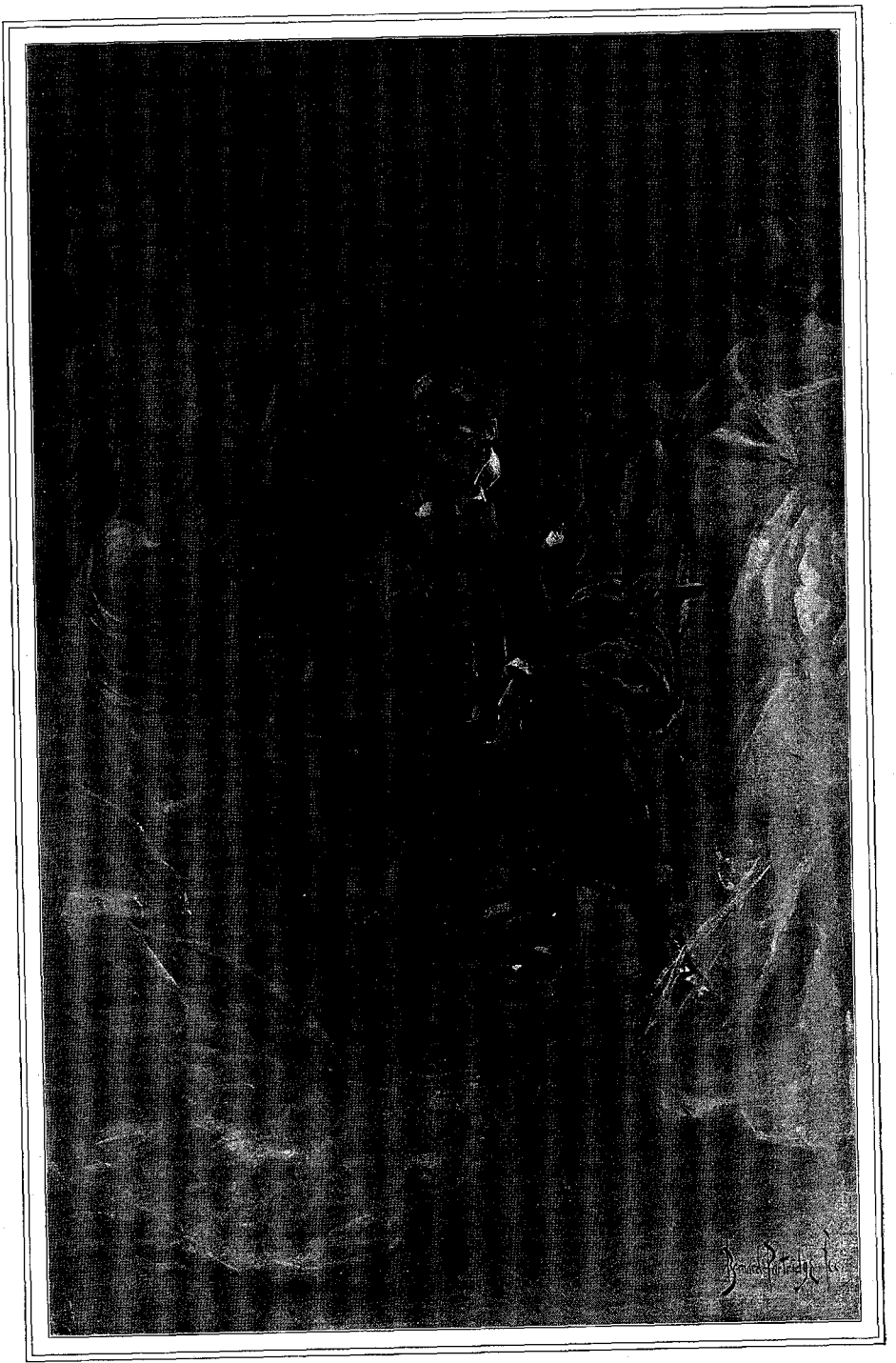
crooked or historical as Pearl Street. There would not be that odd, pocket-like court-way called Mulligan "Place," with a dimly lighted entrance leading off Sixth Avenue between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. Nor would there be that still more interesting triangular remnant of an old Jewish burying-ground over the way, behind the old Grapevine Tavern. For either the whole cemetery would have been allowed to remain on Union Road (or Street) which is not likely, or else they would have removed all the graves and covered the entire site with buildings, as was the case with a dozen other burying-grounds here and there. If the Commissioners had not had their way we could not have all those inner rows of houses to explore, like the "Weaver's Row," once near the Great Kiln Road, but now buried behind a Sixth Avenue store between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, and entered, if entered at all, by way of a dark, ill-smelling alley. Nor would the negro quarter, a little farther up-town, have its inner rows which seem so appropriate for negro quarters, especially the white-washed courts opening off Thirtieth Street, where may be found, in these secluded spots, trees and seats under them, with old, turbanned grannies smoking pipes and looking much more like Richmond darkies than those one expects to see two blocks from Daly's Theatre. Colonel Carter of Cartersville could not have found such an interesting New York residence if the Commissioners had not had their way, nor could he have entered it by a tunnel-like passage under the house opposite the Tenth Street studios. Even Greenwich would not be quite so entertaining without those permanent marks of the conflict between village and city which resulted in separating West Eleventh Street so far from Tenth, and in twisting Fourth Street around farther and farther until it finally ends in despair at Thirteenth Street. If the Commissioners had not had their way we should have had no "Down Love Lane" written by Mr. Janvier.

Looked at from the point of view of use and knowledge, every street, like every person, gains a distinct personality, some being merely more strongly distinguished than others. And just as every human being, whatever his name or his looks may be, continues to win more or less sympathy the more you know of him and his history and his ambitions, so with these streets, and their checkered careers, their sudden changes from decade to decade—or in still less time, in our American cities—their transformation from farm land to suburban road, and then to fashionable city street, and then to small business and then to great businesses. That, after all, is the stuff of which abiding city charm is made, not of plans and architecture.



Where Some Up-town Streets End.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

He heard their seductive voices. They danced around him in numbers.—Page 592.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE LITTLE GODS RETURN WITH A LADY

GRIZEL'S clear, searching eyes, that were always asking for the truth, came back to her, and I seem to see them on me now, watching lest I shirk the end.

Thus I can make no pretence (to please you) that it was a new Tommy at last; we have seen how he gave his life to her during those eighteen months, but he could not make himself anew. They say we can do it, so I suppose he did not try hard enough. But God knows how hard he tried.

He went on trying. In those first days she sometimes asked him, "Did you do it out of love or was it pity only?" And he always said it was love. He said it adoringly. He told her all that love meant to him, and it meant everything that he thought Grizel would like it to mean. When she ceased to ask this question he thought it was because he had convinced her.

They had a honeymoon by the sea. He insisted upon it with boyish eagerness, and as they walked on the links or sat in their room he would exclaim, ecstatically, "How happy I am! I wonder if there were ever two people quite so happy as you and I!"

And if he waited for an answer, as he usually did, she might smile lightly and say, "Few people have gone through so much."

"Is there any woman in the world, Grizel, with whom you would change places?"

"No, none," she said, at once, and when he was sure of it, but never until he was sure, he would give his mind a little holiday, and then perhaps those candid eyes would rest searchingly upon him, but always with a brave smile ready should he chance to look up.

And it was just the same when they returned to Double Dykes, which they added to and turned into a comfortable home; Tommy trying to become a lover by taking thought, and Grizel not letting on that it could not be done in that way. She thought it was very sweet of him to try so hard; sweeter of him than if he really had loved her, though not of course quite so sweet to her. He was a boy only. She knew that, despite all he had gone through, he was still a boy. And boys cannot love. Oh, who would be so cruel as to ask a boy to love?

That Grizel's honeymoon should never end was his grand ambition, and he took elaborate precautions against becoming a matter-of-fact husband. Every morning he ordered himself to gaze at her with rapture, as if he had wakened to the glorious thought that she was his wife.

"I can't help it, Grizel; it comes to me every morning with the same shock of delight, and I begin the day with a song of joy. You make the world as fresh and interesting to me as if I had just broken like a chicken through the egg-shell." He rose at the earliest hours. "So that I can have the longer day with you," he said, gayly.

If when sitting at his work he forgot her for an hour or two he reproached himself for it afterward, and next day he was more careful. "Grizel," he would cry, suddenly flinging down his pen, "you are my wife! Do you hear me, madam? You hear, and yet you can sit there calmly darning socks! Excuse me," he would say to his work, "while I do a dance."

He rose impulsively and brought his papers nearer her. With a table between them she was several feet away from him, which was more, he said, than he could endure.

"Sit down for a moment, Grizel, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

let me look at you. I want to write something most splendiferous to-day, and I am sure to find it in your face. I have ceased to be an original writer; all the purple patches are cribbed from you."

He made a point of taking her head in his hands and looking long at her with thoughts too deep for utterance. Then he would fall on his knees and kiss the hem of her dress, and so back to his book again.

And in time it was all sweet to Grizel. She could not be deceived, but she loved to see him playing so kind a part, and after some sadness to which she could not help giving way she put all vain longings aside. She folded them up and put them away like the beautiful linen, so that she might see more clearly what was left to her and how best to turn it to account.

He did not love her. "Not as I love him," she said to herself. "Not as married people ought to love, but in the other way he loves me dearly." By the other way she meant that he loved her as he loved Elspeth, and loved them both just as he had loved them when all three played in the den.

"He would love me if he could." She was certain of that. She decided that love does not come to all people, as is the common notion; that there are some who cannot fall in love, and that he was one of them. He was complete in himself, she decided.

"Is it a pity for him that he married me? It would be a pity if he could love some other woman, but I am sure he could never do that. If he could love anyone it would be me, we both want it so much. He does not need a wife, but he needs someone to take care of him. All men need that, and I can do it much better than any other person. Had he not married me he never would have married, but he may fall ill, and then how useful I shall be to him! He will grow old, and perhaps it won't be quite so lonely to him when I am there. It would have been a pity for him to marry me if I had been a foolish woman, who asked for more love than he can give, but I shall never do that, so I think it is not a pity.

"Is it a pity for me? Oh, no, no, no! Is he sorry he did it? At times, is he just a weeny bit sorry?" She watched him, and decided rightly he was not sorry the weeniest bit. It was a sweet consolation to her. "Is he really happy? Yes, of course he is happy when he is writing, but is he quite contented at other times? I do honestly think he is. And if he is happy now, how much happier I shall be able to make him when I have put away all my selfish thoughts and think only of him."

"The most exquisite thing in human life is to be married to one who loves you as you love him." There could be no doubt of that. But she saw also that the next best thing was the kind of love Tommy gave to her, and she would always be grateful for the second best. In her prayers she thanked God for giving it to her, and promised Him to try to merit it, and all day and every day she kept her promise. There could not have been a brighter or more energetic wife than Grizel. The amount of work she found to do in that small house, which his devotion had made so dear to her that she could not leave it! Her gayety! Her masterful airs when he wanted something that was not good for him! The artfulness with which she sought to help him in various matters without his knowing; her satisfaction when he caught her at it, as clever Tommy was constantly doing! "What a success it has turned out!" David would say delightedly to himself, and Grizel was almost as jubilant because it was so far from being a failure. It was only sometimes in the night that she lay very still with little wells of water on her eyes and through them saw one, the dream of woman, who she feared could never be hers. That boy Tommy never knew why she did not want to have a child. He thought that for the present she was afraid, but the reason was that she believed it would be wicked when he did not love her as she loved him. She could not be sure, she had to think it all out for herself; with little wells of sadness on her eyes she prayed in the still night to God to tell her, but she could never hear His answer.

She no longer sought to teach Tommy how he should write; that quaint desire was abandoned from the day when she learned that she had destroyed his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greatest work. She had not destroyed it, as we shall see, but she presumed she had, as Tommy thought so. He had tried to conceal this from her to save her pain, but she had found it out, and it seemed to Grizel, grown distrustful of herself, that the man who could bear such a loss as he had borne it was best left to write as he chose.

"It was not that I did not love your books," she said, "but that I loved you more, and I thought they did you harm."

"In the days when I had wings," he answered, and she smiled. "Any feathers left, do you think, Grizel?" he asked jocularly and turned his shoulders to her for examination.

"A great many, sir," she said, "and I am glad. I used to want to pull them all out, but now I like to know that they are still there, for it means that you remain among the facts not because you can't fly but because you won't."

"I still have my little fights with myself," he blurted out boyishly, though it was a thing he had never meant to tell her, and Grizel pressed his hand for telling her what she already knew so well.

The new book, of course, was "The Wandering Child." I wonder whether any of you read it now. Your fathers and mothers thought a great deal of that slim volume, but it would make little stir in an age in which all the authors are trying who can say Damn loudest. It is but a reverie about a child who was lost, and his parents search for him in terror of what may have befallen. But they find him in a wood singing joyfully to himself because he is free; and he fears to be caged again, so runs farther from them into the wood and is running still, singing to himself because he is free, free, free. That is really all, but T. Sandys knew how to tell it. The moment he conceived the idea (we have seen him speaking of it to the doctor) he knew that it was the idea for him. He forgot at once that he did not really care for children. He said reverently to himself, "I can pull it off," and, as was always the way with him, the better he pulled it off the more he seemed to love them.

"It is myself who is writing at last, Grizel," he said, as he read it to her.

She thought (and you can guess whether she was right) that it was the book he loved rather than the children. She thought (and you can guess again) that it was not his ideas about children that had got into the book, but hers. But she did not say so. She said it was the sweetest of his books to her.

I have heard of another reading he gave. This was after the publication of the book. He had gone into Corp's house one Sunday, and Gavinia was there reading the work to her lord and master, while little Corp disported on the floor. She read as if all the words meant the same thing, and it was more than Tommy could endure. He read for her, and his eyes grew moist as he read, for it was the most exquisite of his chapters about the lost child. You would have said that no one loved children quite so much as T. Sandys. But little Corp would not keep quiet, and suddenly Tommy jumped up and boxed his ears. He then proceeded with the reading, while Gavinia glowered and Corp senior scratched his head.

On the way home he saw what had happened, and laughed at the humor of it, then grew depressed, then laughed recklessly. "Is it Sentimental Tommy still?" he said to himself, with a groan. Seldom a week passed without his being reminded in some such sudden way that it was Sentimental Tommy still. "But she shall never know!" he vowed, and he continued to be half a hero.

His name was once more in many mouths. "Come back and be made of more than ever!" cried that society which he had once enlivened; "come and hear the pretty things we are saying about you. Come and make the prettier replies that are already on the tip of your tongue, for oh, Tommy, you know they are! Bring her with you if you must; but don't you think that the nice, quiet country with the thingumbobs all in bloom would suit her best? It is essential that you should run up to see your publisher, is it not? The men have dinners for you if you want them, but we know you don't; your yearning eyes are on the ladies, Tommy; we are making up theatre-parties of the old entrancing kind; you should see our new gowns; please come back and help us to put on our cloaks, Tommy; there is a dance on Monday, come and sit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it out with us; do you remember the garden-party where you said—well, the laurel walk is still there; the beauties of two years ago are still here, and there are new beauties and their noses are slightly tilted, but no man can move them—ha, do you pull yourself together at that! We were always the reward for your labors, Tommy; your books are move one in the game of making love to us; don't be afraid that we shall forget it is a game; we know it is, and that is why we suit you; philandering is a stimulus to your work as well as a reward. It is all you need of women; come and have your fill, and we shall send you back refreshed. We are not asking you to be disloyal to her, only to leave her happy and contented and take a holiday."

He heard their seductive voices. They danced around him in numbers, for they knew that the more there were of them the better he would be pleased; they whispered in his ear and then ran away looking over their shoulders. But he would not budge.

There was one more dangerous than the rest. Her he saw before the others came and after they had gone. She was a tall, incredibly slight woman with eyelashes that needed help and a most disdainful mouth and nose, and she seemed to look scornfully at Tommy and then stand waiting. He was in two minds about what she was waiting for, and often he had a fierce desire to go to London to find out. But he never went. He played the lover to Grizel as before, not to intoxicate himself, but always to make life sunnier to her; if she stayed longer with Elspeth than the promised time, he put on a fond, foolish air and went in search of her. "I have not been away an hour!" she said, laughing at him, holding little Jean up to laugh at him. "But I cannot do without you for an hour," he answered, ardently. He still laid down his pen to gaze with rapture at her and cry "My wife!"

She wanted him to go to London for a change, and without her, and his heart leaped into his mouth to prevent his saying no. Yet he said it, though in the Tommy way.

"Without you!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Grizel, do you think I could find happiness apart from you for a day! And could you let me go!" And he looked with agonized reproach at her, and sat down clutching his head.

"It would be very hard to me," she said, softly, "but if the change did you good——"

"A change from you! Oh, Grizel, Grizel!"

"Or I could go with you?"

"When you don't want to go!" he cried, huskily. "You think I could ask it of you!

He quite broke down, and she had to comfort him. She was smiling divinely at him all the time, as if sympathy had brought her to love even the Tommy way of saying things. "I thought it would be sweet to you to see how great my faith in you is now," she said.

That was the true reason why generous Grizel had proposed to him to go. She knew he was more afraid than she of Sentimental Tommy, and she thought her faith would be a helping hand to him, as it was.

He had no regard for Lady Pippinworth. Of all the women he had dallied with she was the one he liked the least, for he never liked where he could not esteem. Perhaps she had some good in her, but it was not the good in her that had ever appealed to him, and he knew it, and refused to harbor her in his thoughts now; he cast her out determinedly when she seemed to enter them unbidden. But still he was vain. She came disdainfully and stood waiting. We have seen him wondering what she waited for, but though he could not be sure, and so was drawn to her, he took it as acknowledgment of his prowess and so was helped to run away.

To walk away would be the more exact term, for his favorite method of exorcising this lady was to rise from his chair and propose a long walk to Grizel. Occasionally if she was occupied (and the number of duties our busy Grizel found to hand!) he walked alone, and he would not let himself brood; someone had once walked from Thrums to the top of the Law and back in three hours, and Tommy made several gamesome attempts to beat the record, setting out to escape that willowy woman, soon walking her down and returning in a glow of animal spirits. It was on one of these occasions when there was nothing in his head but ambition to do the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fifth mile within the eleven minutes that he suddenly met her ladyship face to face.

We have now come to the last fortnight of Tommy's life.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A WAY IS FOUND FOR TOMMY

THE moment for which he had tried to prepare himself was come and Tommy gulped down his courage, which had risen suddenly to his mouth, leaving his chest in a panic. Outwardly he seemed unmoved, but within he was beating to arms. "This is the test of us," all that was good in him cried as it answered his summons.

They began by shaking hands, as is always the custom in the ring. Then without any preliminary sparring Lady Pippinworth immediately knocked him down. That is to say, she remarked, with a little laugh, "How very stout you are getting!"

I swear by all the gods that it was untrue. He had not got very stout, though undeniably he had got stouter. "How well you are looking," would have been a very ladylike way of saying it, but his girth was best not referred to at all. Those who liked him had learned this long ago, and Grizel always shifted the buttons without comment.

Her malicious ladyship had found his one weak spot at once. He had a reply ready for every other opening in the English tongue, but now he could writhe only.

Who would have expected to meet her here, he said at last, feebly. She explained, and he had guessed it already, that she was again staying with the Rintouls. The castle, indeed, was not half a mile from where they stood.

"But I think I really came to see you," she informed him with engaging frankness.

It was very good of her, he intimated, stiffly, but the stiffness was chiefly because she was still looking in an irritating way at his waist.

Suddenly she looked up. To Tommy it was as if she had raised the siege. "Why aren't you nice to me?" she asked, prettily.

"I want to be," he replied.

She showed him a way. "When I saw you steaming along so swiftly," she said, dropping badinage, "the hope entered my head that you had heard of my arrival."

She had come a step nearer and it was like an invitation to return to the arbor. "This is the test of us," all that was good in Tommy cried once more to him.

"I did not know," he replied, bravely if baldly. "I was taking a smart walk only."

"Why so smart as that?"

He hesitated, and her eyes left his face and travelled downward.

"Were you trying to walk it off?" she asked, sympathetically.

He was stung, and replied, in words that were regretted as soon as spoken, "I was trying to walk you off."

A smile of satisfaction crossed her impudent face.

"I succeeded," he added, sharply.

"How cruel of you to say so, when you had made me so very happy! Do you often take smart walks, Mr. Sandys?"

"Often."

"And always with me?"

"I leave you behind."

"With Mrs. Sandys?"

Had she seemed to be in the least affected by their meeting it would have been easy to him to be a contrite man at once; any sign of shame on her part would have filled him with desire to take all the blame upon himself; had she cut him dead he would have begun to respect her. But she smiled disdainfully only, and stood waiting. She was still, as ever, a cold passion, inviting his warm ones to leap at it. He shuddered a little, but controlled himself and did not answer her.

"I suppose she is the lady of the arbor?" Lady Pippinworth inquired, with mild interest.

"She is the lady of my heart," Tommy replied, valiantly.

"Alas!" said Lady Pippinworth, putting her hand over her own.

But he felt himself more secure now, and could even smile at the woman for thinking she was able to provoke him.

"Look upon me," she requested, "as a deputation sent north to discover why you have gone into hiding."

"I suppose a country life does seem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exile to you," he replied, calmly, and suddenly his bosom rose with pride in what was coming. Tommy always heard his finest things coming a moment before they came. "If I have retired," he went on, windily, "from the insincerities and glitter of life in town"—but it was not his face she was looking at, it was his waist; "the reason is obvious," he rapped out.

She nodded assent without raising her eyes.

Yet he still controlled himself. His waist, like some fair tortured lady of romance, was calling to his knighthood for defence, but with the truer courage he affected not to hear. "I am in hiding, as you call it," he said, doggedly, "because my life here is such a round of happiness as I never hoped to find on earth, and I owe it all to my wife. If you don't believe me ask Lord or Lady Rintoul, or any other person in this countryside who knows her."

But her ladyship had already asked and been annoyed by the answer.

She assured Tommy that she believed he was happy. "I have often heard," she said, musingly, "that the stout people are the happiest."

"I am not so stout," he barked.

"Now I call that brave of you," said she, admiringly. "That is so much the wisest way to take it. And I am sure you are right not to return to town after what you were; it would be a pity. Somehow it"—and again her eyes were on the wrong place—"it does not seem to go with the books. And yet," she said, philosophically, "I daresay you feel just the same?"

"I feel very much the same," he replied, warningly.

"That is the tragedy of it," said she.

She told him that the new book had brought the Tommy Society to life again. "And it could not hold its meetings with the old enthusiasm, could it," she asked, sweetly, "if you came back? Oh, I think you act most judiciously. Fancy how melancholy if they had to announce that the society had been wound up owing to the stoutness of the Master."

Tommy's mouth opened twice before any words could come out. "Take care!" he cried.

"Of what?" said she, curling her lip.

He begged her pardon. "You don't like me, Lady Pippinworth," he said, watching himself, "and I don't wonder at it, and you have discovered a way of hurting me of which you make rather unmerciful use. Well, I don't wonder at that either. If I am—stoutish, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that it gives you entertainment, and I owe you that amend and more." He was really in a fury, and burning to go on—"For I did have the whiphand of you once, Madam," etc., etc., but by a fine effort he held his rage a prisoner, and the admiration of himself that this engendered lifted him into the sublime.

"For I so far forgot myself," said Tommy, in a glow, "as to try and make you love me. You were beautiful and cold; no man had ever stirred you; my one excuse is that to be loved by such as you was no small ambition; my fitting punishment is that I failed." He knew he had not failed and so could be magnanimous. "I failed utterly," he said, with grandeur. "You were laughing at me all the time; if proof of it were needed you have given it now by coming here to mock me. I thought I was stronger than you, but I was ludicrously mistaken, and you taught me a lesson I richly deserved; you did me good and I thank you for it. Believe me, Lady Pippinworth, when I say that I admit my discomfiture and remain your very humble and humbled servant."

Now was not that good of Tommy? You would think it still better were I to tell you what part of his person she was glancing at while he said it.

He held out his hand generously (there was no noble act he could not have performed for her just now), but, whatever her ladyship wanted, it was not to say good-by. "Do you mean that you never cared for me?" she asked, with the tremor that always made Tommy kind.

"Never cared for you!" he exclaimed, fervently. "What were you not to me in those golden days!" It was really a magnanimous cry, meant to help her self-respect, nothing more, but it alarmed the good in him and he said, sternly: "But of course that is all over now. It is only a sweet memory," he added, to make these two remarks mix.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sentiment of this was so agreeable to him that he was half thinking of raising her hand chivalrously to his lips when Lady Pippinworth said :

"But if it is all over now why have you still to walk me off ? "

"Have you never had to walk me off ?" said Tommy, forgetting himself, and to his surprise she answered, "Yes."

"But this meeting has cured me," she said, with dangerous graciousness.

"Dear Lady Pippinworth," replied Tommy, ardently, thinking that his generosity had touched her, "if anything I have said——"

"It is not so much what you have said," she answered, and again she looked at the wrong part of him.

He gave way in the waist, and then drew himself up. "If so little a thing as that helps you—" he began, haughtily.

"Little ! " she cried, reproachfully.

He tried to go away. He turned. "There was a time," he thundered.

"It is over," said she.

"When you were at my feet," said Tommy.

"It is over," she said.

"It could come again ! "

She laughed a contemptuous no.

"Yes !" Tommy cried.

"Too stout," said she, with a drawl.

He went closer to her. She stood waiting, disdainfully, and his arms fell.

"Too stout," she repeated.

"Let us put it in that way since it pleases you," said Tommy, heavily. "I am too stout." He could not help adding, "And be thankful, Lady Pippinworth, let us both be thankful, that there is some reason to prevent my trying."

She bowed mockingly as he raised his hat. "I wish you well," he said, "and these are my last words to you," and he retired not without distinction. He retired, shall we say, as conscious of his waist as if it were some poor soldier he was supporting from a stricken field. He said many things to himself on the way home and he was many Tommies, but all with the same waist. It intruded on his noblest reflections, and kept ringing up the worst in him like some devil at the telephone.

No one could have been more thankful that on the whole he had kept his passions in check. It made a strong man of him. It turned him into a joyous boy and he tingled with hurrahs. Then suddenly he would hear that jeering bell, clanging "Too stout, too stout." "Take care ! " he roared. Oh, the vanity of Tommy !

He did not tell Grizel that he had met her ladyship. All she knew was that he came back to her more tender and kind, if that were possible, than he had gone away. His eyes followed her about the room until she made merry over it, and still they dwelt upon her. "How much more beautiful you are than any other woman I ever saw, Grizel," he said. And it was not only true, but he knew it was true. What was Lady Pippinworth beside this glorious woman ? what was her damnable coldness compared to the love of Grizel ? Was he unforgivable, or was it some flaw in the making of him for which he was not responsible ? With clenched hands he asked himself these questions. This love that all his books were about—what was it ? Was it a compromise between affection and passion countenanced by God for the continuance of the race, made beautiful by him where the ingredients are in right proportion ; a flower springing from a soil that is not all divine ? Oh, so exquisite a flower, he cried, for he knew his Grizel. But he could not love her. He gave her all his affection, but his passion, like an outlaw, had ever to hunt alone.

Was it that ? And if it was, did there remain in him enough of humanity to give him the right to ask a little sympathy of those who can love ? So Tommy in his despairing moods, and the question ought to find some place in his epitaph, which, by the way, it is almost time to write.

On the day following his meeting with Lady Pippinworth came a note from Lady Rintoul inviting Grizel and him to lunch. They had been to Rintoul once or twice before, but this time Tommy said decisively, "We sha'n't go ; " he guessed who had prompted the invitation, though her name was not mentioned in it.

"Why not ? " Grizel asked. She was always afraid that she kept Tommy too much to herself.

"Because I object to being disturbed during the honeymoon," he replied, lightly. Their honeymoon, you know, was never to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end. "They would separate us for hours, Grizel. Think of it. But, pooh; the thing is not to be thought of. Tell her ladyship courteously that she must be mad."

But though he could speak thus to Grizel there came to him tempestuous desires to be by the side of the woman who could mock him and then stand waiting.

Had she shown any fear of him all would have been well with Tommy. He could have kept away from her complacently. But she had flung down the glove, and laughed to see him edge away from it. He knew exactly what was in her mind; he was too clever not to know that her one desire was to make him a miserable man; to remember how he had subdued and left her would be gall to Lady Pippinworth until she achieved the same triumph over him. How confident she was that he could never prove the stronger of the two again! What were all her mockings but a beckoning to him to come on? "Take care!" said Tommy, between his teeth.

And then again horror of himself would come to his rescue. The man he had been a moment ago was vile to him and all his thoughts were now heroic. You may remember that he had once taken Grizel to a seaside place; they went there again. It was Tommy's proposal, but he did not go to flee from temptation; however his worse nature had been stirred and his vanity pricked he was too determinedly Grizel's to fear that in any fierce hour he might rush into danger. He wanted Grizel to come away from the place where she always found so much to do for him, so that there might be the more for him to do for her. And that week was as the time they had spent there before. All that devotion which had to be planned could do for woman he did. Grizel saw him planning it and never admitted that she saw. In the after years it was sweet to her to recall that week, and the hundred laboriously lover-like things Tommy had done in it. She knew by this time that Tommy had never tried to make her love him, and that it was only when her love for him revealed itself in the den that desire to save her pride made him pretend to be in love with her. This knowledge would have been a great pain to her once, but now it had more of pleasure in it, for it showed that even in those days he struggled a little for her.

We must hasten to the end. Those of you who took in the newspapers a quarter of a century ago know what it was, but none of you know why he climbed the wall.

They returned to Thrums in a week. They had meant to stay longer, but suddenly Tommy wanted to go back. Yes, it was Lady Pippinworth who recalled him, but don't think too meanly of Tommy. It was not that he yielded to one of those fierce desires to lift the gauntlet; he was getting rid of them in fair fight when her letter reached him, forwarded from Thrums. "Did you really think your manuscript was lost?" it said. That was what took Tommy back. Grizel did not know the reason. He gave her another. He thought very little about her that day. He thought still less about Lady Pippinworth. How could he think of anything but it. She had it, evidently she had it, she must have stolen it from his bag. He could not even spare time to denounce her. It was alive, his manuscript was alive, and every moment brought him nearer to it. He was a miser, and soon his hands would be deep among the gold. He was a mother whose son, mourned for dead, is knocking at the door. He was a swain and his beloved's arms were outstretched to him. Who said that Tommy could not love?

The ecstasies that came over him and would not let him sit still made Grizel wonder. "Is it a book?" she asked, and he said it was a book, such a book, Grizel! When he started off for one of his long walks next morning, she thought he wanted to be alone to think of the book. "Of it and you," he said, and having started he came back to kiss her again; he never forgot to have an impulse to do that. But all the way to the Spittal it was of his book he thought, it was his book he was kissing. His heart sang within him, and the songs were sonnets to his beloved. To be worthy of his beautiful manuscript, he prayed for that as lovers do; that his love should be his, his alone, was as wondrous to him as to any of them.

But we are not noticing what proved to be the chief thing. Though there was some sun the air was shrewd and he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wearing the old doctor's coat. Should you have taken it with you, Tommy? It loved Grizel, for it was a bit of him, and what, think you, would the old doctor have cared for your manuscript had he known that you were gone out to meet that woman? It was cruel, no, not cruel, but thoughtless, to wear the old doctor's coat.

He found no one at the Spittal. The men were out shooting, and the ladies had followed to lunch with them on the moors. He came upon them, a gay party, in the hollow of a hill where was a spring, suddenly converted into a wine-cellar, and soon the men, if not the ladies, were surprised to find that Tommy could be the gayest of them all. He was in hilarious spirits, and had a gallantly forgiving glance for the only one of them who knew why his spirits were hilarious. But he would not consent to remain to dinner. "The wretch is so hopelessly in love with his wife," Lady Rintoul said, flinging a twig of heather at him. It was one of the many trivial things said on that occasion and long remembered; the only person who afterward professed her inability to remember what Tommy said to her that day and she to him was Lady Pippinworth. "And yet you walked back to the castle with him," they reminded her.

"If I had known that anything was to happen," she replied, indolently, "I should have taken more note of what was said. But as it was, I think we talked of our chance of finding white heather. We were looking for it, and that is why we fell behind you."

That was not why Tommy and her ladyship fell behind the others, and it was not of white heather that they talked. "You know why I am here, Alice," he said, as soon as there was no one but her to hear him.

She was in as great tension at that moment as he, but more anxious not to show it. "Why do you call me that?" she replied, with a little laugh.

"I want you to know at once," he said, generously, "that I have no vindictive feelings. You have kept my manuscript from me all this time, but severe though the punishment has been I deserved it, yes, every day of it."

Lady Pippinworth smiled. "You took it from my bag, did you not?" said Tommy.

"Yes."

"Where is it, Alice? Have you got it here?"

"No."

"But you know where it is?"

"Oh, yes," she said, graciously, and then it seemed that nothing could ever disturb him again. She enjoyed his boyish glee; she walked by his side listening airily to it.

"Had there been a fire in the room that day I should have burned the thing," she said, without emotion.

"It would have been no more than my deserts," Tommy replied, cheerfully.

"I did burn it three months afterward," said she, calmly.

He stopped, but she walked on. He sprang after her. "You don't mean that, Alice!"

"I do mean it."

With a gesture fierce and yet imploring he compelled her to stop. "Before God is this true?" he cried.

"Yes," she said, "it is true," and indeed it was the truth about his manuscript at last.

"But you had a copy of it made first. Say you had!"

"I had not."

She seemed to have no fear of him, though his face was rather terrible. "I meant to destroy it from the first," she said, coldly; "but I was afraid to. I took it back with me to London. One day I read in a paper that your wife was supposed to have burned it while she was insane. She was insane, was she not? Ah, well, that is not my affair, but I burned it for her that afternoon."

They were moving on again. He stopped her once more.

"Why have you told me this?" he cried. "Was it not enough for you that I should think she did it!"

"No," Lady Pippinworth answered, "that was not enough for me. I always wanted you to know that I had done it."

"And you wrote that letter, you filled me with joy, so that you should gloat over my disappointment?"

"Horrid of me, was it not!" said she.

"Why did you not tell me when we met the other day?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I bided my time, as the tragedians say."

"You would not have told me," Tommy said, staring into her face, "if you had thought I cared for you. Had you thought I cared for you a little jot——"

"I should have waited," she confessed. "until you cared for me a great deal, and then I should have told you. That, I admit, was my intention."

She had returned his gaze smilingly, and as she strolled on she gave him another smile over her shoulder; it became a protesting pout almost when she saw that he was not accompanying her. Tommy stood still for some minutes, his hands, his teeth, every bit of him that could close, tight-clenched. When he made up on her the devil was in him. She had been gathering a nosegay of wild flowers. "Pretty, are they not?" she said to him. He took hold of her harshly by both wrists; she let him do it and stood waiting disdainfully, but she was less unprepared for a blow than for what came.

"How you love me, Alice!" he said, in a voice shaking with passion.

"How I have proved it," she replied, promptly.

"Love or hate," he went on in a torrent of words, "they are the same thing with you. I don't care what you call it, it has made you come back to me. You tried hard to stay away; how you fought, Alice, but you had to come; I knew you would come. All this time you have been longing for me to go to you; you have stamped your pretty feet because I did not go; you have cried 'He shall come!' You have vowed you would not go one step of the way to meet me. I saw you, I heard you, and I wanted you as much as you wanted me, but I was always the stronger and I could resist; it is I who have not gone a step toward you and it is my proud little Alice who has come all the way. Proud little Alice, but she is to be my obedient little Alice now."

His passion hurled him along and it had its effect on her. She might curl her mouth as she chose, but her bosom rose and fell.

"Obedient," she cried, with a laugh.

"Obedient," said Tommy, quivering with his intensity; "obedient, not because I want it, for I prefer you as you are, but because you are longing for it, my lady, because it is what you came here for; you have been a virago only because you feared you were not to get it. Why have you grown so quiet, Alice? Where are the words you want to torment me with? Say them; I love to hear them from your lips; I love the demon in you, the demon that burned my book. I love you the more for that; it was your love that made you do it. Why don't you scratch and struggle for the last time? I am half sorry that little Alice is to scratch and struggle no more."

"Go on," said little Alice, "you talk beautifully." But though her tongue could mock him, all the rest of her was enchained.

"Whether I shall love you when you are tamed," he went on, with vehemence, "I don't know, you must take the risk of that; but I love you now. We were made for one another, you and I, and I love you, Alice, I love you and you love me. You love me, my peerless Alice, don't you? Say you love me; your melting eyes are saying it. How you tremble, sweet Alice; is that your way of saying it? I want to hear you say it. You have been longing to say it for two years; come, love, say it now!"

It was not within this woman's power to resist him. She tried to draw away from him, but could not. She was breathing quickly. The mocking light quivered on her face because it had been there so long only; if it went out she would be helpless. He put his hands on her shoulders, and she was helpless. It brought her mouth nearer his. She was offering him her mouth.

"No," said Tommy, masterfully. "I won't kiss you until you say it."

If there had not been a look of triumph in his eyes, she would have said it. As it was she broke from him, panting. She laughed next minute, and with that laugh his power fell among the heather.

"Really," said Lady Pippinworth, "you are much too stout for this kind of thing." She looked him up and down with a comic sigh. "You talk as well as ever," she said, condolingly, "but heigho, you don't look the same. I have done the best I could for you for the sake of old times, but I forgot to shut my eyes. Shall we go on?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And they went on silently, one of them very sulky. "I believe you are blaming me," her ladyship said, making a face, just before they overtook the others, "when you know it was your own fault for"—she suddenly rippled—"for not waiting until it was too dark for me to see you!"

They strolled with some others of the party to the flower-garden, which was some distance from the house and surrounded by a high wall studded with iron spikes and glass. Lady Rintoul cut him some flowers for Grizel, but he left them on a garden-seat, accidentally every one thought afterward in the drawing-room when they were missed, but he had laid them down because how could those degraded hands of his carry flowers again to Grizel? There was great remorse in him, but there was a shrieking vanity also, and though the one told him to be gone, the other kept him lagging on. They had torn him a dozen times from each other's arms before he was man enough to go.

It was gloaming when he set off, waving his hat to those who had come to the door with him. Lady Pippinworth was not among them; he had not seen her to bid her good-by nor wanted to, for the better side of him had prevailed. So he thought. It was a man shame-stricken and determined to kill the devil in him that went down that long avenue. So he thought.

A tall, thin woman was standing some twenty yards off among some holly-trees. She kissed her hand mockingly to him and beckoned and laughed when he stood irresolute. He thought he heard her cry "Too stout!" He took some fierce steps toward her. She ran on, looking over her shoulder, and he forgot all else and followed her. She darted into the flower-garden, pulling the gate to after her. It was a gate that locked when it closed, and the key was gone. Lady Pippinworth clapped her hands because he could not reach her. When she saw that he was climbing the wall she ran farther into the garden.

He climbed the wall, but, as he was descending, one of the iron spikes on the top of it pierced his coat which was buttoned to the throat, and he hung there by the neck. He struggled as he choked, but he could not help himself. He was unable to cry out. The collar of the old doctor's coat held him fast.

They say that in such a moment a man reviews all his past life. I don't know whether Tommy did that, but his last reflection before he passed into unconsciousness was "Serves me right!" Perhaps it was a little bit of sentiment only for the end.

Lady Disdain came back to the gate by and by to see why he had not followed her. She screamed, and then hid in the recesses of the garden. He had been dead for some time when they found him. They left the gate creaking in the evening wind. After a long time a terrified woman stole out by it.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE PERFECT LOVER

TOMMY has not lasted. More than once since it became known that I was writing his life I have been asked whether there ever really was such a person, and I am afraid to inquire for his books at the library lest they are no longer there. A recent project to bring out a new edition, with introductions by some other Tommy, received so little support that it fell to the ground. It must be admitted that, so far as the great public is concerned, Thomas Sandys is done for.

They have even forgotten the manner of his death, though probably no young writer with an eye on posterity ever had a better send off. We really thought at the time that Tommy had found a way.

The surmise at Rintoul, immediately accepted by the world as a fact, was that he had been climbing the wall to obtain for Grizel the flowers accidentally left in the garden, and it at once tipped the tragedy with gold. The newspapers, which were in the middle of the dull season, thanked their gods for Tommy and enthusiastically set to work on him. Great minds wrote criticisms of what they called his life-work. The many persons who had been the first to discover him said so again. His friends were in demand for the most trivial reminiscences. Unhappy Pym cleared £11 10s.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shall we quote? It is nearly always done at this stage of the biography, so now for the testimonials to prove that our hero was without a flaw. A few specimens will suffice if we select some that are very like many of the others. It keeps Grizel waiting, but Tommy, as you have seen, was always the great one; she existed only that he might show how great he was. "Busy among us of late," says one, "has been the grim visitor who knocks with equal confidence at the doors of the gifted and the ungifted, the pauper and the prince, and twice in one short month has he taken from us men of an eminence greater perhaps than that of Mr. Sandys, but of them it could be said their work was finished, while his sun sinks tragically when it is yet day. Not by what his riper years might have achieved can this pure spirit now be judged, and to us, we confess, there is something infinitely pathetic in that thought; we would fain shut our eyes and open them again at twenty years hence with Mr. Sandys in the fulness of his powers. It is not to be. What he might have become is hidden from us, what he was we know. He was little more than a stripling when he 'burst upon the town' to be its marvel—and to die; a 'marvellous boy' indeed, yet how unlike in character and in the nobility of his short life as in the mournful yet lovely circumstances of his death, to that other Might-Have-Been who 'perished in his pride.' Our young men of letters have travelled far since the days of Chatterton. Time was when a riotous life was considered part of their calling, when they shunned the domestic ties and actually held that the consummate artist is able to love nothing but the creations of his fancy. It is such men as Thomas Sandys who have exploded that pernicious fallacy. . . .

"Whether his name will march down the ages is not for us, his contemporaries, to determine. He had the most modest opinion of his own work, and was humbled rather than elated when he heard it praised. No one ever loved praise less; to be pointed at as a man of distinction was abhorrent to his shrinking nature; he seldom, indeed, knew that he was being pointed at, for his eyes were ever on the ground. He set no great store by the remarkable popularity of his works. 'Nothing,' he has been heard to say to one of those gushing ladies who were his aversion, 'nothing will so certainly perish as the talk of the town.' It may be so, but if so the greater the pity that he has gone from among us before he had time to put the coping-stone upon his work. There is a beautiful passage in one of his own books in which he sees the spirits of gallant youth who died too young for immortality haunting the portals of the Elysian Fields, and the great Shades come to the door and talk with them. We venture to say that he is at least one of these."

What was the individuality behind the work? They discussed it in leading articles and in the correspondence columns, and the man proved to be greater than his books. His distaste for admiration is again and again insisted on and illustrated by many characteristic anecdotes. He owed much to his parents, though he had the misfortune to lose them when he was but a child. "Little is known of his father, but we understand that he was a retired military officer in easy circumstances. The mother was a canny Scotchwoman of lowly birth, conspicuous for her devoutness even in a land where it is everyone's birthright, and on their marriage, which was a singularly happy one, they settled down in London, going little into society, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, and devoting themselves to each other and to their two children. Of these Thomas was the elder, and as the twig was early bent so did the tree incline. From his earliest years he was noted for the modesty which those who remember his boyhood in Scotland (whither the children went to an uncle on the death of their parents) still speak of with glistening eyes. In another column will be found some interesting recollections of Mr. Sandys by his old schoolmaster, Mr. David Cathro, M.A., who testifies with natural pride to the industry and amiability of his famous pupil. 'To know him,' says Mr. Cathro, 'was to love him.'"

According to another authority T. Sandys got his early modesty from his father, who was of a very sweet disposition, and some instances of this modesty are given;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are all things that Elspeth did, but Tommy is now represented as the person who had done them. "On the other hand his strong will, singleness of purpose, and enviable capacity for knowing what he wanted to be at were a heritage from his practical and sagacious mother." "I think he was a little proud of his strength of will," writes the R. A. who painted his portrait (now in America), "for I remember his anxiety that it should be suggested in the picture." But another acquaintance (a lady) replies, "He was not proud of his strong will but he liked to hear it spoken of, and he once told me the reason. This strength of will was not, as is generally supposed, inherited by him; he was born without it and acquired it by a tremendous effort. I believe I am the only person to whom he confided this, for he shrank from talk about himself, looking upon it as a form of that sentimentality which his soul abhorred."

He seems often to have warned ladies against this essentially womanish tendency to the sentimental. "It is an odious onion, dear lady," he would say, holding both her hands in his. If men in his presence talked sentimentally to ladies he was so irritated that he soon found a pretext for leaving the room. "Yet let it not be thought," says One Who Knew Him Well, "that because he was so sternly practical himself he was intolerant of the outpourings of the sentimental. The man, in short, reflected the views on this subject which are so admirably phrased in his books, works that seem to me to found one of their chief claims to distinction on this, that at last we have a writer who can treat intimately of human love without leaving one smear of the onion upon his pages."

On the whole, it may be noticed, comparatively few ladies contribute to the obituary reflections, "for the simple reason," says a simple man, "that he went but little into female society. He who could write so eloquently about women never seemed to know what to say to them. Ordinary tittle-tattle from them disappointed him. I should say that to him there was so much of the divine in women that he was depressed when they hid their wings." This view is supported by Clubman, who notes that Tommy would never join in the somewhat free talk about the other sex in which many men indulge. "I remember," he says, "a man's dinner at which two of those present, both persons of eminence, started a theory that every man who is blessed or cursed with the artistic instinct has at some period of his life wanted to marry a barmaid. Mr. Sandys gave them such a look that they at once apologized. Trivial, perhaps, but significant. On another occasion I was in a club smoking-room when the talk was of a similar kind. Mr. Sandys was not present. A member said, with a laugh, "I wonder for how long men can be together without talking gamesomely of women?" Before any answer could be given Mr. Sandys strolled in, and immediately the atmosphere cleared, as if someone had opened the windows. When he had gone the member addressed turned to him who had propounded the problem and said, 'There is your answer—as long as Sandys is in the room.'"

"A fitting epitaph this for Thomas Sandys," says the paper that quotes it, "if we could not find a better. Mr. Sandys was from first to last a man of character, but why when others falter was he always so sure-footed? It is in the answer to this question that we find the key to the books and to the man who was greater than the books. He was the Perfect Lover. As he died seeking flowers for her who had the high honor to be his wife so he had always lived; he gave his affection to her, as our correspondent Miss (or Mrs.) Ailie McQueen shows, in his earliest boyhood, and from this, his one romance, he never swerved; to the moment of his death all his beautiful thoughts were flowers plucked for her, his books were bunches of them gathered to place at her feet. No harm now in reading between the lines of his books and culling what is the common knowledge of his friends in the north, that he had to serve a long apprenticeship before he won her. For long his attachment was unreciprocated, though she was ever his loyal friend, and the volume called 'Unrequited Love' belongs to the period when he thought his life must be lived alone. The circumstances of their marriage are at once too beautiful and too painful to be dwelt on here. Enough to say that, should the particulars ever be given to the world, with the simple story of his life, a finer memorial will have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raised to him than anything in stone, such as we see a committee is already being formed to erect. We venture to propose as a title for his biography, The Story of the Perfect Lover."

Yes, that memorial committee was formed, but so soon do people forget the hero of yesterday's paper that only the secretary attended the first meeting, and he never called another. But here, five and twenty years later, is the biography, with the title changed. You may wonder that I had the heart to write it. I do it, I have sometimes pretended to myself, that we may all laugh at the stripping of a rogue, but that was never my reason. Have I been too cunning, or have you seen through me all the time? Have you discovered that I was really standing up for Tommy, telling nothing about him that was not true, but doing it with unnecessary scorn in the hope that I might goad you into crying, "Come, come, you are too hard on him."

Perhaps the manner in which he went to his death deprives him of these words. Had the castle gone on fire that day while he was at tea and he perished in the flames in a splendid attempt to save the life of his enemy (a very probable thing) then you might have felt a little liking for him. Yet he would have been precisely the same person. I don't blame you, but you are a Tommy.

Grizel knew how he died. She found Lady Pippinworth's letter to him and understood who the woman was, but it was only in hopes of obtaining the lost manuscript that she went to see her. Then Lady Pippinworth told her all. Are you sorry that Grizel knew? I am not sorry, I am glad. As a child, as a girl, and as a wife the truth had been all she wanted, and she wanted it just the same when she was a widow. We have a right to know the truth, no right to ask anything else from God, but the right to ask that.

And to her latest breath she went on loving Tommy just the same. She thought everything out calmly for herself. She saw that there is no great man on this earth except the man who conquers self, and that in some the accursed thing, which is in all of us, may be so strong that to battle with it and be beaten is not altogether to fail. It is foolish to demand complete success of those we want to love; we should rejoice when they rise for a moment above themselves and sympathize with them when they fall. In their heyday young lovers think each other perfect, but a nobler love comes when they see the failings also, and this higher love is so much more worth attaining to that they need not cry out though it has to be beaten into them with rods. So they learn humanity's limitations, and that the accursed thing to me is not the accursed thing to you, but all have it, and from this comes pity for those who have sinned, and the desire to help each other springs, for knowledge is sympathy and sympathy is love, and to learn it the Son of God became a man.

And Grizel also thought anxiously about herself and how from the time when she was the smallest girl she had longed to be a good woman and feared that perhaps she never should. And as she looked back at the road she had travelled there came along it the little girl to judge her. She came trembling, but determined to know the truth, and she looked at Grizel until she saw into her soul and then she smiled well pleased.

Grizel lived on at Double Dykes, helping David in the old way. She was too strong and fine a nature to succumb. Even her brightness came back to her; they sometimes wondered at the serenity of her face. Some still thought her a little standoffish, for, though the pride had gone from her walk, a distinction of manner grew upon her and made her seem a finer lady than before. There was no other noticeable change except that with the years she lost her beautiful contours and became a little angular: the old maid's figure I believe it is sometimes called.

No one would have dared to smile at Grizel become an old maid before some of the young men of Thrums. They were people who would have suffered much for her, and all because she had the courage to talk to them of some things before their marriage-day came round. And for their young wives who had tidings to whisper to her about the unborn she had the pretty idea that they should live with beautiful thoughts, so that these might become part of the child.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Gavinia told this to Corp, he gulped and said, "I wonder God could hae haen the heart."

"Life's a queerer thing," Gavinia replied, sadly enough, "than we used to think it when we was bairns in the den."

He spoke of it to Grizel. She let Corp speak of anything to her because he was so loyal to Tommy.

"You've given away a' your bonny things, Grizel," he said, "one by one, and this notion is the bonniest o' them a'. I'm thinking that when it cam' into your head you meant it for yoursel'."

Grizel smiled at him.

"I mind," Corp went on, "how when you was little you couldna see a bairn without rocking your arms in a waeful kind o' a way, and we could never thole the meaning o't. It just comes over me this minute as it meant that when you was a woman you would like terrible to hae bairns o' your ain, and you doubted you never should."

She raised her hand to stop him. "You see, I was not meant to have them, Corp," she said. "I think that when women are too fond of other people's babies they never have any of their own."

But Corp shook his head. "I dinna understand it," he told her, "but I'm sure you was meant to hae them. Something's gane wrang."

She was still smiling at him, but her eyes were wet now, and she drew him on to talk of the days when Tommy was a boy. I mean of the days when Grizel was a girl, for Tommy was always a boy. He died of the attempt to be a man. It was sweet to Grizel to listen while Elspeth and David told her of all Tommy had done for her when she was ill, but she loved best of all to talk with Corp of the time when they were all children in the den. The days of childhood are the best.

She lived so long after Tommy that she was almost a middle-aged woman when she died.

And so the Painted Lady's daughter has found a way of making Tommy's life the story of a perfect lover after all. The little girl she had been comes stealing back into the book and rocks her arms joyfully, and we see Grizel's crooked smile for the last time.

THE END.

TITHONUS

"A blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why."

[In the Greek past of myth and mystery
Was heard Tithonus murmuring at his fate
Of double-natured: for Aurora's eyes—
Aurora of the Morning and the East
Of youth and beauty, won him still to live
Immortally for her, but his weak limbs
And fading cheeks, and pulses lessening ever,
Besought the eaves of the all-sheltering west
Their darkness and the reticence of death. . . .
In this thin husk was wrapped a poet's brief
'Gainst Nature's jointure in the world to come:
Not for she dragged his body as a chain
That ever lengthened, up to gates that fled—
As some interpret—no: but past the gates,
Beyond the ports of the most western West,
The gods themselves lay stalled, the popular gods,
Using like senses—if they deigned to know,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And human utterance, else forever dumb;
And worse: being many, none might comprehend! . . .
To their hushed courts (what time the poet's art
Held graver audience) sad TITHONUS flung
This fig-leaf from the effigy of Death—
Stamped with the cipher of Supremacy,
However tainted from the world below:]

"O, land of beauty, and O, land of shadows—
Land of the red and black, contrition fierce,
Whose tall volcanoes lift their sheaves of fire
And thrash the flickering tilth to the weird fields!
There where the crucibles at utmost heat
Of life-solution, settling clear at last,
Reveal the occult fertility of decay,
I dipped to seal with the Inevitable—
The ONE, whereof all life and death convolve
(On death and life at once true spirit wings,
And good and ill are factors of the Best):
But the shrewd Hours were jealous of their score—
The hours whose cadence is mortality—
To beat, beat, beat upon my tired brain
How 'this is life! and this, and this—aye, this!'
Still doling parts that are not of a whole—
Forever knotting in an endless skein,
And counting, counting in the numberless—
That still I wake where good and ill are twain,
To walk till day and night shall come together.

. . . . . .

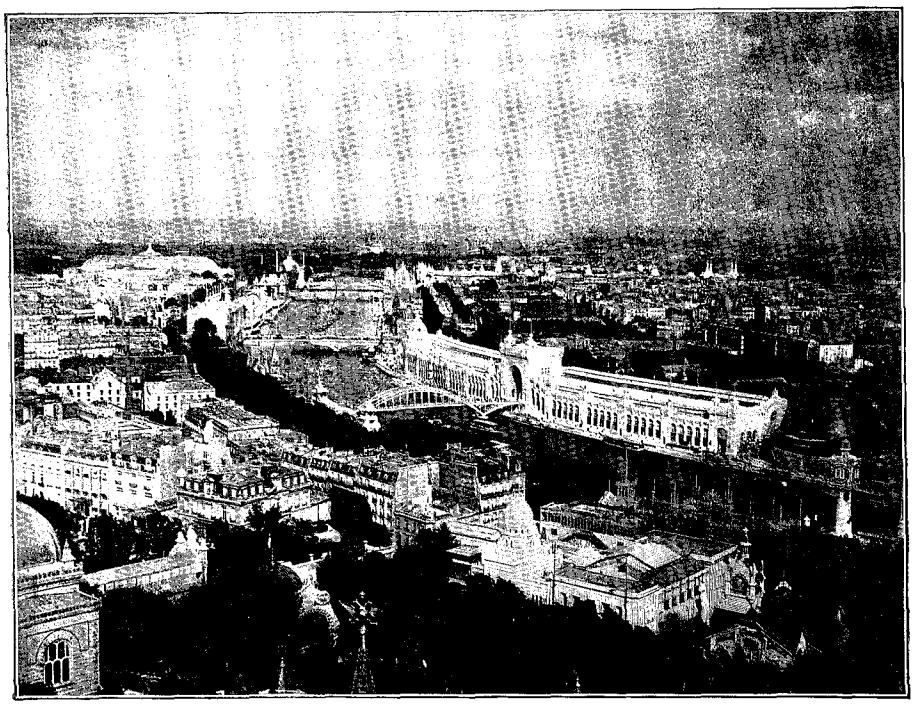
"The ONE—the ONE! Where broodeth He, the ONE!

. . . . . .

"Lo, where the gods recline on asphodel,
The purple-born, the inaccessible!
Sons of the Morning they, whose diadems
And baldrics, by divinest heraldry,
Shall wear the constellations! Not for them
Solicitude or awe!—no reverie
Of senile weariness and pain and tears
Shall flush the languor of their long repose!—
Yet not of these the ONE, the ONE of ALL,
Whose old effulgence burns through good and ill,
And dark and light, and death and life the same,
To show the world divine; these are not sure;
These do not make their fate.

"Ye gods potential,
Howe'er ye care not, take my wasted hand
In grasp fraternal! 'Twas an elder hand
That set the bar on your patrician gules,
And left us kindred in this poor relation.
A longer shadow hovers on my way
Than your red hills of Heaven ever cast:
But the dark wing shall lift; death's cycle tires!
The Hours shall gather to eternity
Their tale of woe, and only Life shall live—
Self-poised, immortal, flattering death no more!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The River Seine Flowing in a Graceful Curve.

A CAMERA AT THE FAIR

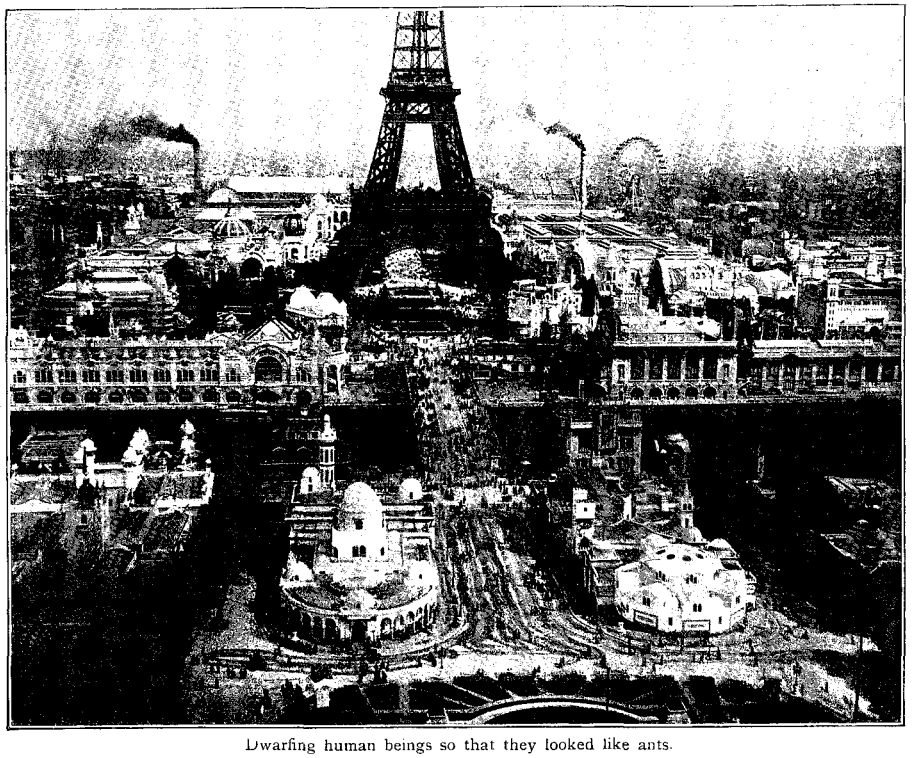
By Dwight Lathrop Elmendorf

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

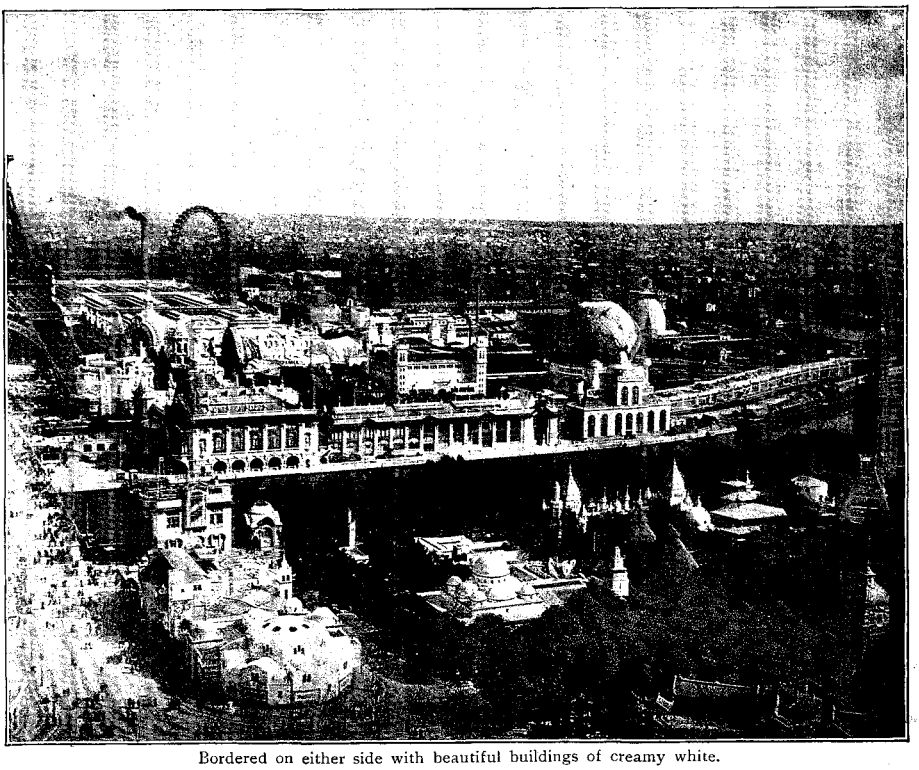
OF all the great fairs or expositions, that at Paris in 1900 presented the most exasperating problem to the camera. While there was much that was beautiful in detail, the general effect was sadly disappointing, because of the proximity of the cheap and tawdry; and the tenement-like crowding of the great and small buildings made a confused picture to the eye and an impossibility for the photographer.

Upon entering the gates at the Trocadéro Palace (the monumental entrance was simply impossible except at night, when it could hardly be seen), one was at once besieged by the wheel-chair attendants, who were as importunate as New York cabmen, anxious to carry the sight-seer about at the rate of two francs per hour. It took a great deal of courage to chase away these individuals, and still more to enter an *ascenseur* which decided to start to the top of the east tower of the Trocadéro Palace after the *ascenseur* man had finished his cigarette. But after an interval of about ten minutes the top was reached and the panorama before the eyes was finer than from any other point within or without the grounds. The whole Exposition lay before one, to the south. Toward the east was the river Seine flowing in a graceful curve, bordered on either side with beautiful buildings of creamy white and smaller buildings of all hues linked together by artistic bridges under which the busy little Seine boats swiftly passed, while the dense masses of trees here and there seemed to act as settings for the brilliant buildings. The gar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

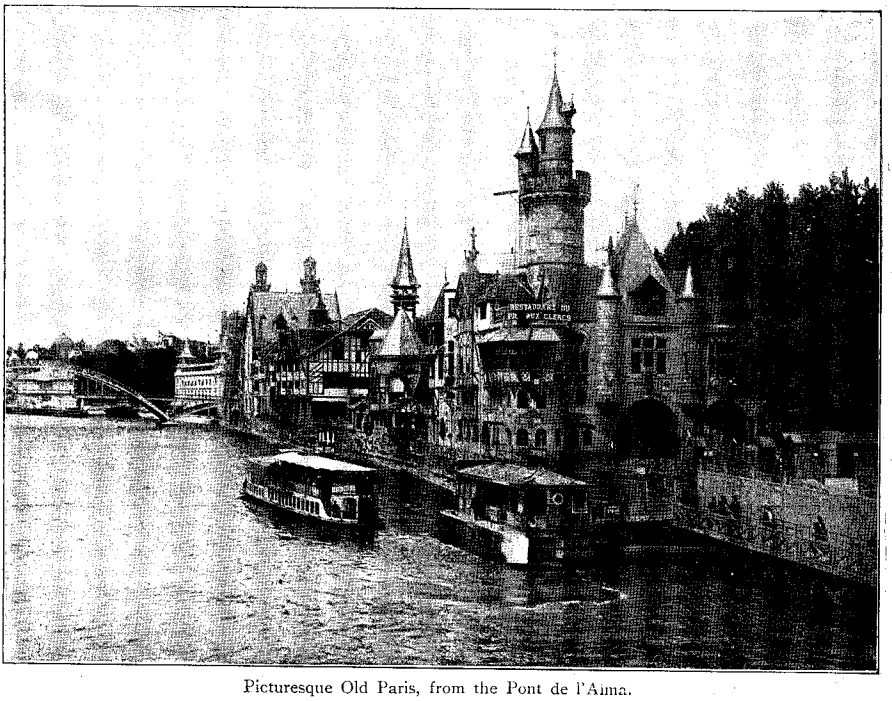


Dwarfing human beings so that they looked like ants.
(Looking from the Trocadéro toward the south.)

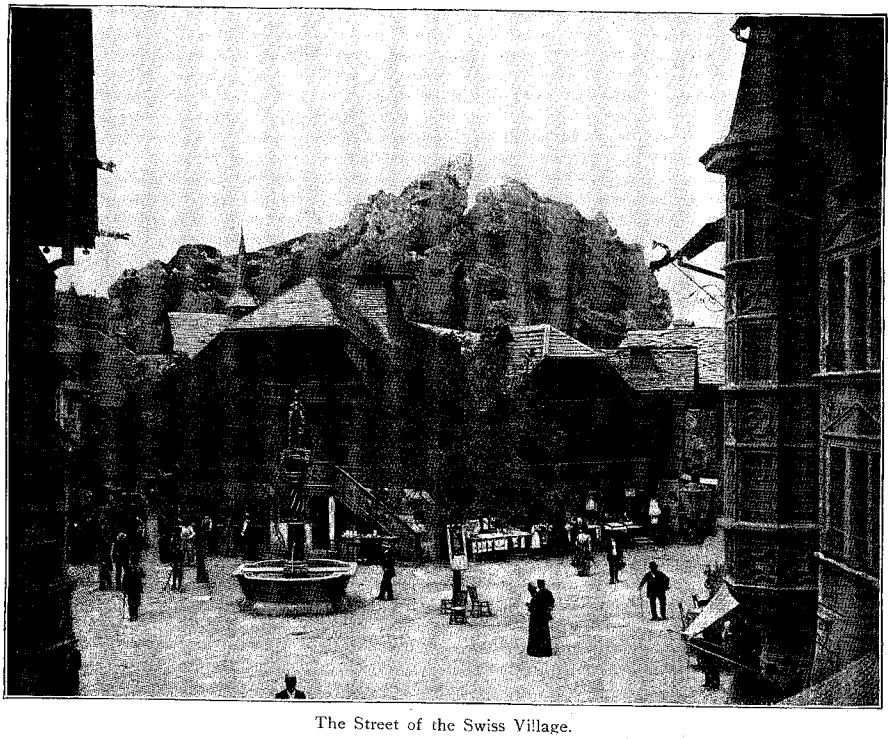


Bordered on either side with beautiful buildings of creamy white.
(The Exposition, looking southwest from the Tower of the Trocadéro.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

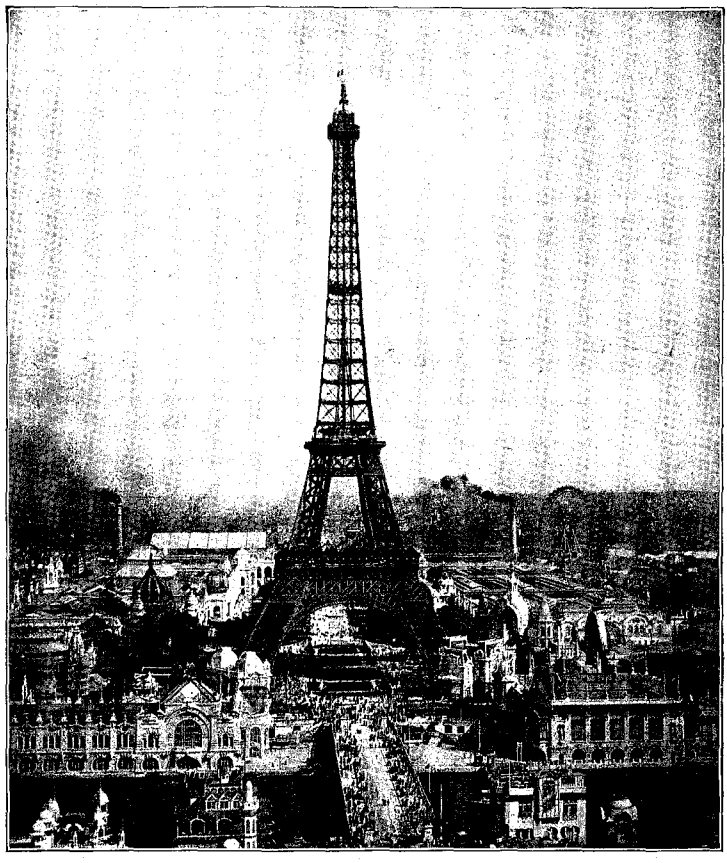


Picturesque Old Paris, from the Pont de l'Alma.



The Street of the Swiss Village.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Eiffel Tower from the East Tower of the Trocadéro.

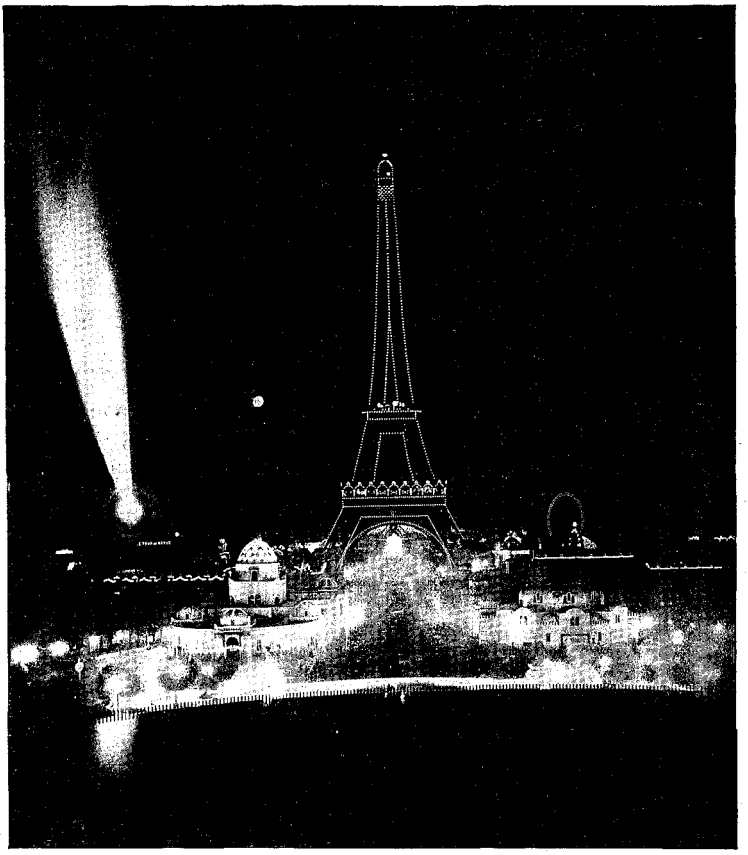
dens of the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the towers of Notre Dame formed a background which vanished in the smoke of the busy city beyond.

Directly in front, the graceful Eiffel Tower rose three hundred metres above the Champ de Mars, dwarfing human beings so that they looked like ants as they strolled about on the broad and tiresome gravel walks, which were evidently constructed either by the committee in charge of the wheel-chairs, or by the company which owned the thousands of uncomfortable iron chairs in evidence everywhere, offering the weary sightseer a seat at the rate of ten centimes, or fifteen if the chair happened to be possessed of a couple of wires which masqueraded as arms at the sides.

Directly behind the Eiffel Tower were the great buildings of the Champ de Mars section, which formed, with the Château d'Eau, a kind of quadrangle. This was in no way comparable with the Court of Honor at the World's Fair at Chicago, although the Château d'Eau was quite effective when illuminated for a few minutes a week—generally on Friday nights, when five tickets of admission were demanded. The fountains did not run in the daytime, except once or twice on special occasions. Aside from the fountains themselves, the details of the ornamentation of the Château d'Eau were exquisite, and the illuminated star surmounting the centre arch was very effective when the search-light from the Eiffel Tower made it visible.

The general effect of the Champ de Mars was not heightened by the innumerable signs of "Bock" and "Bière" everywhere apparent, while the great side corridors were actually obstructed by the tables and chairs of the various cafés and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Eiffel Tower at Night.

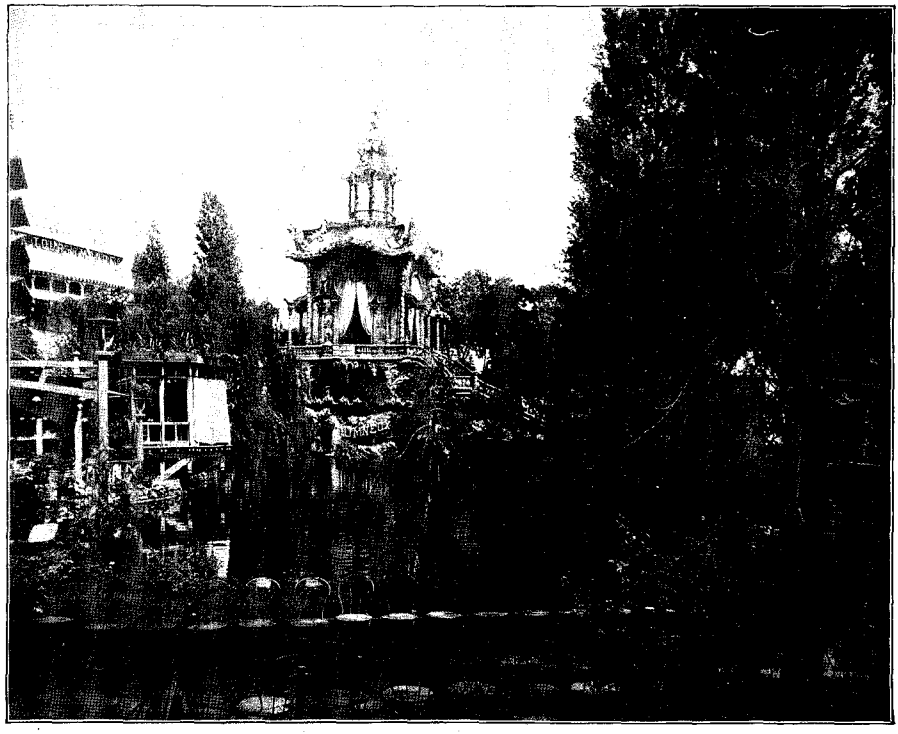
venders of drinks, who seemed to own this part of the Exposition. Indeed, it was like an exposition of cafés and restaurants, with a few artistic decorations and exhibits as side-shows.

Just across the street from the southwest corner of the Champ de Mars section, but connected with it by a rustic bridge, was the Swiss village. Upon entering the village, one soon discovered that the street was not the only thing that separated it from the rest of the Exposition. A different atmosphere pervaded the whole enclosure. Purer air seemed to descend from the rocky heights, which were dotted here and there with miniature Swiss chalets, while little streams of water came dancing down, turning mill-wheels on their way, and afforded drink to the gentle cows that came down the green valley, wending their way homeward, keeping time to the tinkling of the bells.

Classes of school-children performing their exercises in concert on a little elevated platform were quite a contrast to the so-called dances seen in many other places in the Exposition, while the pretty maids in Swiss costumes were quite irresistible as saleswomen behind their tables loaded with souvenirs. On the north side of the village was a reproduction of Tell's chapel, with precipitous rocks behind it high enough to shut out the rest of the world. High up on the rocks the mountain pinks and the edelweiss were growing, while down below a little brook flowed into a miniature lake, which offered but a sorry retreat for a few poor gulls with clipped wings.

The Exposition authorities attempted to introduce some French dances, but the Swiss villagers turned out *en masse* and hissed and whistled so vigorously that they were spared the infliction; and more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



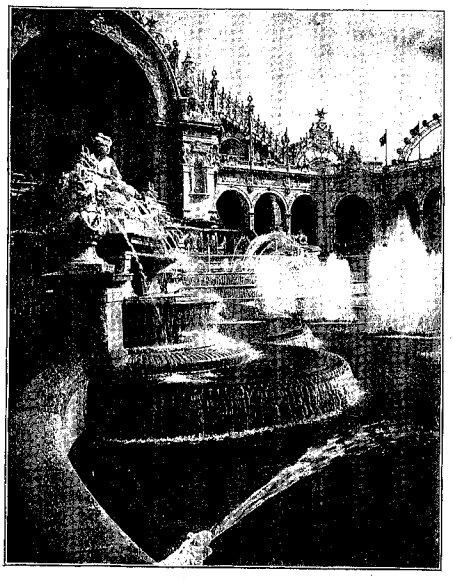
The Palais Lumineux

The Palais Lumineux at Night

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one visitor felt thankful that the little village remained truly Swiss.

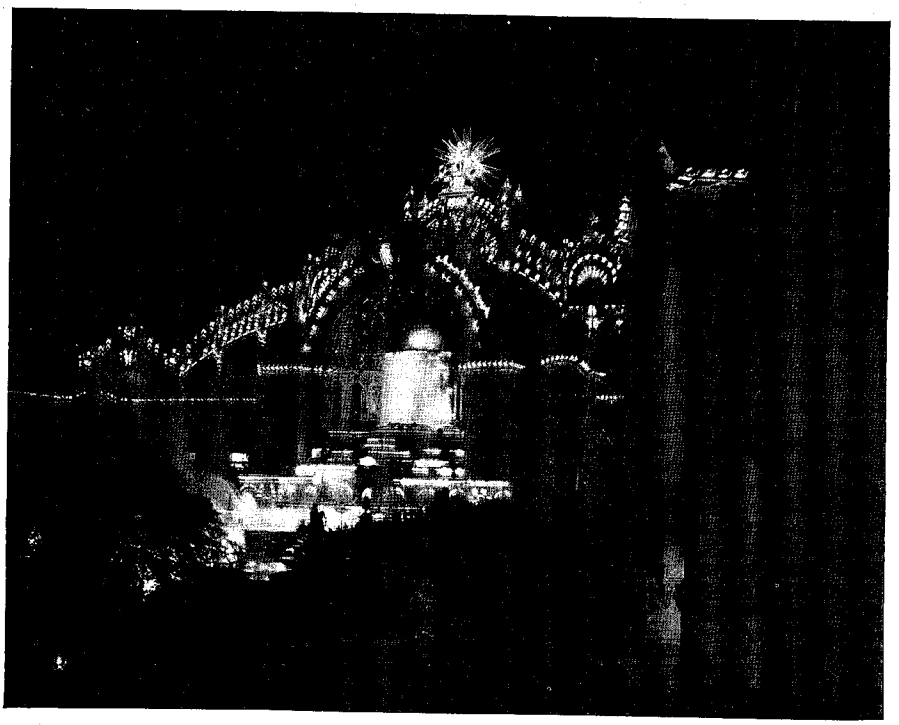
The Eiffel Tower, beautiful as it was during the day, seemed to crown the whole Exposition at night, when it was illuminated; nothing could be seen but its graceful outlines sharply cut against the dark sky. It was especially beautiful when the full moon rose and added her light to the countless electric lamps which sparkled from the top to the bottom, while all the adjacent buildings added their share to the brilliancy of the scene.



The Château d'Eau.

A few paces to the east of the tower was the Palais Lumineux, a very Frenchy building, surrounded by clever landscape work which was reflected in a calm little artificial lake that almost surrounded it. This was especially fine when illuminated at night, for the building was constructed of glass of various colors which added beauty and softness to the general effect.

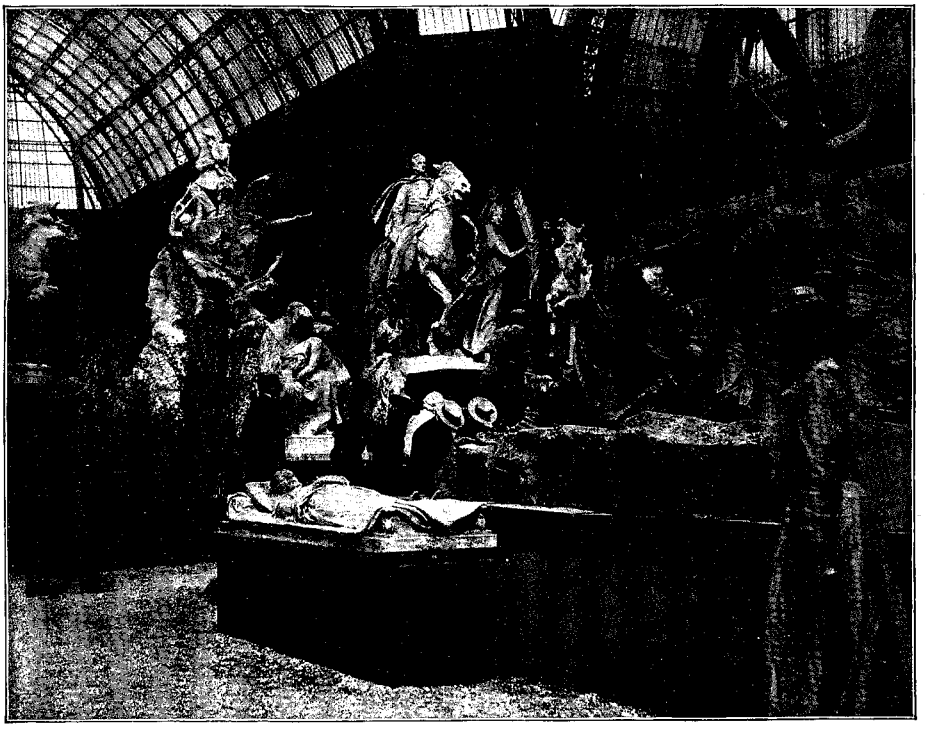
North of the Seine and below the Trocadéro Palace were the buildings of the various provinces or colonies of France and of other nations, while to the eastward, upon a narrow strip of land behind the Horticultural buildings, was a row of cafés



The Château d'Eau Illuminated.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Grand Palais des Beaux Arts and the Alexander III. Bridge.

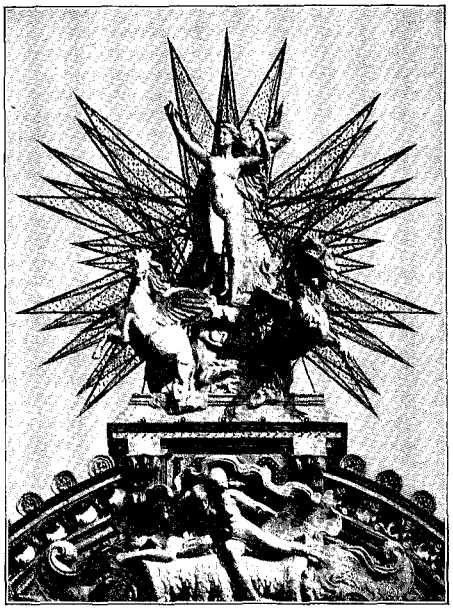


The Amphitheatre of the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts
(St. Gaudens's statue of General Sherman in the centre.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chantants and low Bowery shows, which repelled rather than attracted, not only by the vulgarity of their posters, but also by the discordant sounds which came from their motley brass bands. Fortunately there was only a limited space for these shows.

A little farther to the eastward, on the north bank of the Seine, was Old Paris, to which distance lent its chief enchantment. As seen from the Pont de l'Alma it was very picturesque, and one regretted that he had not been satisfied with that distant view.



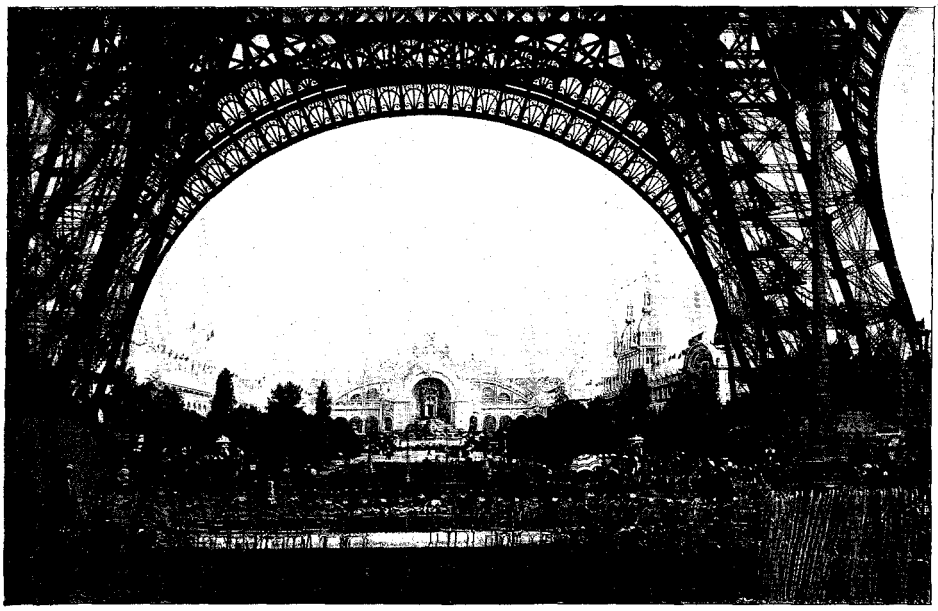
The Star Surmounting the Centre Arch of the Château d'Eau.

On the opposite or south side of the river, between Pont de l'Alma and the Alexandre III. bridge, was a long series of saloons and cafés which served as foundations for the various national buildings. These latter were placed so near together that the various styles of architecture clashed disagreeably, and it was difficult to study one building at a time.

That part of the Exposition which left nothing to be desired was, after all, the Beaux Arts section, connected with the Invalides section by the beautiful Alexander III. bridge. There was room enough about the buildings to permit suitable landscape setting, and the delicate color of the buildings themselves contrasted well with the flowers and palms skilfully arranged. One was often glad to get away from the congested portions of the fair, but the Beaux Arts section was never left without regret.

A Group of Americans on Their Way to the Exposition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Château d'Eau as Seen from Under the Eiffel Tower.

THE LANDSCAPE FEATURES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY D. L. ELMENDORF AND OTHERS

THE Exposition at Paris in the year 1900 is, beyond any other world's fair that has preceded it, a gathering together of the works of the earth in a systematic and effective manner. Paris being the centre of arts and manufactures of the finest quality if not the greatest quantity, can readily undertake to present a more comprehensive and characteristic exhibit of remarkable things of all climes than it is possible to gather together at any other point of the earth's surface. And then, fortunately, the genius of the French nation is happily disposed to the festive character that one naturally associates with fairs of all kinds. We should hardly expect classic art to keep control of the design in a place like the Paris Exposition, where it is the supreme desire of the management to attract every kind of people. The authorities of Paris who undertook the design of the buildings and grounds of the Exposition, for they cannot be separated in the consideration of this subject, evidently felt the necessity of recognizing this festal and evanescent character, and have therefore accepted a gay and lively theory of treatment which, while it does not adhere very closely to classic models and is somewhat rococo, yet seeks to secure grace of line and harmony of proportion, and, above all, color in its most light, charming, and brilliant combinations. We may criticise some of the details, as the French themselves do more than anyone else, but we must concede that probably never has such a glorious panorama of artistic life presented itself as in the *ensemble* at Paris in 1900.

The writer has thus endeavored to recognize at the outset the fundamental underlying idea of the composition of the Exposition, because he wishes to present the scheme of landscape gardening em-

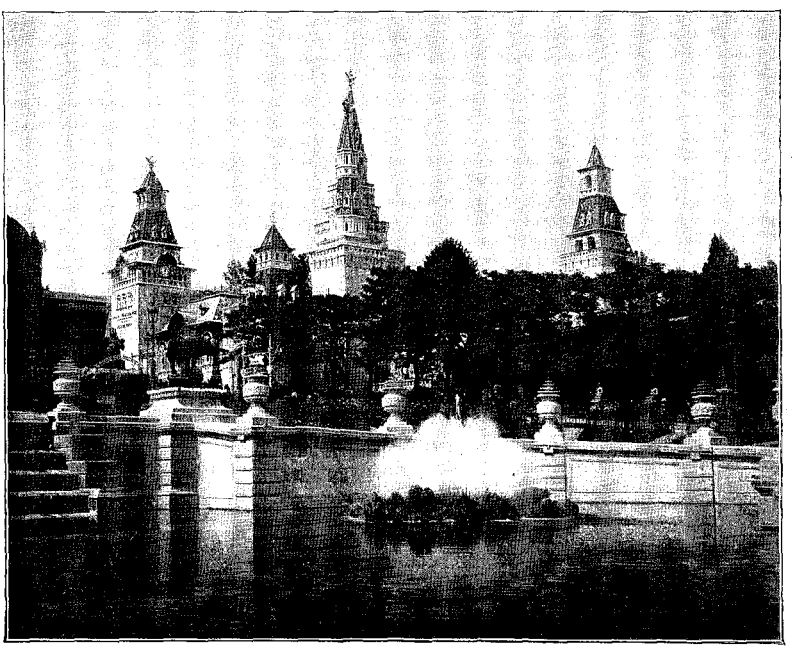
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployed as an Exposition theory of arrangement, and not, as in any sense, a piece of park work that would be expected to remain for a generation very much as it is at present.

There are undoubtedly one or two portions of the Exposition which will remain for many years approximately in the same condition as they are at present, but here we shall see that a different quality has been given to both the design and execution; less brilliance possibly, but certainly more dignity and perfection of beauty. The harmonies will be found perhaps less gay, but the charm of the effect will be more perfect and lasting, as becomes a more permanent creation.

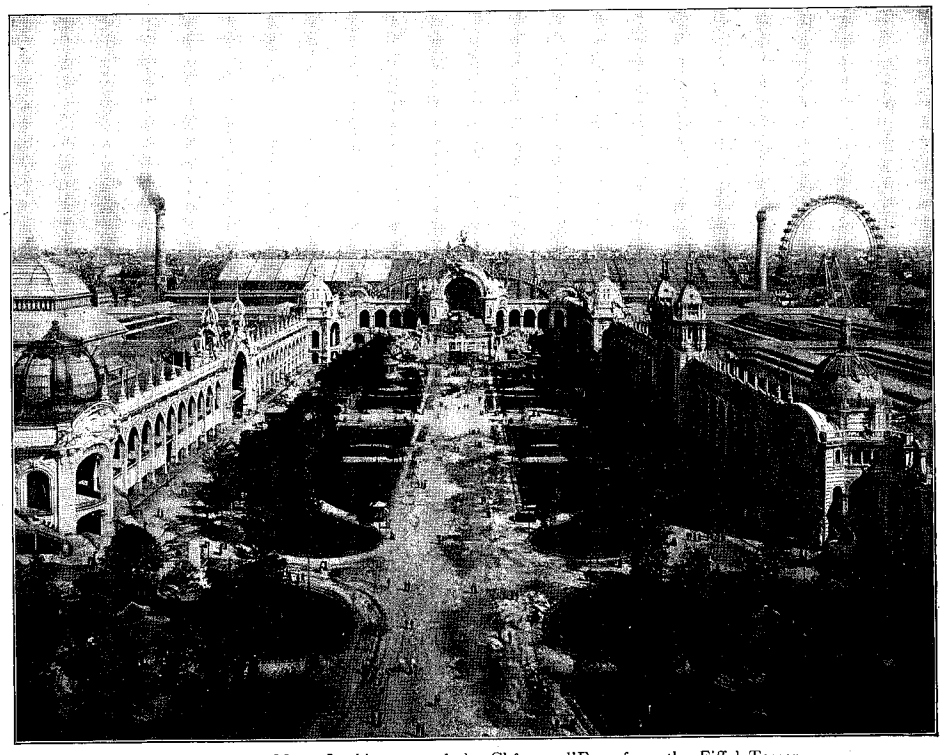
The subject of the landscape gardening of the Exposition, naturally divides itself into two parts, one, the treatment of the Champ de Mars section of the Fair up to the Trocadéro, and the other, the scheme of the permanent grounds which are to be left around the so-called Great and Little Palaces, where are found the modern collection of pictures and sculpture and the priceless historical collections of past ages. These buildings, occupying as they do the original position of the Palace of Industry abutting on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, must be considered such an important feature of the city itself that they may be taken in a graver fashion than the rest of the Exposition; but the sensitive genius of the French has succeeded even here in serious buildings, in imparting a certain bright and joyous charm that makes them blend satisfactorily with the other buildings more characteristic of the Fair.

As one enters the Champ de Mars, where is the main show of everything else as well as of landscape gardening, one naturally seeks the slightly higher ground adjoining the Palace of Electricity at the extreme southeast end. Here, from the borders of a fine fountain which does not somehow do all in action which we find ourselves expecting of it, the most moving panorama of the Exposition unfolds itself as the eye ranges from the Trocadéro to the north and west around the Eiffel Tower. One is at first somewhat overwhelmed by the gayety and magnificence of the scene, with its white and gold and blue of turretted castles and fantastic mediæval structures and its great green trees and bright parterres of brilliant glowing flowers. It is necessary, before one can calmly analyze one's impressions of the scene, to wander quietly about for a time and allow the details of the surroundings



A Fountain in the Lake.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Champ de Mars, Looking toward the Château d'Eau, from the Eiffel Tower.

Looking from the Château d'Eau toward the Trocadéro.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slowly to unfold themselves until they are presented to the mind in their proper relations. It is a grand sight, but especially stimulating from the endless mingling of the old features of the city with the new and absorbing episodes of the Fair.

From the Jena bridge over the Seine one looks across a wide expanse of green to the Eiffel Tower, catching a glimpse, under the tower, of broad, bare gravel spaces beyond, and the entire effect is agreeable. But when the point of view is changed and the visitor takes his position at the Palace of Electricity the space before the eye is marred by a gravel walk one hundred feet wide, that greatly injures the general harmony of a scene which should be otherwise almost unsurpassed for dignity, simplicity, and large landscape effect. It seems as if, speaking under the disadvantage of an outsider, some skilfully contrived arrangement of winding walks, screened with shrubbery, might have been devised whereby the blinding glare and naked discordance of this half mile of gravel space might have been avoided. One more blemish may be discerned as one stands on the bridge, namely, a weak massing of great leafy trees across the angles of the terminus of the vista over against the Palace of Electricity. It would not be well to risk obscuring this building by an extended thickening of the flanking plantations; but there is certainly not enough, for nothing increases the effectiveness of a building more than properly disposed groups of trees and shrubs, which largely cover the lower parts and form a base from which the higher portions of the building may rise with increased impressiveness. The general effect of the flanking plantations of grand specimens of trees extending to the Seine for three-quarters of a mile is most excellent, and their foliage adds a charm to the buildings which they could ill afford to spare.

The Lake Adjoining the Palais Lumineux.

The trouble with the entire design of the Exposition, as the most favorable critics will readily confess, is the confined area allotted for its occupation. Consider how impossible it becomes to secure the proper

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Chinese Pagoda.

landscape effect when the entire scheme, buildings and all, is restricted to two hundred and fifty acres of land (Chicago had eight hundred acres); and consider still further that of these two hundred and fifty acres of land, only about one-quarter of the area has been set apart for grass and planting of all kinds. The result has been, particularly on the Champ de Mars, that the general landscape effect is disappointing. The *ensemble* is, as already intimated, unquestionably crowded and lacking in the best kind of landscape effect, and is a little too much inclined to the rococo style of art to be entirely dignified and satisfying, in spite of the concession we may feel inclined to make to the gay and festal nature of the occasion. This lack of breadth of landscape quality and the desire to please the public with gay effects has developed a kind of gardening that is a little mixed, here distinctly French and there partaking of what is called in France the English school of elliptical curves and irregular masses; and has also brought into undue prominence a geometrical form of flower-beds that do not always arrange themselves so as to avoid injuring the proper effect of the turf and trees. The Exposition's demand for popular showy effects has evidently led to a good deal of a kind of flower-bed that would hardly have been used in just this way in the permanent parks of Paris.

Having said so much, however, concerning defects in the design of the grass, flower, and tree effects of the Champ de Mars, and having said it with great reluctance in view of my profound respect for the wonderful gardening of the entire Exposition, I feel the more constrained to express the highest admiration for the broad views, administrative ability, and highly trained skill of Monsieur Vacherot, and to say that only those who have tried to do it, can appreciate the difficulty of thus preparing turf, arranging flowers and planting trees, and, above all, of thus skilfully grading the surface of the lawn. It is truly wonderful in its results, but let no one imagine that it has been done in a week of the past spring, or altogether in the rush of a preparation for a world's fair. Indeed, if it had not been done in accordance with scientific methods, and based on carefully prepared schemes initiated years ago, it could not, in the nature of things, have attained anything like the success it has. It is true, these trees have been in many cases planted in their places this spring in the height of the rush and hurry of the preparations for the Exposi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, and all of them, with a few exceptions, were set out two years ago last spring; but it should be remembered that all these trees which have been moved have been prepared specially for the purpose by digging around them and cutting their roots, so as to induce an abundant fresh growth of new and small fibres. During the time occupied in making fresh roots until their removal, these trees have been carefully watered, cultivated, and treated with rich mellow soil. When they were finally moved, they were lifted with a care that is scarcely known in America, by means of an ingenious arrangement of wheels and pulleys in the form of a wagon or chariot, as it is called. The tree is lifted and moved with its ball of earth and roots carefully confined with bands of branches and twigs, so that scarcely a small fibre can be jarred, much less injured, in transit to its destination. In order to move trees a foot or eighteen inches in diameter of stem and thirty to forty feet high, eighteen to twenty great Percheron draught horses, specially trained for the purpose, are often used, and the tree is in this way taken and landed in its hole as daintily and with as little jar as would accompany the setting down of any supremely precious thing. The Paris Management of Parks always keeps in its nursery—a remarkable place of many acres and ninety-two glass houses—or on the streets, large trees that have been moved within a comparatively short time and that have been treated in the way which has been briefly and imperfectly indicated. It is for this reason that such apparently magical effects can be produced by the Parisian authorities, such as repairing in a few weeks the damages of a storm, or creating, in a few months, a park in connection with a World's Fair.

The most potent factor that enables the Parisian gardener to accomplish so much is the use of *water*. He does not water every day only, but he waters all the time; for, though economical generally, he seems to be almost too lavish with water. If the trees are not being watered, the hose is pouring water in some ingenious way over the turf. The soil is doubtless prepared

The Horticultural Hall during an Exhibition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avenue Nicholas II.

by tilth and fertilizers in the most skilful manner, but water is applied to the trees at once after the roots have been cut or have been transplanted, and the application of water is kept up almost incessantly. For instance, it is not considered enough simply to move the carefully prepared tree in the most skilful manner, but small tile pipes, two to three inches in diameter, are often made to encircle the roots of the freshly planted tree, two and two and a half feet below the surface of the ground, and the end of the pipe, which is unglazed and porous and not jointed, is led to the surface of the ground where water in abundance is poured into it.

The trouble in America is that there is a vast deal of misdirected effort in planting trees, and people in this country are strangely moved to plant trees in great numbers without due regard to the character of the result likely to be obtained. Almost any tree is a tree to them; but such a tree as they would readily accept as quite good enough, would be either at once discarded by a French expert, or else taken as something which must be trained and brought to proper perfection by years of effort. One must acknowledge without hesitation that the Frenchman is a prince of tree growers and tree planters. He even knows enough to recognize that he is not always doing his best, for, in the desire to attain quick results, he allows his skill to undertake the removal of large trees; but he would be the first to explain that the removal of a perfect, well-formed, medium-sized tree will attain the best results in the end. The French landscape gardener, however, recognizes a certain sentiment in Paris which demands an immediate and more or less dramatic result to please the people. In order to do it the French genius proves its quality chiefly in its willingness to take an infinite amount of pains. It may be said, furthermore, that the artistic sense of a Frenchman makes him delight in a highly finished piece of work, such as this tree-planting unquestionably is; but back of it all is a desire to please the public and to take infinite pains to do it.

It is not practicable to give extended details of the different remarkable features of landscape gardening effects that have been successfully developed on the Champ de Mars, but in justice to the skill displayed, attention must be drawn to some of the perfect specimens of trees and shrubs, arranged in fine groups all over the lawns. The presence of such specimens of evergreens as the atlas cedar, cedar of Lebanon, thuïopsis borealis, retinosporas, Nordman's fir, abies concolor, rhododendrons and azaleas, and of such deciduous trees as weeping elms, beeches, birches, hazels, lindens, and a host of other species and varieties, is very impressive, especially as these specimens are of remarkable beauty and perfection. The cedars of Lebanon and cedrus deodora are of great size also, being, in some cases, from twenty to thirty feet high, while lindens, planes, poplars and elms, are far larger. There have been 50,000 shrubs used besides the vast numbers placed on view by individual exhibitors. Many of these shrubs would not grow in America, although the brilliant effect they produce would be desirable, and yet, our own dogwoods and viburnums are equally beautiful, though in a different style. Deciduous shrubs bloom better and do better

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in America than they do in Paris, and although a great many of them are used, they are less popular than the great shining green leaves of evergreen species, such as the laurocerasus which is much employed at the Exposition.

There is one especially distinguished illustration of the beautiful way in which the management has carried out the design and execution of single important features of landscape gardening. Close to the Eiffel Tower, on the northeast side, there is a small territory in front of the Palais du Costume and surrounding a small building called the Palais Lumineux. This territory was so fortunate as to have an original configuration of the ground which on its varied surface included several large specimens of willows and poplars and a small pond or lake; and with this material and a lot of other shrubs and trees, the landscape architect has happily contrived a genuine bit of woodland scenery, one of the few bits to be seen at the Exposition, which does not naturally lend itself to such treatment on account of its confined space and the necessarily nearly complete obliteration of original conditions. But here, at the illuminated Palace, the artist has fortunately found his chance to develop a charming bit of landscape gardening. All the formality of straight lines and flat surfaces is forgotten, and the woodland note is admirably caught and sustained. The pond has apparently been lengthened and curved in and out so as to make coves and points on which stand the large original trees. Shrubs, disposed about in a natural manner, are used, and they are good specimens planted four or five feet from each other, and not thrown together in thick masses as we are apt to have them in this country. The individual shrubs are not only good, but the grass is so exquisitely managed and curved to the water's edge that one feels as if one were in a genuine dainty woodland nook where nymphs, in pride of their shrine, keep everything alive and glowing with beauty. Bits of rock fall into natural place on the shore, and groups of them allow water to fall over their edges and ferns and vines to thrive in their crevices. The rocks are imitation, to be sure, but we are inclined to forgive them for the sake of the beauty of the effect, which looks entirely unsophisticated and artless. Near this favored nook there is a charming large thatched summer-house surrounded by the same kind of rocks and great trees which makes it another genuine bit of woodland. The French have a natural aptitude for thatching roofs, and this illustration of their skill is a good one.

As might be expected, the effects of the Exposition and of the streets of the city of Paris, as created by trees, are made with a few species and varieties, and they are principally Lombardy poplars, oriental planes, elms, horse-chestnuts and lindens, of which plane-trees and horse-chestnuts most abound everywhere; but though the horse-chestnut is perhaps the favorite French tree, discerning tree lovers there, as elsewhere, will tell you that it loses its leaves too early in the summer to allow it to attain to entire excellence of credit as a park tree. One does not see as many maples as one would expect, and the sugar maple, moreover, does not succeed well in this dry, hot soil.

Leaving the landscape gardening which forms part of the Eiffel Tower and Trocadéro region we come to the Beaux Arts Palace grounds, the real gem of the landscape gardening of the Exposition. Fortunately it is to remain after the Exposition, as a permanent addition to the parks and public buildings of Paris. In this park, on the edge of the avenue of the Champs Elysées are placed the two great buildings devoted to the permanent exhibition of ancient and modern art, paintings and sculpture and tapestries, a priceless collection. The Grand Palais is devoted to modern art and the Petit Palais to past or historic art, and these palaces stand nearly in the same place as the Palace of Industry stood during the Exposition of 1889, including besides an area which was at that time somewhat neglected and imperfectly improved. Architecturally, the buildings are nearly all that could be desired, splendid and dignified and worthy of the age of art in which they were designed. Between these buildings there is a space of one hundred feet, which gives ample opportunity for the decoration of the buildings. When across the Alexander III. Bridge one finally finds one's self looking from the Avenue St. Nicholas at the gate on the Avenue des Champs Elysées

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clear up to Napoleon's Tomb and the Hôtel des Invalides, and sees the ground between the river and the Invalides cleared in imagination of exposition buildings as it is intended to be, it will become evident in a moment that one is gazing on one of the most splendid landscape-gardening effects in the world. It may not be landscape-gardening in the strict sense of the term where the large effects of landscape are obtained, and where the influence will be to inspire thoughts and feelings kindred to those produced by noble natural scenery; but it is certainly urban gardening of a high type where infinite pains, fine taste and largeness of aim have succeeded in duly fitting the means to the end, without destroying or deadening the effect of anything of artistic value in the immediate neighborhood, as has happened in the adjustment of the buildings and the foliage in the neighborhood of the Trocadéro. The conditions of the buildings and the avenue with its vista are such as distinctly to limit the planting to a somewhat formal decorative border for the palaces, but what a grand decorative border it is; surely the world never saw a finer of its kind! No circumstances could have been more fortunate for the development of just such an effect, for all along the Avenue des Champs Elysées a great mass of horse-chestnuts forms a most effective background to the gardening scheme, while by means of trees transplanted and trees that already stood in place, the pile of the buildings is softened and partially obscured in its lower portions in just the way needed to bring out the beauties of the architectural lines most effectively.

It should be explained here that while in the Champ de Mars most of the trees and shrubs were furnished by the management of the Exposition, and few by exhibitors themselves who have their names attached to their plants by labels, it is quite different on the grounds attached to the buildings of the Beaux Arts and in the space originally occupied by the Cours la Reine, a most picturesque and diversified spot. Here nearly everything is exhibited by the nurserymen of Paris, although everything is carefully located by the management and bought by the city so as to be able to keep it permanently in the exact spot where it has been set. The perfection of these specimens is really almost beyond belief, and it is not a case of a few, but of scores and hundreds of sago palms, rhododendrons, azaleas, hollies, atlas cedars, deodar cedars, rare silver firs, thujas and thuïopsis dolabrata, sequoia gigantea (the big California tree), evergreen magnolias, all varying from ten to forty feet high and all growing satisfactorily and not merely struggling for existence, as many specimens do just after being set out, especially if the summer be as hot as the present one. It is a mistake for Americans to delude themselves into the belief that the French climate is so much better than that of America, for although we do have as a rule severer winters than those of France, the summers there are quite as trying as those of America, for their droughts are often long protracted, and the soil is sandy or else chalky and hard. During such a terrible summer as that of 1900, with the heat close on to a hundred degrees Fahrenheit for days at a time, and rain so long absent as to have passed almost into oblivion, the advantages in climate possessed by France will be hardly apparent, and the evidence equally indubitable that only by unlimited watering and cultivating can the evils of burning droughts, peculiar to both America and France, be mitigated.

Another feature of the plantations of the Exposition is the absence, or the smallness in number, of many species and varieties of trees and shrubs which we prize highly in America, such as Japanese maples, viburnums, dogwoods, especially C. Florida, and the effect of the shrubs, as well as that of trees, is made by a comparatively small number of kinds, and those principally evergreen, such as laurocerasus, box-trees, etc.

The treatment of the grading is, as it should be, quite formal in front of the buildings, but it shades off delicately and artfully into the more natural recesses of the grounds of the horticultural exhibit contained in what used to be, before it was filled in and graded, the gravelled walks and bridle-paths of the Cours la Reine. The grading of all these lawns deserves the highest praise. One or two little pools are introduced in the happiest and most effective manner in the horticultural grounds, and a naturally un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dulating surface sustained; but in front of the Palaces of Art everything is formal and dignified, and the perfection of the turf is something to be remembered by many who have often tried in vain to get it. There is not a weak spot apparently, and the wonder of it is that some of it was sown late last spring and has grown into a beautiful turf in a few weeks, and the secret of the magical success is the daily and almost hourly use of water.

This wonderful perfection of neatness and clean, healthy vigor is not confined, moreover, to the outdoor exhibits of plants of the management and nurserymen; for in the horticultural halls and other glass houses, beautiful specimens of palms, orchids, and leaf plants of all kinds are shown in large quantities, and the exhibition of color effects is splendid and almost overwhelming; but their beauty is greatly attributable to the healthy vigor they display. The grouping of plants and arrangement of colors displayed by the exhibitors in these houses has all the artistic skill peculiar to Parisian growers of greenhouse specimens. Light, airy convenience characterizes the houses, especially in their freedom from crowding. The plants are raised upon masses of artificial rock covered with lycopodium or some other good covering, and the effect is elegant and airy, and the arrangement open and suitable to permit the gathering of crowds; and although it may be said that there is nothing particularly new in the general style of arrangement, it is more free and harmoniously combined than is usually seen in similar exhibitions. The architectural exterior of these glass-houses is particularly pleasing, as they do not dominate the scene; for they are low, comparatively, and the glass covered with wooden shades painted a neutral color, so that you hardly think of them as greenhouses.

One of the interesting exhibits of flowers is that of the aquatics or water plants, such as lotuses and nymphæas (lilies), and the pools for their exhibition are most artistically arranged so as to combine the right amount of clear water to properly present the charms of the flowers. There are whole classes of fine nymphæas which have originated in France and are known all over the world, and come here to the Exposition of Paris represented by the most beautiful specimens. They are also found in some of the fountain basins, and they, altogether, form one of the most beautiful portions of the exhibit, for nothing, not even an orchid, can be more beautiful in color and form than one of the finer kinds of water-lilies.

There is certainly a word due to the unrivalled splendor of the river view as seen from boats on the Seine. Few flowers comparatively appear in sight, and only a few exhibits of fruit-trees and plants; but the brilliance and harmony of hue and line are indescribable, and truly form, with all the evanescent character of the scene, one of the wonders of the world.

Probably no one knows the limitations and imperfections of the Fair better than the designers themselves; yet, candidly, can anyone of competent knowledge and experience declare that there is any other nation on earth who could have done this landscape gardening better, or as well, under the conditions existing in the approved plan of the Exposition? It is a good and healthy lesson to look at our own doings in the light of other people's, not only intelligently but candidly and honestly. Everyone interested in landscape gardening should visit this nineteenth century exposition and see, by comparison, how really bad some of his own work of this kind is likely to be; and yet there is no real reason why he should be discouraged, for there are heights of landscape gardening to which even Frenchmen have not yet attained.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TONE OF TIME

By Henry James

I WAS too pleased with what it struck me that, as an old, old friend, I had done for her, not to go to her that very afternoon with the news. I knew she worked late, as in general I also did; but I sacrificed for her sake a good hour of the February daylight. She was in her studio, as I had believed she would be, where her card ("Mary J. Tredick"—not Mary Jane, but Mary Juliana) was manfully on the door; a little tired, a little old, and a good deal spotted, but with her ugly spectacles taken off, as soon as I appeared, to greet me. She kept on, while she scraped her palette and wiped her brushes, the big stained apron that covered her from head to foot and that I had often enough before seen her retain in conditions giving the measure of her renunciation of the desire to dazzle. Every fresh reminder of this brought home to me that she had given up everything but her work, and that there had been in her history some reason. But I was as far from the reason as ever. She had given up too much. This was just why one wanted to lend her a hand. I told her, at any rate, that I had a lovely job for her.

"To copy something I do like?"

Her complaint, I knew, was that people only gave orders, if they gave them at all, for things she didn't like. But this wasn't a case of copying—not at all, at least, in the common sense. "It's for a portrait—quite in the air."

"Ah, you do portraits yourself!"

"Yes, and you know how. My trick won't serve for this. What's wanted is a pretty picture."

"Then of whom?"

"Of nobody. That is of anybody—anybody you like."

She naturally wondered. "Do you mean I'm myself to choose my sitter?"

"Well, the oddity is that there's to *be* no sitter."

"Whom, then, is the picture to represent?"

"Why, a handsome, distinguished, agreeable man, of not more than forty, clean-shaven, thoroughly well-dressed, and a perfect gentleman."

She continued to stare. "I'm to find him myself?"

I laughed at the term she used. "Yes, as you 'find' the canvas, the colors, and the frame." After which I immediately explained. "I've just had the 'rummest' visit, the effect of which was to make me think of you. A lady, unknown to me and unintroduced, turned up at my place at three o'clock. She had come straight, she let me know, without preliminaries, on account of one's high reputation—the usual thing—and of her having admired one's work. Of course I instantly saw—I mean I saw it as soon as she named her affair—that she hadn't understood my work at all. What am I good for, in the world, but just the impression of the given, the presented case? I can do but the face I see."

"And do you think I can do the face I don't?"

"No, but you see so many more. You see them in fancy and memory, and they come out, for you, from all the museums you've haunted and all the great things you've studied. I *know* you'll be able to see the one my visitor wants and to give it—what's the *crux* of the business—the tone of time."

She turned the question over. "What does she want it for?"

"Just *for* that—for the tone of time. And, except that it's to hang over her chimney, she didn't tell me. I've only my idea that it's to represent, to symbolize, as it were, her husband, who's not alive and who perhaps never was. This is exactly what will give you a free hand."

"With nothing to go by—no photographs or other portraits?"

"Nothing."

"She only proposes to describe him?"

"Not even. She wants the picture itself to do that. Her only condition is that he be a *très-bel homme*."

She had begun at last, a little thought-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fully, to remove her apron. "Is she French?"

"I don't know; I give it up. She calls herself Mrs. Bridgenorth."

Mary wondered. "*Connais pas!* I never heard of her."

"You wouldn't."

"You mean it's not her real name?"

I hesitated. "I mean that she's a very downright fact, full of the implication that she'll pay a downright price. It's clear to me that you can ask what you like; and it's therefore a chance that I can't consent to your missing." My friend gave no sign either way, and I told my story. "She's a woman of fifty, perhaps of more, who has been pretty and who still presents herself, with her gray hair a good deal powdered, as I judge, to carry it off, extraordinarily well. She was a little frightened and a little free: the latter because of the former; but she did uncommonly well, I thought, considering the oddity of her wish. This oddity she quite admits; she began indeed by insisting on it so in advance that I found myself expecting I didn't know what. She broke at moments into French, which was perfect, but no better than her English, which isn't vulgar; not more, at least, than that of everybody else. The things people *do* say, and the way they say them, to artists! She wanted immensely, I could see, not to fail of her errand, not to be treated as absurd; and she was extremely grateful to me for meeting her so far as I did. She was beautifully dressed and she came in a brougham."

My listener took it in; then, very quietly, "Is she respectable?" she inquired.

"Ah, there you are!" I laughed; "and how you always pick the point right out, even when one has endeavored to diffuse a specious glamour! She's extraordinary," I pursued after an instant; "and just what she wants of the picture, I think, is to make her a little less so."

"Who is she, then? What is she?" my companion simply went on.

It threw me straightway back on one of my hobbies. "Ah, my dear, what is so interesting as life? What is, above all, so stupendous as London? There's everything in it, everything in the world, and nothing too amazing not some day to pop out at you. What is a woman, faded, preserved, pretty, powdered, vague, odd, dropping on one without credentials, but with a carriage and very good lace, what is such a person but a person who *may* have had adventures and have made them, in one way or another, pay? They're, however, none of one's business; it's scarcely on the cards that one should ask her. I should like, with Mrs. Bridgenorth, to see a fellow ask! She goes in for dignity. If I suspect her of being the creation of her own talents, she has clearly, on the other hand, seen a lot of life. Will you meet her?" I next demanded.

My hostess waited. "No."

"Then you won't try?"

"Need I meet her to try?" And the question made me guess that, so far as she had understood, she began to feel herself a little taken. "It seems strange," she none the less mused, "to attempt to please her on such a basis. To attempt," she presently added, "to please her at all. It's your idea that she's not married?" she, with this, a trifle inconsequently asked.

"Well," I replied, "I've only had an hour to think of it, but I somehow already see the scene. Not immediately, not the day after, or even perhaps the year after the thing she desires is set up there, but in due process of time and on convenient opportunity, the transfiguration will occur. 'Who is that awfully handsome man?' 'That? Oh, that's an old sketch of my dear dead husband.' Because I told her — insidiously sounding her — that she would want it to look old and that the tone of time is exactly what you're full of."

"I believe I am!" Mary sighed at last.

"Then put on your hat." I had proposed to her on my arrival to come out to tea with me, and it was when left alone in the studio while she went to her room that I began to feel sure of the success of my errand. The vision that had an hour before determined me grew deeper and brighter for her while I moved about and looked at her things. There were more of them there on her hands than one liked to see, but at least they sharpened my confidence, which was pleasant for me in view of that of my visitor, who had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accepted without reserve my plea for Miss Tredick. Four or five of her copies of famous portraits—ornaments of great public and private collections—were on the walls, and to see them again together was to feel at ease about my guarantee. The mellow manner of them was what I had had in my mind in saying, to excuse myself to Mrs. Bridgenorth, "Oh, my things, you know, look as if they had been painted to-morrow!" It made no difference that Mary's Vandykes and Gainsboroughs were reproductions and replicas, for I had known her more than once to amuse herself with doing the thing quite, as she called it, off her own bat. She had copied so bravely so many brave things that she had at the end of her brush an extraordinary bag of tricks. She had always replied to me that such things were mere clever humbug; but mere clever humbug was what our client happened to want. The thing was to let her have it—one could trust her for the rest. And at the same time that I mused in this way I observed to myself that there was already something more than, as the phrase is, met the eye in such response as I felt my friend had made. I had touched, without intention, more than one spring; I had set in motion more than one impulse. I found myself indeed quite certain of this after she had come back in her hat and her jacket. She was different—her idea had flowered; and she smiled at me from under her tense veil, while she drew over her fine, narrow hands a pair of fresh gloves, with a light distinctly new. "Please tell your friend that I'm greatly obliged to both of you and that I take the order."

"Good. And to give him all his good looks?"

"It's just to do *that* that I accept. I shall make him supremely beautiful—and supremely base."

"Base?" I just demurred.

"The finest gentleman you'll ever have seen, and the worst friend."

I wondered, as I was startled; but after an instant I laughed for joy. "Ah well, so long as he's not mine! I see we *shall* have him," I said as we went, for truly I had touched a spring. In fact I had touched *the* spring.

It rang, more or less, I was presently to find, all over the place. I went, as I had promised, to report to Mrs. Bridgenorth on my mission, and, though she declared herself much gratified at the success of it, I could see she a little resented the apparent absence of any desire on Miss Tredick's part for a preliminary conference. "I only thought she might have liked just to see me, and have imagined I might like to see *her*."

But I was full of comfort. "You'll see her when it's finished. You'll see her in time to thank her."

"And to pay her, I suppose!" my hostess laughed with an asperity that was, after all, not excessive. "Will she take long?"

I thought. "She's so full of it that my impression would be that she'll do it off at a heat."

"She *is* full of it, then?" she asked; and on hearing to what tune, though I told her but half, she broke out with admiration. "You artists are the most extraordinary people!" It was almost with a bad conscience that I confessed we indeed were, and while she said that what she meant was that we seemed to understand everything, and I rejoined that this was also what *I* meant, she took me into another room to see the place for the picture—a proceeding of which the effect was singularly to confirm the truth in question. The place for the picture—in her own room, as she called it, a boudoir at the back, overlooking the general garden of the approved modern row, and, as she said, only just wanting that touch—proved exactly the place (the space of a large panel in the white woodwork over the mantel) that I had spoken of to my friend. She put it quite candidly: "Don't you see what it will do?" and looked at me wonderfully, as for a sign that I could sympathetically take from her what she didn't literally say. She said it, poor woman, so very nearly that I had no difficulty whatever. The portrait, tastefully enshrined there, of the finest gentleman one should ever have seen, would do even more for herself than it would do for the room.

I may as well mention at once that my observation of Mrs. Bridgenorth was not in the least of a nature to unseat me from the hobby I have already named. In the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light of the impression she made on me, life seemed quite as prodigious and London quite as amazing as I had ever contended; and nothing could have been more in the key of that experience than the manner in which everything was vivid between us and nothing expressed. We remained on the surface with the tenacity of shipwrecked persons clinging to a plank. Our plank was our concentrated gaze at Mrs. Bridgenorth's mere present. We allowed her past to exist for us only in the form of the prettiness that she had gallantly rescued from it and to which a few scraps of its identity still adhered. She was amiable, gentle, consistently proper. She gave me more than anything else the sense, simply, of waiting. She was like a house so freshly and successfully "done up" that you were surprised it wasn't occupied. She was waiting for something to happen—for somebody to come. She was waiting, above all, for Mary Tredick's work. She clearly counted that it would help her.

I had foreseen the fact—the picture was produced at a heat; rapidly, directly, at all events, for the sort of thing it proved to be. I let my friend alone at first, left the ferment to work, troubling her with no questions and asking her for no news; two or three weeks passed, and I never went near her. Then at last, one afternoon as the light was failing, I looked in. She immediately knew what I wanted. "Oh, yes, I'm doing him."

"Well," I said, "I've respected your intensity, but I *have* felt curious."

I may not perhaps say that she was never so sad as when she laughed, but it's certain that she always laughed when she was sad. When, however, poor dear, for that matter, was she, secretly, not? Her little gasps of mirth were the mark of her worst moments. But why should she have one of these just now? "Oh, I know your curiosity!" she replied to me; and the small chill of her amusement scarcely met it. "He's coming out, but I can't show him to you yet. I must muddle it through in my own way. It has insisted on being, after all, a 'likeness,'" she added. "But nobody will ever know."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody that *she* sees."

"Ah, she doesn't, poor thing," I returned, "seem to see anybody!"

"So much the better. I'll risk it." On which I felt I should have to wait, though I had suddenly grown impatient. But I still hung about, and while I did so she explained. "If what I've done is really a portrait, the conditions themselves prescribed it. If I was to do the most beautiful man in the world I could do but one."

We looked at each other; then I laughed. "It can scarcely be *me!* But you're getting," I asked, "the great thing?"

"The infamy? Oh, yes, please God."

It took away my breath a little, and I even for the moment scarce felt at liberty to press. But one could always be cheerful. "What I meant is the tone of time."

"Getting it, my dear man? Didn't I get it long ago? Don't I *show* it, the tone of time?" she suddenly, strangely sighed at me, with something in her face I had never yet seen. "I can't give it to him more than—for all these years—he was to have given it to *me.*"

I scarce knew what smothered passion, what remembered wrong, what mixture of joy and pain my words had accidentally quickened. Such an effect of them could only become, for me, an instant pity, which, however, I brought out but indirectly. "It's the tone," I smiled, "in which you're speaking now."

This served, unfortunately, as something of a check. "I didn't mean to speak now." Then with her eyes on the picture: "I've said everything there. Come back," she added, "in three days. He'll be all right."

He was indeed when at last I saw him. She had produced an extraordinary thing—a thing wonderful, ideal, for the part it was to play. My only reserve, from the first, was that it was too fine for its part, that something much less "sincere" would equally have served Mrs. Bridgenorth's purpose, and that relegation to that lady's "own room"—whatever charm it was to work there—might only mean for it cruel obscurity. The picture is before me now, so that I could describe it if description availed. It represents a man of about five-and-thirty, seen only as to the head and shoulders, but dressed, the observer gathers, in a fashion now almost antique

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and which was far from contemporaneous with the date of the work. His high, slightly narrow face, which would be perhaps too aquiline but for the beauty of the forehead and the sweetness of the mouth, has a charm that even after all these years still stirs my imagination. His type has altogether a distinction that you feel to have been firmly caught and yet not vulgarly emphasized. The eyes are just too near together, but they are, in a wondrous way, both careless and intense, while lip, cheek, and chin, smooth and clear, are admirably drawn. Youth is still, you see, in all his presence, the joy and pride of life, the perfection of a high spirit and the expectation of a great fortune, which he takes for granted with unconscious insolence. Nothing has ever happened to humiliate or disappoint him; and, if my fancy doesn't run away with me, the whole presentation of him is a guarantee that he will die without having suffered. He is so handsome, in short, that you can scarcely say what he means, and so happy that you can scarcely guess what he feels.

It is of course, I hasten to add, an appreciably feminine rendering, light, delicate, vague, imperfectly synthetic—insistent and evasive, above all, in the wrong places; but the composition, none the less, is beautiful and the suggestion infinite. The grandest air of the thing struck me in fact, when first I saw it, as coming from the high artistic impertinence with which it offered itself as painted about 1850. It would have been a rare flower of refinement for that dark day. The "tone"—that of such a past as it pretended to—was there almost to excess, a brown bloom into which the image seemed mysteriously to retreat. The subject of it looks at me now across more years and more knowledge, but what I felt at the moment was that he managed to be at once a telling hocus-pocus and a genuine evocation. He hushed me, I remember, with so many kinds of awe that I shouldn't have dreamt of asking who he was. All I said, after my first incoherences of wonder at my friend's practised skill, was: "And you've arrived at this truth without documents?"

"It depends on what you call documents."

"Without notes, sketches, studies?"

"I destroyed them years ago."

I thought. "Then you once had them?"

She just hung fire. "I once had everything."

It told me both more and less than I had asked; enough, at all events, to make my next question, as I uttered it, sound even to myself a little foolish. "So that it's all memory?"

From where she stood she looked once more at her work; after which she jerked away and, taking several steps, came back to me with something new—whatever it was I had already seen—in her air and answer. "It's all *hate!*" she threw at me, and then went out of the room. It was not till she had gone that I quite understood why. Extremely affected by the impression visibly made on me, she had burst into tears, but had wished me not to see them. She left me alone for some time with her wonderful subject, and I again, in her absence, made things out. He was dead—he had been dead for years; the sole humiliation, as I have called it, that he was to know, had come to him in that form. The canvas held and cherished him, at any rate, as it only holds the dead. She had suffered from him, it came to me, the worst that a woman can suffer, and the wound he had dealt her, though hidden, had never effectually healed. It had bled again while she worked. Yet when she at last reappeared there was but one thing to say. "The beauty, heaven knows, I see. But I don't see what you call the infamy."

She gave him a last look—again she turned away. "Oh, he was like that."

"Well, whatever he was like," I remember replying, "I wonder you can bear to part with him. Isn't it better to let her see the picture first here?"

As to this she doubted. "I don't think I want her to come."

I wondered. "You continue to object so to meet her?"

"What good will it do? It's quite impossible I should alter him for her."

"Oh, she won't want *that!*" I laughed. "She'll adore him as he is."

"Are you quite sure of your idea?"

"That he's to figure as Mr. Bridgenorth? Well, if I hadn't been from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first, my dear lady, I should be now. Fancy, with the chance, her *not* jumping at him! Yes, he'll figure as Mr. Bridgenorth."

"Mr. Bridgenorth!" she echoed, making the sound, with her small cold laugh, grotesquely poor for him. He might really have been a prince, and I wondered if he hadn't been. She had, at all events, a new notion. "Do you mind my having it taken to your place and letting her come to see it there?" Which—as I immediately embraced her proposal, deferring to her reasons, whatever they were—was what was speedily arranged.

II

THE next day, therefore, I had the picture in charge, and on the following Mrs. Bridgenorth, whom I had notified, arrived. I had placed it, framed and on an easel, well in evidence, and I have never forgotten the look and the cry that, as she became aware of it, leaped into her face and from her lips. It was an extraordinary moment—all the more that it found me quite unprepared; so extraordinary that I scarce knew at first what had happened. By the time I really perceived, moreover, more things had happened than one, so that when I pulled myself together it was to face the situation as a whole. She had recognized, on the instant, the subject; that came first and was irrepressibly vivid in her. Her recognition had, for the length of a flash, lighted for her the possibility that the stroke had been directed. That came second, and she flushed with it as with a blow in the face. What came third—and it was what was really most wondrous—was the quick instinct of getting both her strange recognition and her blind suspicion well in hand. She couldn't control, however, poor woman, the strong color in her face and the quick tears in her eyes. She could only glare at the canvas, gasping, grimacing, and try to gain time. Whether in surprise or in resentment, she intensely reflected, feeling more than anything else how little she might prudently show; and I was conscious even at the moment that nothing of its kind could have been finer than her effort to swallow her shock in ten seconds.

How many seconds she took I didn't measure; enough, at any rate, for me also to profit. I gained more time than she, and the greatest oddity, doubtless, was my own private manœuvre; the quickest calculation that, acting from a mere confused instinct, I had ever made. If she had known the great gentleman represented there and yet had determined on the spot to carry herself as ignorant, all my loyalty to Mary Tredick came to the surface in a prompt counter-move. What gave me opportunity was the red in her cheek. "Why, you've known him!"

I saw her ask herself for an instant if she mightn't successfully make her startled state pass as the mere glow of pleasure, her natural greeting to her acquisition. She was pathetically, yet at the same time almost comically, divided; her line was so to cover her tracks that every avowal of a past connection was a danger; but it also concerned her safety to learn, in the light of our astounding coincidence, how far she already stood exposed. She meanwhile begged the question. She smiled through her tears. "He's too magnificent."

But I gave her, as I say, all too little time. "Who is he? Who *was* he?"

It must have been my look, still more than my words, that determined her. She wavered but an instant longer, panted, laughed, cried again, and then, dropping into the nearest seat, gave herself up so completely that I was almost ashamed. "Do you think I'd tell you his *name?*" The burden of the backward years—all the effaced and ignored—lived again, almost like an accent unlearned but freshly breaking out at a touch, in the very sound of the words. These perceptions she, however, the next thing showed me, were a game at which two could play. She had to look at me but an instant. "Why, you really *don't* know it!"

I judged best to be frank. "I don't know it."

"Then how does *she?*"

"How do you?" I laughed. "I'm a different matter."

She sat a minute turning things round, staring at the picture. "The likeness, the likeness!" It was almost too much.

"It's so true?"

"Beyond everything."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I considered. "But a resemblance to a known individual—that wasn't what you wanted."

She sprang up at this, in eager protest. "Ah, no one else would see it."

I showed again, I fear, my amusement. "No one but you and she?"

"It's her doing *him!*" She was held by her wonder. "Doesn't she, on your honor, know?"

"That his is the very head you would have liked if you had dared? Not a bit. How *should* she? She knows nothing—on my honor."

Mrs. Bridgenorth continued to marvel. "She just painted him for the kind of face——"

"That corresponds with my description of what you wished? Precisely."

"But *how*—after so long? From memory? As a friend?"

"As a reminiscence—yes. Visual memory, you see, in our uncanny race, is wonderful. As the ideal thing, simply, for your purpose. You *are* then suited?" I after an instant added.

She had again been gazing and at this turned her eyes on me; but I saw she couldn't speak, couldn't do more, at least, than sound, unutterably, "Suited!" so that I was positively not surprised when, suddenly—just as Mary had done, the power to produce this effect seeming a property of our friend—she burst into tears. I feel no harsher in relating it, however I may appear, than I did at the moment; but it is a fact that while she just wept I literally had a fresh inspiration on behalf of Miss Tredick's interests. I knew exactly, moreover, before my companion had recovered herself, what she would next ask me; and I consciously brought this appeal on in order to have it over. I explained that I had not the least idea of the identity of our artist's model, to which she had given me no clew. I had nothing but my impression that she had known him—known him well; and, from whatever material she had worked, the fact of his having also been known to Mrs. Bridgenorth was a coincidence pure and simple. It partook of the nature of prodigy, but such prodigies did occur. My visitor listened with relief, with belief, she was so far reassured. Then I saw her question come.

"Well, if she doesn't dream he was ever anything to me—or what he will be now—I'm going to ask you, as a very particular favor, never to tell her. She will want to know, of course, exactly how I've been struck. You'll naturally say that I'm delighted, but may I exact from you that you say nothing else?"

There was supplication in her face, but I had to think. "There are conditions I must put to you first, and one of them is also a question, only more frank than yours. Was this mysterious personage—frustrated by death—to have married you?"

She met it bravely. "Certainly—if he had lived."

I was only amused at an artlessness in her "certainly." "Very good. But why do you wish the coincidence——"

"Kept from her?" She knew exactly why. "Because if she suspects it she won't let me have the picture. Therefore," she added, with decision, "you must let me pay for it on the spot."

"What do you mean by on the spot?"

"I'll send you a check as soon as I get home."

"Oh," I laughed, "let us understand! Why do you consider she won't let you have the picture?"

She made me wait a little for this, but when it came it was perfectly lucid. "Because she'll then see how much more I must want it."

"How much less—wouldn't it be rather? since the bargain was, as the more convenient thing, not for a likeness."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bridgenorth with impatience, "the likeness will take care of itself. She'll put this and that together." Then she brought out her real apprehension. "She'll be jealous."

"Oh!" I laughed, but I was startled.

"She'll hate me."

I wondered. "But I don't think she liked him."

"Don't think?" She stared at me, with her echo, over all that might be in it; then seemed to find little enough. "Rubbish!"

It was almost comically the old Mrs. Bridgenorth. "But I gather from her that he was bad."

"Then what was *she?*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I barely hesitated. "What were *you?*"

"That's my own business." And she turned again to the picture. "He was good enough for her to do *that* of him."

I took it in once more. "Artistically speaking, for the way it's done, it's one of the most curious things I've ever seen."

"It's a treat!" said poor Mrs. Bridgenorth, more simply.

It was, it *is*, really; which is exactly what made the case so interesting. "Yet I feel, somehow, that, as I say, it wasn't done with love."

It was wonderful how she understood. "It was done with rage."

"Then what have you to fear?"

She knew again perfectly. "What happened when he made *me* jealous. So much," she declared, "that if you'll give me your word for silence——"

"Well?"

"Why, I'll double the money."

"Oh," I replied, taking a turn about in the excitement of our concurrence, "that's exactly what—to do a still better stroke for her—it had just come to *me* to propose!"

"It's understood then, on your oath as a gentleman?" She was so eager that practically this settled it, though I moved to and fro a little while she watched me in suspense. It vibrated all round us that she had gone out to the thing in a stifled flare, that a whole close relation had in the few minutes revived. We know it of the truly amiable person that he will strain a point for another that he wouldn't strain for himself. The stroke to put in for Mary was positively prescribed. The work represented really much more than had been covenanted, and if the purchaser chose so to value it this was her own affair. I decided. "If it's understood also on *your* word."

We were so at one that we shook hands on it. "And when may I send?"

"Well, I shall see her this evening. Say early to-morrow."

"Early to-morrow." And I went with her to her brougham, into which, I remember, as she took leave, she expressed regret that she mightn't then and there have introduced the canvas for removal. I consoled her with remarking that she couldn't have got it in—which was not quite true.

I saw Mary Tredick before dinner, and though I was not quite ideally sure of my present ground with her, I instantly brought out my news. "She's so delighted that I felt I must in conscience do something still better for you. She's not to have it on the original terms. I've put up the price."

Mary wondered. "But to what?"

"Well, to four hundred. If you say so, I'll try even for five."

"Oh, she'll never give that."

"I beg your pardon."

"After the agreement?" She looked grave. "I don't like such leaps and bounds."

"But, my dear child, they're yours. You contracted for a decorative trifle and you've produced a breathing masterpiece."

She thought. "Is that what she calls it?" Then, as having to think too, I hesitated. "What does she know?" she pursued.

"She knows she wants it."

"So much as that?"

At this I had to brace myself a little. "So much that she'll send me the check this afternoon, and that you'll have mine by the first post in the morning."

"Before she has even received the picture?"

"Oh, she'll send for it to-morrow." And as I was dining out and had still to dress, my time was up. Mary came with me to the door, where I repeated my assurance. "You shall receive my check by the first post." To which I added: "If it's little enough for a lady so much in need to pay for *any* husband, it isn't worth mentioning as the price of such a one as you've given her!"

I was in a hurry, but she held me. "Then you've felt your idea confirmed?"

"My idea?"

"That that's what I *have* given her?"

I suddenly fancied I had perhaps gone too far; but I had kept my cab and was already in it. "Well, put it," I called with excess of humor over the front, "that you've at any rate given *him* a wife!"

When on my return from dinner that night I let myself in, my first care, in my dusky studio, was to make light for another look at Mary's subject. I felt the impulse to bid him good-night, but, to my astonishment, he was no longer there. His place was a void—he had already disappeared. I saw, however, after my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first surprise, what had happened—saw it moreover, frankly, with some relief. As my servants were in bed I could ask no questions, but it was clear that Mrs. Bridgenorth, whose note, moreover, with its check, lay on my table, had been, after all, unable to wait. Her note, I found, mentioned nothing but her enclosure; but it had come by hand, and it was her silence that told the tale. Her messenger had been instructed to "act;" he had come with a vehicle, he had transferred to it canvas and frame. The prize was now, therefore, landed and the incident closed. I didn't altogether, the next morning, know why, but I had slept the better for the sense of these things, and as soon as my attendant came in I asked for details. It was on this that his answer surprised me. "No, sir, there was no man, she came herself. She had only a four-wheeler, but I helped her, and we got it in. It was a squeeze, sir, but she *would* take it."

I wondered. "She had only a four-wheeler? and not her servant?"

"Oh, no, sir. She came, as you may say, single-handed."

"And not even in her brougham, which would have been larger."

My man, with his habit, weighed it. "But *have* she a brougham, sir?"

"Why, the one she was here in yesterday."

Then light broke. "Oh, *that* lady! It wasn't her, sir. It was Miss Tredick."

Light broke, but darkness a little followed it—a darkness that, after breakfast, guided my steps back to my friend. There, in its own first place, I met her creation; but I saw it would be a different thing meeting *her*. She immediately put down on a table, as if she had expected me, the check I had sent her overnight. "Yes, I've brought it away. And I can't take the money."

I found myself in despair. "You want to keep him?"

"I don't understand what has happened."

"You just back out?"

"I don't understand," she repeated, "what has happened." But what I had already perceived was, on the contrary, that she very nearly, that she in fact quite remarkably did understand. It was as if in my zeal I had given away my case, and I felt that my test was coming. She had been thinking all night with intensity, and Mrs. Bridgenorth's generosity coupled with Mrs. Bridgenorth's promptitude had kept her awake. Thence, for a woman nervous and critical, imaginations, visions, questions. "Why, in writing me last night, did you take for granted it was *she* who had swooped down? Why," asked Mary Tredick, "should she swoop?"

Well, if I could drive a bargain for Mary, I felt I could *a fortiori* lie for her. "Because it's her way. She does swoop. She's impatient and uncontrolled. And it's affectation for you to pretend," I said, with diplomacy, "that you see no reason for her having fallen in love——"

"Fallen in love?" She took me straight up.

"With that gentleman. Certainly. What woman wouldn't? What woman didn't? I really don't see, you know, your right to back out."

"I won't back out," she presently returned, "if you'll answer me a question. Does she know the man represented?" Then as I hung fire: "It has come to me that she must. It would account for so much. For the strange way I feel," she went on, "and for the extraordinary sum you've been able to extract from her."

It was a pity and I flushed with it, besides wincing at the word she used. But Mrs. Bridgenorth and I, between us, had clearly made the figure too high. "You think that, if she *had* guessed, I would naturally work it to 'extract' more?"

She turned away from me on this and, looking blank in her trouble, moved vaguely about. Then she stopped. "I see him set up there. I hear her say it. What you said she would make him pass for."

I believe I foolishly tried—though only for an instant—to look as if I didn't remember what I had said. "Her husband?"

"He wasn't."

The next minute I had risked it. "Was he yours?"

I don't know what I had expected, but I found myself surprised at her mere pacific head-shake. "No."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then why mayn't he have been——"

"Another woman's? Because he died, to my absolute knowledge, unmarried." She spoke as quietly. "He had known many women, and there was one, in particular, with whom he became—and too long remained—ruinously intimate. She tried to make him marry her, and he was very near it. Death, however, saved him. But she was the reason——"

"Yes?" I feared again from her a wave of pain, and I went on while she kept it back. "Did you know her?"

"She was one I wouldn't." Then she brought it out. "She was the reason he failed me." Her successful detachment somehow said all, reduced me to a flat, kind "Oh!" that marked my sense of her telling me, against my expectation, more than I knew what to do with. But it was just while I wondered how to turn her confidence that she repeated, in a changed voice, her challenge of a moment before. "Does she know the man represented?"

"I haven't the least idea." And having so acquitted myself I added, with what strikes me now as futility: "She certainly—yesterday—didn't name him."

"Only recognized him?"

"If she did she brilliantly concealed it."

"So that you got nothing from her?"

It was a question that offered me a certain advantage. "I thought you accused me of getting too much."

She gave me a long look, and I now saw everything in her face. "It's very nice—what you're doing for me, and you do it handsomely. It's beautiful—beautiful, and I thank you with all my heart. But I know."

"And what do you know?"

She went about now preparing her usual work. "What he must have been to her."

"You mean she was the person?"

"Well," she said, putting on her old spectacles, "she was one of them."

"And you accept so easily the astounding coincidence——"

"Of my finding myself, after years, in so extraordinary a relation with her? What do you call easily? I've passed a night of torment."

"But what put it into your head——?"

"That I had so blindly and strangely given him back to her? *You* put it—yesterday."

"And how?"

"I can't tell you. You didn't in the least mean to—on the contrary. But you dropped the seed. The plant, after you had gone," she said with a business-like pull at her easel, "the plant began to grow. I *saw* them there—in your studio—face to face."

"You were jealous?" I laughed.

She gave me through her glasses another look, and they seemed, from this moment, in their queerness, to have placed her quite on the other side of the gulf of time. She was firm there; she was settled; I couldn't get at her now. "I see she told you I *would* be." I doubtless kept down too little my start at it, and she immediately pursued: "You say I accept the coincidence, which is of course prodigious. But such things happen. Why shouldn't I accept it if you do?"

"*Do* I?" I smiled.

She began her work in silence, but she presently exclaimed: "I'm glad I didn't meet her!"

"I don't yet see why you wouldn't."

"Neither do I. It was an instinct."

"Your instincts"—I tried to be ironic—"are prodigious!"

"They *have* to be, to meet such accidents. I must ask you kindly to tell her, when you return her gift, that, now I have done the picture, I find I must after all keep it for myself."

"Giving no reason?"

She painted away. "She'll know the reason."

Well, by this time I knew it too; I knew so many things that I fear my resistance was weak. If our wonderful client hadn't been his wife in fact, she was not to be helped to become his wife in fiction. I knew almost more than I can say, more, at any rate, than I could then betray. He had been bound in common mercy to stand by my friend, and he had basely forsaken her. This indeed brought up the obscure, into which I shyly gazed. "Why, even granting your theory, should you grudge her the portrait? It was painted in bitterness."

"Yes. Without that——!"

"It wouldn't have come? Precisely. Is it in bitterness then you'll keep it?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She looked up from her canvas. "In what would *you* keep it?"

It made me jump. "Do you mean I *may?*" Then I had my idea. "*I'd* give you her price for it!"

Her smile, through her glasses, was beautiful. "And afterwards make it over to her? You shall have it when I die." With which she came away from her easel, and I saw that I was staying her work and should properly go. So I put out my hand to her. "It took—whatever you will!—to paint it," she said, "but I shall keep it in joy." I could answer nothing now—had to cease to pretend; the thing was in her hands. For a moment we stood there, and I had again the sense, melancholy and final, of her being, as it were, remotely glazed and fixed into what she had done. "He's taken from me, and for all those years he's kept. Then she herself, by a miracle—!" She lost herself again in the wonder of it.

"Unwittingly gives him back?"

She fairly, for an instant, over the miracle, closed her eyes. "Gives him back."

Then it was I saw how he would be kept! But it was the end of my vision. I could only write, ruefully enough, to Mrs. Bridgenorth, whom I never met again, but of whose death—preceding by a couple of years Mary Tredick's—I happened to hear. This is an old man's tale. I have inherited the picture, in the deep beauty of which, however, darkness still lurks. No one, strange to say, has ever recognized the model, but everyone asks his name. I don't even know it.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE disappointment of some of the larger cities at their relatively small rate of increase in population the last decade, as compared with the decade 1880–90, is of course natural, so keen is inter-metropolitan rivalry. It is, however, hardly justified mathematically, when one considers how much more it means, though measured by the same per cent., for a city of 500,000 to increase to 1,000,000 than for a city of 50,000 to increase to 100,000. And the fact is the sign of a change distinctly hopeful, so far as it has significance, standing out by itself before the full census figures have been ascertained by the experts. For the fact points to a pause in the process of congestion of population, a process which has menaced rural life in spots one might almost say with extinction; speaking, for example, of the "decayed hill towns" of New England, and setting off the quality of what is taken against the quality of what is left. The fact fits in, too, with the anticipations of not a few observers who have been hopeful of a halt in the set toward the cities from the latest advance in facilities of communication. What are the differentiating marks of recent material progress? Who would now think of using the once familiar formula, calling ours "the age of the railroad, the steamboat, and the telegraph?" These have been long outgrown, and we live in the day of the telephone, the trolley-car and the bicycle, or, to be strictly "up-to-date," the automobile.

A Sign of the Census.

These are obviously decentralizing instruments of social intercourse. They so increase the possibilities and conveniences of suburban living as to push the suburb farther and farther back into the country, until they suggest the probability that they may in the end redeem rural life itself, even the life of the farm, from the curse of loneliness, and arrest, to some extent, the flow of population to the great centres. The telephone, the bicycle, and above all the trolley, carry the city out into the country, bringing the more or less isolated home into touch with its neighbors and the nearer group, be it village, town, or city. This exactly reverses the initial influence of the railroads, which for years carried the country away into the city, stimulating "the spirit of unrest" by which, as Donald G. Mitchell once said, "God has peopled the West and California." This is not a theoretical inference but a literal fact. In his study of census returns, including the census of 1890, John C. Rose points out that in general those sections having the best rail-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

road facilities lost the largest per cent. of population by emigration to the cities. In so far as the census of 1900 shows a relatively smaller growth in the larger cities, it indicates a return to a more general distribution of population, something for whose accomplishment the possible means have long been sought in vain.

The increase of strictly suburban life is a commonplace of statistical investigation. In his study of the census of 1890 Carroll D. Wright analyzes the figures to show that the over-crowding of the so-called tenement-house districts has probably reached a maximum, largely because of the new set toward the suburbs. Colonel Wright quotes the conclusion of Sydney J. Low, an authority on the English census, who after noting similar facts there, makes this prediction: "If the process goes on unchecked, the Englishman of the future will be of the city but not in it. He will be a suburb dweller. The majority of the people of these islands will live in the suburbs." The impossibility of delimiting or defining the suburb, as its extent becomes more and more indefinite, is due no less to the influence of trolley competition than to its direct facilities. To this competition must be largely attributed the fact, discovered by Professor Commons in his recent investigation of railway rates in Massachusetts, that while fares for long distances have fallen but little below what they were fifty years ago, commutation fares for short distances have fallen nearly fifty per cent. in ten years, that is, during the period of trolley extension. It is by no means a case merely of cheaper suburban living. For the opportunity of a country home for those whose work calls them daily to the city keeps pace with a new devotion to all that now attracts to the country, the love of sport and any interest or diversion that calls one out into the open. Suburban living has thus come to mean something far different from what it used to be thought when a suburb was merely nearness to a great city. And with every increased remove the suburban city worker is brought closer to the genuine country, while the attraction of the city life to the country worker is distinctly lessened. So far, then, as the census shows a relatively arrested rate of increase in city population it justifies a new identification of suburb with country, and is a sign of a healthy reaction which may some day reach even the now abandoned farm.

Sea Poetry from a Steamer Chair

"MR. MCANDREW, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" Everybody remembers that, and the explosive rejoinder. But really, the saloon passenger does not seem to be so much to blame, if what he knows of the sea is no more than the summer crossing of the Atlantic, which may be assumed to be the case with the great majority of the potential readers of these remarks. A British æsthete, on his arrival in New York, now nearly a score of years ago, made bold to express his disgusted disappointment with the Atlantic as a spectacle, which moved a compatriotic journalist of his to observe that "a great calamity had befallen a considerable body of water." But the æsthete had been preceded by Lowell, and for that matter by Lucretius, although there was an admixture of malice in that outlook on the sea which the Roman poet found "suave." Lowell, on his first voyage, found out that the poetic use of the sea was to be looked at from the shore. And, indeed, the long plunge of the rollers along the coast of New England or New Jersey,

> the scream of a maddened beach dragged down by the wave,

gives much more thrill than any sights or sounds of midocean the summer tourist is likely to encounter. Was it not George William Curtis who put this so happily in one of his too few essays in verse:

> Oh listen to the howling sea
> That beats on the remorseless shore.
> Oh listen, for that sound shall be
> When our wild hearts shall beat no more.
>
> Oh listen well, and listen long,
> For, sitting folded close to me,
> You could not hear a sweeter song
> Than the hoarse murmur of the sea.

When the "hoarse murmur" really makes itself heard, and felt, off sounding, it is apt to be with accompaniments that obstruct appreciation. That vast gray monotony of the usual summer passage has its impressiveness at first, especially if one takes the deck alone at midnight, as if he were "on board" an asteroid launched into the loneliness of the interstellar spaces. But there is no miracle that grows sooner trite. One seems to detect a trace of boredom in Virgil's

> nec jam amplius ulla
> Occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique cælum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And yet how limited are the possibilities of boredom afforded by the Mediterranean to the boundless tedium of the Atlantic! The saloon passenger, with (by hypothesis) less internal resource than the Mantuan bard, and unbitten by the industrial tarantula of Trollope, looking abroad over "leagues of pitiless brine" when he looks abroad at all, and having his tedium aggravated by the beat of the screw, "the very pulse of the machine," knows well enough that the eventlessness of his trip is better for him than any eventfulness could be; that, contrary to etymology, to be "happy" would be to be mishappy or unhappy. But this does not prevent him from being bored with a boredom the more acute as it becomes chronic. Thrown upon his own intellectual resources, it is no wonder that he is reduced to finding differences among the hotels of Omaha, or to discussing the best train to take west of Chicago.

The boredom of the Atlantic is not exactly a poetical sentiment. But it has found a poetical expression in Lowell, whose prose impatience with it has already been mentioned. In his "Columbus" there are depicting lines of the ordinary incidents, or lack of incidents, of the first and most memorable "Atlantic trip."

> How lonely is the sea's perpetual swing,
> The melancholy wash of endless waves,
> The sigh of some grim monster undescried
> Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine.

Just at present most readers would call Mr. Kipling the laureate of the sea. But he is by no means the poet of the steamer-chair. It is the sea in action that interests him, and that he knows best how to render:

> Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
> To bid me change my mind again—
> He broke his teeth along my rail,
> And, roaring, swung behind again.

To be sure there are in the "Envoi" of the Barrack Room Ballads, some of the common experiences of passengers presented with unequalled vividness:

> Oh the mutter overside, when the port fog holds us tied,
> And the sirens hoot their dread!
> When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep
> To the sob of the questing lead.

But the monotony of the summer passage is not for the strenuous singer. Instead of looking out over the gray wash of the normal summer ocean and inquiring what it wished to say, one perceives that he would be swapping tales in the smoking-room, or be down in the engine-room gathering technicalities.

Upon the whole, Clough's "Songs in Absence" remain the best poetry of the steamer-chair. The sort of ruminant meditation which the steamer-chair induces was particularly in his line, and his curiously embarrassed and obstructed talent never found more artistic expression. (It is one of these which Bagehot quotes, at the end of his essay on Clough, as the most characterizing of his friend's performances.) Whoever knows these dozen lyrics will at least agree that they deserve to be more widely known. The "Green Fields of England" is the only one that has attained much of a vogue. But the collection is especially noteworthy as furnishing, even after half a century, and from the time of the twelve-day Cunarder, the best "criticism of life" on the Atlantic ferry, and the most definite expression of a vague and not easily definable condition of mind. And he does justice to the beguilements of the tedium while conveying a sense of the tedium itself:

> On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
> Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
> Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
> The foaming wake far widening as we go.

"Pleasant," even if the pleasure is wound up with a yawn. The voyager must recognize the truth of the depiction, as of this statement of the unshakable purpose, the "tenax propositi," which is the most poetical notion the modern liner can convey:

> Come back, come back!
> Back flies the foam, the hoisted flag streams back;
> The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,
> Back fly with winds things that the winds obey,
> The strong ship follows its appointed way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

The "Entombment."

TWO OLD MASTERS IN MEXICO

THE tourist in Mexico finds old architecture and old pictures so prominent among the objects of interest that his experiences seem in no slight degree to form an extension of European travel on this continent. Thousands of canvases are decoratively employed in the old churches and other ecclesiastical edifices of that country, but nearly all of these are products of the very interesting school of Mexican painting that was developed under Spanish influences. In the course of the three centuries of Spanish dominion not a few European masterpieces, however, found their way overseas to New Spain. Some of these are still left, adorning the walls of the San Carlos Academy of the Fine Arts in the City of Mexico, or treasured in some church or cathedral. Among all the old masters ever brought to that country it is probable that there could have been nothing of greater importance than two paintings that, up to within a comparatively few years, had been rarely seen by non-Mexican eyes since they left Europe.

One of these must have been the last master-work sent from the Peninsula to the New Spain of the Viceroys, and the other was, perhaps, the first. The former is the "Assumption" by Murillo, that belongs to the cathedral of the large and important city of Guadalajara, where it was isolated from the world at large until the railway was built thither ten years ago. This picture is one of the twenty-seven versions of the theme that Murillo is known to have painted. It is said that it belonged to the famous collection of Virgins in the Escorial. When Napoleon invaded Spain, the chapter of the cathedral at Guadalajara, in testimony of patriotic devotion, sent to King Carlos IV. a large sum of money to aid in the defence of the country. Appreciating the sacrifice, the king selected this masterpiece to be sent to Guadalajara in grateful acknowledgment. When the French invaded Mexico and held the country for Maximilian's brief empire, they endeavored to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

secure this work as a trophy, just as the two Murillo "Assumptions" in the Louvre are trophies of Napoleon's invasion of the Peninsula. But even an offer of $40,000 did not secure a revelation of its hiding-place. It now hangs in the sacristy of the cathedral, in a position too high and a light ordinarily too dim to show it to advantage.

This Guadalajara "Assumption" is certainly a superb example of Murillo. It is hardly possible to institute just comparison between works so far apart as this and the famous painting in the Louvre. One should also make allowance for the difference in mood wrought by difference in environment: in the one case standing in the presence of a solitary masterpiece and subjected wholly to its influence; in the other surrounded by a multitude of famous works. My impression was, however, that this work was at least a peer of the Murillo in the Louvre, and its color seemed to be fuller and more satisfying. It certainly has most delicious quality; there is an unspeakable fascination in the exquisite shimmering and silvery tones of the white drapery of the Virgin, blending in infinite gradations. Unfortunately the photograph reproduced in the accompanying illustration scarcely suggests this quality. It was the only photograph obtainable, and was not made from an isochromatic plate.

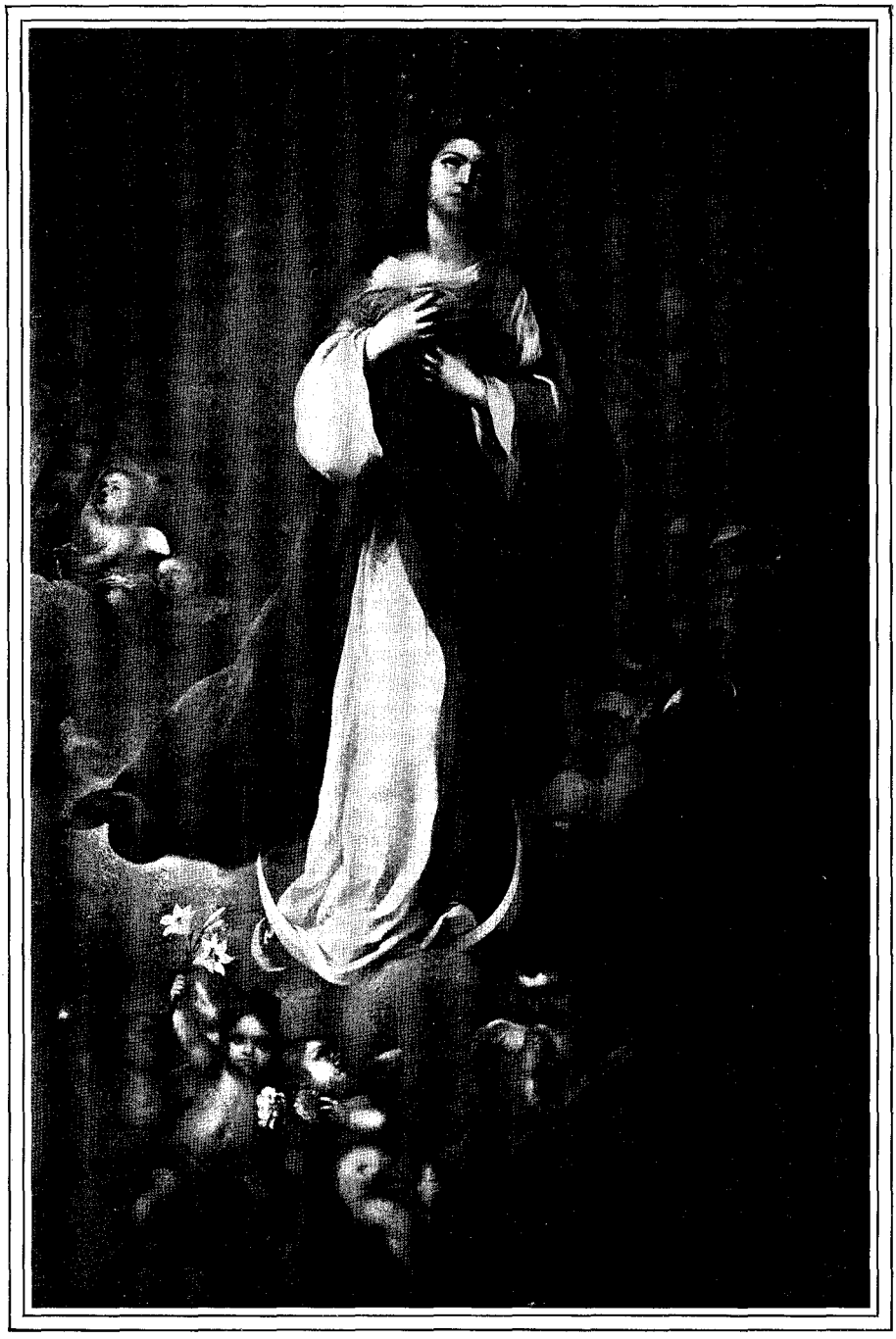
A prominent Mexican critic, Señor Eduardo Gibbon, in an intimate study of the picture, has instituted some comparisons with the work in the Louvre. Though possibly too partial to the Guadalajara work, his opinions have an interest. He pronounces its inspiration better and more spiritual than that of the Louvre painting, and its drawing also superior. In color he finds it as vigorous and living, with lights and shadows more impressive; the type of the Virgin ideally inspired, while that of the Louvre he deems too Spanish in features. The group of cherubs in the foreground, while less in number, he calls equal in celestial beauty; the same figures are represented in both pictures, but different in posture—those of the Louvre absorbed in adoration and those in the Guadalajara canvas hailing the sublime mother with lilies, roses, and palms. In general tenor of composition Señor Gibbon regards the Guadalajara painting as more intricate, more allegorical, and more important than that of the Louvre.

The second of these great pictures is the now famous "Entombment" of Tzintzúntzan, now an obscure Indian village on Lake Pátzcuaro, a beautiful sheet of water among the pine-clad mountains of Michoacan. When the Spaniards explored the region they found Tzintzúntzan, a large native city, the capital of the great Tarascan nation. They made it the provincial capital for awhile, under the name of the city of Michoacan. Until the removal of the seat of the Cathedral to Pátzcuaro at the other end of the lake, in 1540, it remained a very important place. Then the population dwindled from forty thousand to a mere handful, and ever since Tzintzúntzan has been a primitive, indigenous community, where even Spanish is almost a strange tongue.

The great canvas has been there ever since the early days of Spanish occupation, but no one can tell just how or when it came. It is said to have been sent by Philip II. as a gift to Bishop Quiroga, but it seems more likely that it was presented by the emperor Charles V. The Catholic kings of Spain were accustomed to make costly gifts to the New World church, as witnessed by the treasures of art bestowed upon the cathedrals of Mexico and Puebla. Quiroga was one of the most famous of bishops, and his sovereign very naturally would have honored him with a masterpiece—possibly painted with special regard to its service as a mural decoration. But it would seem that the picture must have come to Tzintzúntzan previous to the removal of the cathedral, for it would not be likely to have been placed by the bishop in a church of a village instead of in his own cathedral at Pátzcuaro. So it must have gone there before the year 1540, a long time before Philip became king. Charles V. had a great admiration for Quiroga. It was the emperor who selected him as an eminent and sagacious lawyer to go to New Spain as a member of the second Royal Audience. And so great was his success in leading the Tarascans to accept Christianity, induced thereto by the gentlest means, that the emperor made him Bishop of Michoacan. He assumed charge of his diocese at Tzintzúntzan on August 22, 1538. What more natural than for the emperor to honor the occasion by the presentation of this picture?

Mr. Frederic E. Church, the eminent painter, discovered the work by accident in the spring of 1884. Accompanied by his wife and Mr. Howard Russell Butler, the New

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The "Assumption."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

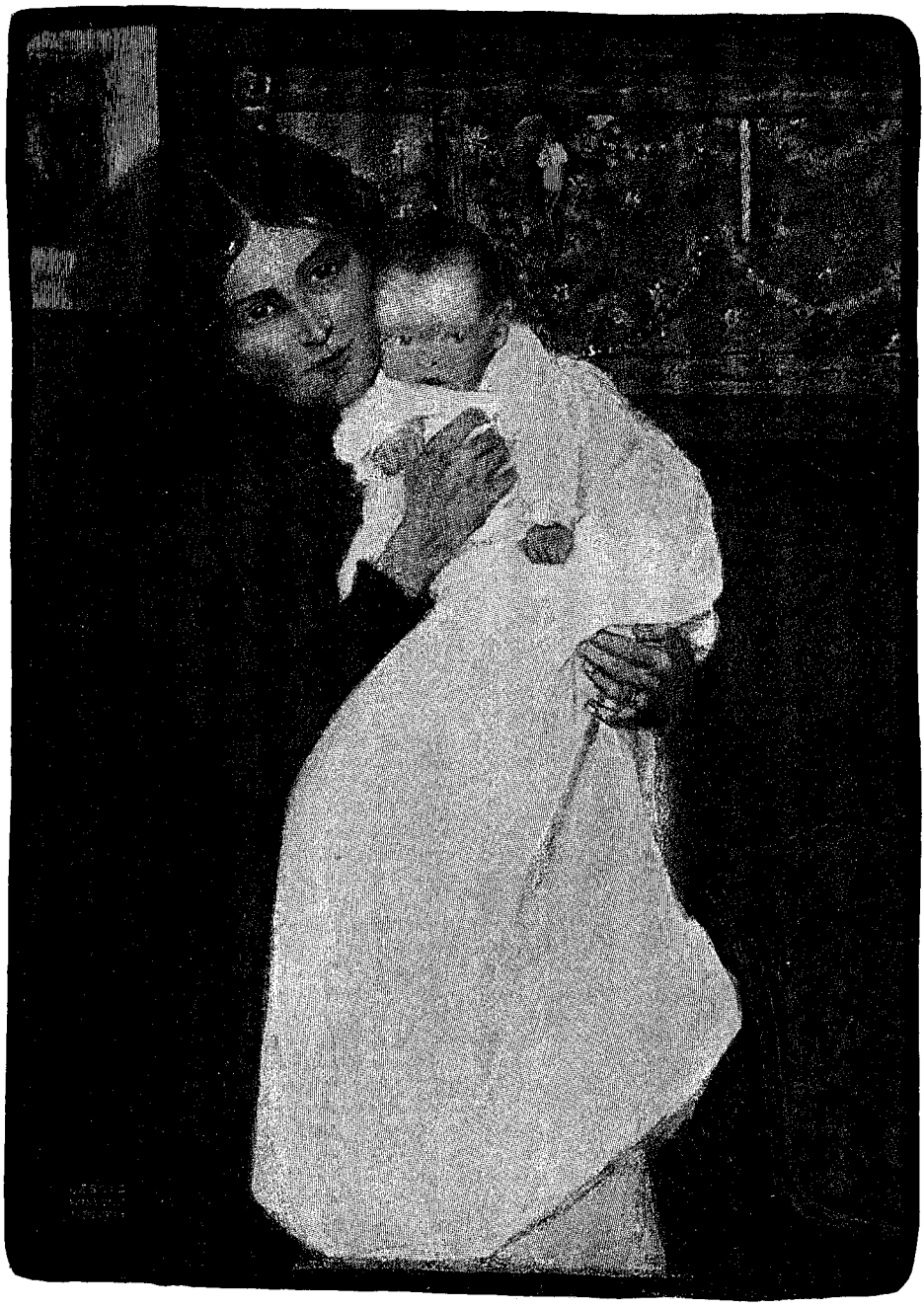
York painter, they had gone to Pátzcuaro to enjoy the lake scenery, and there they chanced to hear of a remarkable painting to be seen in a village fifteen miles away by water. Making the adventurous trip in an Indian dugout, they were amazed to find such a masterly work in the heart of the wilderness. Three years later Mr. Charles Dudley Warner visited the place with Mr. Church, and through his account of the trip the picture became celebrated. Mr. Church had learned that the picture was ascribed to Titian. Very few persons, even in Mexico, had ever heard of it until its recent fame. It has been well guarded by its village obscurity.

The two figures on the extreme right are pointed to as portraits of Titian and of Philip II. The face shown in profile, indeed, recalls the celebrated portrait with a cap that Titian painted of himself. This is without a cap, and represents a very much younger man. The other figure, however, has little resemblance to Philip II.

Possibly the ascription to Titian may have arisen from a general similarity of the composition to that of the Mantuan "Entombment" in the Louvre, in which the positions here represented are reversed as in a mirror. It might not be difficult to indicate, however, decided differences in the manner of composition. One looks in vain for the intense emotionalism, the impassioned movement, that we are accustomed to find in Titian's figures. We have here a great tenderness, a lofty reverence, and a sublimation of the emotions with a realizing sense of the spiritual significance of the event, while a sort of plastic immobility pervades the grouping. The great canvas is all the more impressive from its strange location, and the style is radically different from anything that we find in the Spanish-inspired Mexican school with which the tourist in the country grows so familiar that a different manner is at once very striking. If we were to seek a Spanish origin for the work, therefore, we would have to look in a different group from those that included the sources of the Mexican school, as well as from representatives of the dramatic naturalism that produced works like the "Entombment" of Ribera.

The painting has a length of fifteen and a half feet, and the eleven figures are of life size. In the pure, clean air of the quiet place it has remained in excellent condition. It is doubtful if it has been cleaned since it left Spain. A careful cleaning might bring out much of its quality and perhaps reveal things that could establish its identity. But, on the whole, it is fortunate that it has escaped handling. Its predominating colors are rich dark blues, reds, and browns, luminous and glowing, and it is mellow with age. Until within a few years it hung in the sacristy, with a superbly carved old frame, and the light was excellent. But the new fame of the work induced the old *cura* then in charge to give it greater prominence in the body of the church, with a most hideous new frame of white and gold—an unfortunate change that ought not to be permanent. The photograph for the accompanying illustration was made on an isochromatic plate, and is the only good one ever made of the picture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED